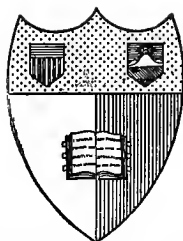




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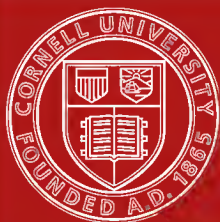
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THE WORKS
OF
MATTHEW ARNOLD
IN
FIFTEEN VOLUMES
VOLUME XV



LETTERS
OF
MATTHEW ARNOLD

1848-1888

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY
GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

VOLUME III

WITH A BIBLIOGRAPHY BY
THOMAS B. SMART

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LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

To Miss Kingsley

(January 1875).

DEAR MISS KINGSLEY—I fear your mother is in no state to read letters; you must let me write one line to you. I kept watching the accounts of your dear father's illness with a boding heart. I feared the worst.¹ It has seemed of late years as if he had not fortune on his side, as when he was young. With all the more interest I followed the accounts of this illness, and not only I, but Mrs. Arnold and my two girls. Your dear father interested and attached all with whom he came in contact. His fine talents and achievements in literature will now have full justice done to them again; the injustice which he and they had in some quarters to experience will be no longer busy. But it is not of his talents and achievements

¹ The Rev. Charles Kingsley died January 23, 1875.

TO MISS ARNOLD

that I now wish to speak. I find myself more full of the thought of something in which he seemed to me unique. I think he was the most generous man I have ever known; the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being made ill-natured, or even indifferent, by having to support ill-natured attacks himself. Among men of letters I know nothing so rare as this; it will always keep your father's memory surrounded, in my mind, with a freshness and an honour peculiarly his own.—Believe me, my dear Miss Kingsley, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, *Saturday (December 1875).*

MY DEAREST FAN—Your letter was sent to London to me, and refreshed my spirit there. The cold half-thaw and the streets heaped with sloshy snow were depressing, and I had a cold just departing, which was vicious enough to return on the encouragement which my week in London gave it. Add to which, that poor Healing appeared at the Training School on Tuesday so very ill with influenza that I sent him home, and though I got a substitute from

TO MISS ARNOLD

the office, yet I did not like to leave him ever in sole charge of my room, as he was not my own man, and so I had the whole six hours each day. Last night I got down here, Healing being well enough to save me the paper this morning ; but I have every single day next week to be in London. Then, I hope, a good break, but with the one burden of my Edinburgh lecture¹ for the first fortnight. Dear old Dick met me at the station. It is delightful to have him at home. I do not like the course for the History School at all ; nothing but read, read, read, endless histories in English, many of them by quite second-rate men ; nothing to form the mind as reading truly great authors forms it, or even to exercise it as learning a new language, or mathematics, or one of the natural sciences exercises it. If they merely put in these works in other languages into their History tripos, Thucydides, Tacitus, and either Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois* or Guizot's *Civilisation in France*, the Tripos would be incalculably improved, and would be a real training. As it is, I am not sure that I would not sooner Dick had the discipline of the mere degree examination in classics than the no discipline of even honours in history. The one matter which gave the mind something to

¹ *Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist*. Two lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, January 4 and 7, 1876.

TO MISS ARNOLD

school it, the Roman Law, which used to go along with the History, they have now taken away. The fact is, it is at Oxford as it is in our schools. The regulation of studies is all-important, and there is no one to regulate them, and people think that any one can regulate them. We shall never do any good till we get a man like Guizot or W. von Humboldt to deal with the matter, men who have the highest mental training themselves, and this we shall probably in this country never get, and our intellectual progress will therefore be a thousand times slower than it need be, and generations will be sacrificed to bungling. You will like to see Huxley's letters, and when the absolutely hostile attitude to Christianity of many of his friends and allies, Bain of Aberdeen, Clifford, Herbert Spencer, etc., is considered, Huxley's adhesion, so far as it goes, is very remarkable, and was indeed much more than I expected. Tyndall has the same direction as Huxley. Old Darwin, on the other hand, though actively fierce against nothing, says that he cannot conceive what need men have either of religion or of poetry; his own nature, he says, is amply satisfied by the domestic affections and by the natural sciences. Let me have Huxley's letter again. You will like to see the conclusion of the article on me in the new edition of the *Conversations Lexicon*,¹

¹ Leipzig, 1875. Vol. ii. p. 228.

TO MISS QUILLINAN

of which the first two volumes are just out. It took me quite by surprise, the Germans are so little apt to praise so highly, above all, so little apt to credit any one with *originalität*. Tell W. E. F. that I shall have this handsome German tribute to my much-doubted '*Radicalismus*' framed and glazed. Ask him also where his conscience is (but no politician can have one), never to have offered us a day after solemnly promising he would. Now I must stop. The article on papa, which is what I turned to the new edition for, is a poor one, hardly any improvement on the old. But it is in England that papa's working ground was, and is still, and long will be. My love to all your people collected under Loughrigg; thank dear Flo for her letter.—Your ever affectionate
M. A.

*To Miss Quillinan*¹

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
February 9, 1876.

MY DEAR MIMA—Fanny Lucy will have conveyed to you the assurance of my deep sorrow and sympathy, together with that of her own; but I do not like to let dear Rotha's death pass without writing a line to you

¹ Jemima and Rotha Quillinan were the daughters of Edward Quillinan, who married Dora Wordsworth, only daughter of the poet.

TO MISS QUILLINAN

myself. It was impossible to know her without being fond of her, and I had known her almost all my life. Her sweet affectionate nature had something unchanging and always youthful about it. I always continued to think of her as of one young, loving-hearted and simple, as she appeared to me when I first saw her at Rydal, forty years ago. With such a disposition, I think she must have had a happy life ; I am sure she did much to make the life of others happy. I shall never forget all that you and she have been to our children, ever since their birth ; indeed, they would not let me forget it, even if I were disposed to. I am glad dear old Dick came to follow his friend to her resting-place in Grasmere Churchyard. I had many thoughts of coming myself, but I should have had to break business engagements in which the convenience of others was interested. But you have been constantly in my thoughts, and Rotha, and your dear father too, whose nature, like Rotha's, had so much that was attractive, and for whom I had so sincere an affection. You will and must miss your sister unspeakably ; still you will have some comfort, as time goes on, in the warm affection which so many of us bear both to her who is gone and to you who survive. Believe me always, my dear Mima, sincerely and affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO MISS ARNOLD

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, February 19, 1876.

MY DEAREST FAN—I am late with my letter this week, but on Sunday we were at East Horsley, and visiting is the sure parent of idleness. What a frightful waste of time it is—and to think that there are people who like to pass their lives from August to April in staying at first one house and then another! However, this visit went off well enough, and Lord Lovelace is a very accomplished courteous man when he means, as he did in our case, to be civil and friendly. . . . The country close by is delightful, and even in this weather the chalk hills and woods cannot entirely lose their charm. The plants of primrose, violet, and foxglove were literally everywhere, and Lady Lovelace declares they have the daffodil, bee orchis, and narcissus. I have promised to drive over some day to lunch, to verify her assertion about the narcissus. Lord Lovelace's tract of country is something immense for this part of England, and, my dear Fan, the part of England is really a delightful one. As I looked at the landscape from the hills above Horsley, the backbone of England, I felt how pleasant a country it was, and how well satisfied I could be to remain all my days in it. The party in the house was quite small: Baron

TO MISS ARNOLD

Cleasby and his wife and daughter, Colonel Yule and Mr. Headlam. Colonel Yule is a member of the Indian Council, the Editor of *Marco Polo*, and a great authority about the East; he told me he had been talking with some Indians about my 'sugared mulberries'¹ in crossing the Hindu Koosh; the common thing to keep in your mouth is a garlic plant. But he had been sure, he said, that I had authority for the mulberries, I was so faithful about Asiatic things; and so I had. Burnes says that the pedlars eat them in crossing the highest passes, but it was curious to find my poetry taken so seriously. George Eliot says, a lady tells me, that of all modern poetry mine is that which keeps constantly growing upon her; she, Carlyle, and Gladstone have all expressed great satisfaction with the first instalment of my Butler; I send you the note about Gladstone—it may burn. But it is a great and solid satisfaction, at fifty, to find one's work, the fruit of so many years of isolated reflection and labour, getting recognition amongst those whose judgment passes for the most valuable.—Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

¹ See *Sohrab and Rustum*.

TO MISS ARNOLD

To the Same

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,

Thursday, February 24, 1876.

MY DEAREST FAN—I am not quite sure whether you are still at Fox How, but I shall take this to Eccleston Square, where I mean to go to lunch, being out from my school close here in good time this morning. My address¹ went off very well, though it gave me some horrid days in the preparing. But I took great pains, as it was of no use speaking at Sion College unless I could in some degree carry my audience with me, and I did carry them, insomuch that Bishop Piers Claughton, and Littledale, and Malcolm MacColl, who had all come to curse, remained to bless, and the comic thing was that clergyman after clergyman got up and turned upon Claughton (who is a weak man), who had thought he must caution people against something in my address, and, as I had insisted on *the kingdom of God upon earth* having been the original gospel, and pointed out how no church could be in harmony with the popular classes and their ideal without reverting to this original gospel, thought he would caution them against this, and said it behoved them to remember that the real kingdom of God was not what I had

¹ On 'The Church of England,' delivered before a gathering of London clergy at Sion College, February 22, 1876.

TO MISS ARNOLD

said it was. Clergyman on clergyman, I say, turned upon Claughton and said they agreed with me far more than they did with him. The President said,¹ that to some one who had expressed his astonishment at my being invited to speak at Sion College, he had answered that it would be found, he was certain, that Mr. Arnold would not speak ten minutes without managing to establish a *rapport* between himself and the clergy, and so it had turned out. Altogether I was much pleased, and in my little speech at the end I spoke of my being a clergyman's son, of its being against my nature to be estranged from the clergy, and of the pleasure it gave me to be in sympathy with them. The address will do good by directing attention to substantials. Martineau and Allon spoke on the Dissenting side. Of course, they did not like my treating it as clear that on the question of a national Establishment the Church was all right and they were all wrong, but Martineau's speech was pleasing and touching. The address will be printed in *Macmillan*, but not till April, for I could not give it Grove in time for March. The President made a tremendous exhortation (at Grove's instance, I found ; it was certainly not at mine) to people who he was told were reporting, though the Sion College rule is to exclude reporters, to desist, and not to give publicity

¹ The Rev. W. H. Milman.

TO M. FONTANÈS

to any garbled or imperfect accounts of what I had said, but to wait for the author's own publication of it.

To-morrow Lucy and I go to see Irving's *Othello*. Lucy is very plucky in sticking to it that she wants to judge entirely for herself, and so she will. Things are coming out beautifully, and I am very glad, really and truly, that we are in the country this spring.—Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To M. Fontanès

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
Mars 25, 1876.

MON CHER MONSIEUR—J'ai écrit à Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice pour lui demander les renseignements dont vous avez besoin. Il est souffrant ; mais je viens d'avoir sa réponse. La voici : l'ouvrage sera achevé au commencement de l'année prochaine : s'il faudra un gros volume ou deux volumes minces, l'éditeur ne le sait pas encore. Je lui ai conseillé de se borner à un volume seul.

Lord Edmond me demande si vous êtes en Angleterre ; dans ce cas il désirerait faire connaissance avec vous. Raison de plus pour venir ici ; pour vous aboucher avec l'auteur dont vous critiquez l'ouvrage.

Godwin est intéressant, mais il n'est pas une

TO M. FONTANÈS

source ; des courants actuels qui nous portent, aucun ne vient de lui. C'est pourquoi je ne vous engagerais pas à le prendre comme sujet. Prenez plutôt Norman McLeod, dont la Vie vient de paraître ; McLeod n'a pas fait époque, à coup sûr ; mais il a été une influence très considérable, et des meilleures ; en Écosse surtout. Je suis sûr que vous lirez sa vie avec plaisir. On annonce aussi la vie de Lord Macaulay : les bons sujets se présentent de tous côtés, et vous auriez tort, je crois, de les laisser là et de donner un article à Godwin.

Le cher Dean a eu une époque terrible¹ dans sa vie heureuse et rayonnante : il se remettra, parce qu'il aime le travail ; pendant la maladie de sa femme, il y a trouvé des distractions salutaires. A présent il a quitté Londres pour quelques semaines accompagné d'un vieil ami ; votre lettre lui a fait beaucoup de plaisir, il m'en a parlé les larmes dans les yeux.

Pour Shakespeare, vous ferez bien, je pense, de prendre l'édition de Tauchnitz, édition faite sur la grande édition anglaise de Dyce, et bien imprimée.

Agréez, cher Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments bien dévoués, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ Lady Augusta Stanley died March 1, 1876.

TO GEORGE MACMILLAN

To George Macmillan

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
May 6, 1876.

DEAR MR. MACMILLAN—Thank you for sending me the enclosed. If A. F. had read my books he would know that I have always insisted that the only right way to an outward transformation was through an inward one, and that the business for us and for our age was the latter. In *Literature and Dogma* I have pointed out that the real upshot of the teaching of Jesus Christ was this: 'If every *one* would mend *one*, we should have a new world.' And I think I sufficiently marked, in the address at Sion College, the way in which the new world was to be reached. Still, to insist on this new world, on felicity, as the result of the widespread cultivation of personal religion, and as the goal for mankind to have in view, is most important, and, I think, is overlooked by many who insist on personal religion. Believe me, truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold

(June 1876.)

MY DEAREST FAN—I send you some letters which may burn, all except Sarazin's,¹ which

¹ A French army-surgeon in Algeria, who translated *Literature and Dogma*.

TO MISS ARNOLD

you must return. He is always praising the freedom of opinion in Protestant religious circles, so I sent him an extract from the *Pilot* about my address at Sion College. But it is curious how utterly the religiously disposed people in Catholic countries are without belief in Catholicism's power to transform itself. I, however, believe that it will transform itself; I see no other possible solution. Not to break one's connection with the past in one's religion is one of the strongest instincts in human nature. Protestantism is breaking up everywhere where it has severed this connection; only in England has it any hold upon the educated class, and that is because the Church of England is the one Protestant Church which maintained its connection with the past. I am going to dine with the Bishop of Derry on the 3rd of July. I could not refuse a man who told me that my poems were the centre of his mental life, and that he had read many of them hundreds of times. I also heard from Morley yesterday that G. Sand¹ had said to Renan that when she saw me years ago, '*Je lui faisais l'effet d'un Milton jeune et voyageant.*' Renan told him this. Her death has been much in my mind; she was the greatest spirit in our European world from the time that Goethe departed. With all her faults and Frenchism, she was this. I must write a few pages about her. Do not hang yourself for

¹ George Sand died June 8, 1876.

TO MISS ARNOLD

vexation at not being able to make out this flower.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

Glorious weather, but it will not last.

To the Same

* COBHAM, Sunday (July 1876).

MY DEAREST FAN—I wish you could see the roses and the jessamine; the jessamine a large-flowered kind, quite lovely. Flu's plan of putting manure round all the hybrid roses and securing it with great stones has answered perfectly. We have never had them so beautiful. And the rhododendrons are all making their new shoots capitally; so the garden gives me more satisfaction this year than ever before. Things are not so prosperous in the kitchen garden, where both potatoes and strawberries are very small.

I hope you have got the *Macmillan* by this time. Of course, the Liberals will not like what I have said,¹ but I think I have put the thing in a way to satisfy reasonable people who wish to decide the disputed matters fairly; and perhaps these reasonable people are not so few as is supposed. Coleridge told me he thought the Dissenters had a right not only to have their services in the parish churchyard, but also to have them in the parish church. For my part,

¹ 'A Last Word on the Burials Bill,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, July 1876.

TO MISS ARNOLD

I do not think that anybody has, or can have, any rights except such as are given him by the law ; and I do not think the law will ever, in England, confer such rights as these. I met Gladstone in the street yesterday, who began to talk to me about my article. He said that undoubtedly, as soon as you got beyond abstract resolutions and had to legislate practically, the necessity of insuring a *proper* service in the churchyard would have to be provided for ; and the difficulty of doing this while the Dissenters make the pretensions they do now was almost insuperable. He said he was extremely glad I had dealt with the question, and added, ‘ You are the most inaccessible man I know ; now, can you come to tea with me at half-past five this evening to meet the Duke of Sermoneta ? ’ I could not, for the carriage was ordered to meet me ; but his asking me shows his friendly feeling. I think at one time he positively disliked me. I had to hurry back to the Athenæum to correct the translation of the motto from Butler to *Lit. and Dogma*. M. Sarazin had just sent it to me with the news that the book will be out in a fortnight. Parker’s letter was absurd, as you say ; but the Dissenters are in a false position, and can hardly improve while they are in it. This day four weeks I hope my holiday will have begun. My schools go on into August this year, but only for a day or two.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

TO MISS ARNOLD

To the Same

COBHAM, *Thursday* (July 1876).

MY DEAREST FAN—We dined at Walton with the Smiths on Sunday, and that hindered my writing my usual letters to you. Since that day I have been inspecting, with all the interruptions usual. I have heard from Sarazin that his translation will be out almost immediately, and that the publisher will send me twelve copies. You will like to see Sarazin's last letter, and so will dear old Tom; it shows what a serious and remarkable man he is. What he says about Catholicism was called forth by my saying what I often say to Liberals, that Catholicism cannot be extirpated; that it is too great and too attaching a thing for that; that it can only be transformed, and that very gradually. It is easy for me to say this who look at Catholicism from a distance and see chiefly its grandeurs and sentimental side; but men like Sarazin who live in the midst of it see also its *côté laid et sale*, and have a feeling of antipathy to it accordingly. His letter shows this in a very interesting way. His mother must have been a very admirable woman. She brought the family round after the father had smashed them by imprudences in business, and she gave this son a sense of the spirit and power of religion which has been permanent in him.

TO MISS ARNOLD

When one thinks what radical students generally are, and in Paris above all, the conversations of Sarazin and his friend Dr. Tom Bates are pleasant to reflect upon. Send the letter back to me, as Stanley will like to see it.

The *Saturday Review* attacked my burials proposal and me, as was to be expected, but the paper will do good, and is in many quarters much liked. It is a seed sown in the thoughts of the young and fair-minded, the effect of which will be gradual but persistent. In all I write, this is the sort of effect I aim at. The *Saturday* was smart enough. The long article in the *Church Quarterly* is hopelessly rambling and ineffective. Its great consolation is to quote passages from the *Westminster Review* upon me, which had been irritated by my remarks upon it. But the *Church Quarterly* has very few readers and has no importance. The new *Quarterly* is an admirable number. Dr. Smith has sent it to me, so I can bring it to Fox How. Nearly every article is readable; Gladstone's on Macaulay is the best article of his I have ever seen, full of good judgment and sense, and charming in tone and temper. Hayward's article on Ticknor is delightful. There is an article on trees and planting which gives me much pleasure. Dr. Smith has written a defence of Croker which Fanny Lucy will appreciate; and, indeed, Macaulay's abuse of him was unmeasured, and had a great deal of personal

TO HENRY NETTLESHIP

irritation in it. Macaulay is to me uninteresting, mainly, I think, from a dash of intellectual vulgarity which I find in all his performance. Have you read his *Life* through yet? The Bayreuth performance turns my mind longingly to very different matters, the Nibelungen ring, and Fafnir and Siegfried and Gudrune and Brunhilde, all of whom I had once hoped to touch in poetry. They and their story are all at full length in the series of operas Wagner is to give at Bayreuth, £45 a ticket, and they are all taken!—Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To Henry Nettleship*¹

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
February 5, 1877.

MY DEAR NETTLESHIP—Your letter went to Cobham, and we are in London, at 3 Eccleston Square, till Easter.

My best thanks to Mr. Fowler² and those who have thought of me for the Poetry Chair again. But I shall not offer myself as a candidate. I am not sure that it is not well to give new men the chance of showing themselves in the Poetry Chair; but, apart from that, I feel certain that, if I stood, the religious question would be raised, and to have this question raised

¹ Afterwards Professor of Latin at Oxford.

² The Rev. T. Fowler, afterwards President of Corpus.

TO HENRY NETTLESHIP

in an election to a Chair of Poetry would be, in my opinion, a bad thing for the University ; to me myself it would be intolerable. And I think you will see that, a body like Convocation being the electors, it could hardly be but that the religious question would be raised if I came forward at present, either for the Poetry Chair or for any Chair at Oxford.

We all send every kind remembrance to you and your wife, and with many thanks for your letter, I remain, my dear Nettleship, sincerely
yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
February 23, 1877.

MY DEAR NETTLESHIP—I wish, if you still have my letter to you, you would send it to the Editor of the *Guardian*, not for publication, but for his information. I do not wish it supposed that I refrain from standing for the Poetry Chair because I am afraid of being beaten. I refrain because a religious row over a literary election is an odious thing—and I think there would be one. I would not either win or fail at the price of such a row. Winning at such a price would be not less disagreeable to me than failing.

And any way I have great doubts whether an ex-professor does well to put himself forward

TO THE REV. G. D. BOYLE

again, to the possible exclusion of younger men, by whose emergence the University might be benefited.—Ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Rev. G. D. Boyle*¹

3 ECCLESTON SQUARE, S.W.,
March 11, 1877.

MY DEAR BOYLE—I have told Shairp² that I shall vote for him³ in preference to any of the present candidates, supposing the Bishop of Derry not to be among them.

To the Bishop of Derry I am in some degree pledged, having promised to vote for him at the last election.

You may have seen that I was asked to stand, but I have definitely refused. A theological election for a literary post is an odious thing, and that is what we should have had. Besides, I really think it better that the same man should not be professor more than once.

I have promised Macmillan to make a volume out of the best of Hales and Whichcote, and Cudworth's two sermons. I shall write twenty pages of introduction, and call the volume *Broad Church in the Seventeenth Century*. I think it will do good.⁴

¹ Afterwards Dean of Salisbury.

² J. C. Shairp, Principal of St. Andrews.

³ As Professor of Poetry.

⁴ This design was not carried out.

TO HIS WIFE

I had forgotten the poem¹ about Charlotte Brontë and Harriet Martineau, but I will look it up. I think there were things not bad in it, but I do not want to overpraise a personage so antipathetic to me as H. M. My first impression of her is, in spite of her undeniable talent, energy, and merit—what an unpleasant life and unpleasant nature !—Ever yours sincerely,

M. A.

To his Wife

ATHENÆUM CLUB, May 5, 1877.

G. Sand² is beginning to weigh upon me greatly, though she also interests me very much ; the old feeling of liking for her and of refreshment from her, in spite of her faults, comes back. Everybody is in a great way about Monday, and they are in consternation at the Reform Club, I hear, because while most of the Liberal party want to go with Lubbock and Lord Hartington, the Liberal constituencies are pouring in letters and telegrams to their members desiring them to vote with Gladstone.³ Chamberlain has organised the thing—with the hope, no doubt, of winning over Gladstone for future purposes ;

¹ 'Haworth Churchyard.'

² An article on George Sand in the *Fortnightly Review*, June 1877.

³ Mr. Gladstone's Resolution, condemning the conduct of the Porte with regard to the Bulgarian Massacres, was defeated May 14, 1877.

TO HIS WIFE

and he is a great and successful organiser. I cannot say I much regret to see the Liberal party in a state of chaos, but I am sincerely sorry that a charlatan like Dizzy should be Premier just now. I must dress presently and go to the Academy. Wiese will like my having given an account¹ of his book, and that was why I wrote it ; then at the end I had a little fling on my own account. The Master of Trinity² told me he thought Wiese's view perfectly just, and that Whewell would have thought so also. I saw Greenwood³ at the opera last night, who was very grateful for the article, and said, what was true, that it is invaluable to have such criticism as Wiese's put resolutely before the British public. It gave me a great deal of trouble to write the thing. I have just seen the Archbishop of Canterbury,⁴ much worried by having to speak to-night. I said to him that a speech about Burials would be far pleasanter and easier to make, to which his Grace assented with a pleasant grin. I am thankful that I don't speak ; John Duke,⁵ who is dining somewhere else, declares that if I had spoken he should have thrown up his engagement to come and hear me.

¹ 'German Letters on English Education,' *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 3, 1877.

² Dr. Thompson.

³ Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

⁴ Dr. Tait.

⁵ Lord Coleridge.

TO HIS WIFE

To the Same

ATHENÆUM, *Sunday Night, May 6, 1877.*

. . . Dick was going back by the half-past six train to Oxford, and I had to dress for the Academy dinner. The room is always a beautiful sight, but the speaking was not good. Gladstone was received with wonderful enthusiasm, but I think it was not a political reception, but the artists showing their feeling for him as a man of genius. The moment the dinner was over, I had to hurry off to meet Lucy here. There were a good many people at Mrs. Yorke's¹ and the women quite superbly dressed. The weather being cold, they wore heavy stuffs, and the floors were almost impassable from rolls of brocade. I was taken to the Princess Louise, and talked to her for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. She is very pleasing in manner, and very pleasing in looks too. . . . After luncheon I took Nelly to Froude, and thence to Carlyle. We sat with Carlyle more than an hour; he was very easy to get on with, and very kind to Nelly; he shook hands with her several times, and said she was just entering life, and he wished her 'a clear and prosperous course.' His letter to the *Times*² is very mad, however; I mean, he has not really the *knowledge* he says he has; it turned out to-day

¹ The Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke, *née* Annie de Rothschild.

² On the Eastern Question, May 5, 1877.

TO HIS WIFE

that he had not really anything but somebody's assurance that Dizzy wanted to do *something* in the East. Nelly liked Froude very much too ; he was most kind to her. Tell Fan the first volume of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen's letters is very interesting. She should get it.

To the Same

ATHENÆUM, May 7, 1877.

I was going to dine at the Literary Society, as I have not dined there since they made me an honorary member, and I shall have to dine there some day ; but I want to see Edith again, so I shall give up the Literary Club, and go to her. You will hear by telegraph that Gladstone has altered his Resolutions so that his party can vote for them ; to Forster this is evidently an immense relief. Whether the Government will now get the previous question moved by Drummond Wolff, on their own side, or what they will do, is not certain. Perhaps they will ask for time to consider what to do in these new circumstances. In that case those who go down expecting an exciting debate will be disappointed. Your better account of my dear old Edward was indeed a pleasure to me. I hope and trust he has got out—not getting out must be terrible. ‘When I am dying, *qu'on place ma chaise sur l'herbe courte,*’ says Obermann, and I quite share

TO MISS ARNOLD

his feeling. . . . I think Fan and Edward would like to look at the *New Republic*; they can get it at any library. It seems generally thought that my verses are well parodied,¹ but I myself and my conversation are not well hit off. But then the writer² did not know me personally, even by sight: and Ruskin, Jowett, Pater, etc., he knew.

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, *Saturday (December 1877).*

MY DEAREST FAN—I came bolt upon Dizzy as I went in to the Athenæum the other day—it is the first time I ever saw him there. He was talking to the Dean of Windsor in the hall. I just shook hands with them both and passed on. He was very elaborately got up, and looked well and lively, I thought. He did not stay in the Club more than a quarter of an hour. I am delighted to think that to-day I shall stop here. I have not been round the place by daylight since Sunday, for Tuesday I slept in London and

¹ 'Softly the evening descends,
Violet and soft. The sea
Adds to the silence, below
Pleasant and cool on the beach
Breaking; yes, and a breeze
Calm as the twilight itself
Furtively sighs through the dusk,
Listlessly lifting my hair,
Fanning my thought-wearied brow,' etc.

² W. H. Mallock.

TO MISS ARNOLD

inspected a school on Wednesday. It was not very interesting, the dinner with —, but then I did not expect it would be. An evening of Bulgaria is too much, and of course Forbes knows nothing else, and Gladstone can go on for hours about that or any other subject. There were only nine people. Lord — rested his face on his hand, after he had stuffed himself, and went fast asleep. Forbes is a fine, iron-gray, soldier-like sort of man. Ruskin was there, looking very slight and spiritual. I am getting to like him. He gains much by evening dress, plain black and white, and by his fancy being forbidden to range through the world of coloured cravats. Huxley was there, too, and I was by Chenery, the new editor of the *Times*, who was not at all a bad neighbour. Gladstone was not animated, and I think even he must have felt himself a little over-Bulgarised. His position between Knowles and Forbes almost compelled him to talk Bulgaria to Forbes incessantly. After dinner Huxley and I talked to him a little about Ireland, which was interesting. I am sorry to say he seemed full of the deep opposition in Ireland to England and English policy—for the present at any rate—that to go *contrary* was the main impulse there. One of the many blessings, my dear Fan, which we owe to Puritanism is this impracticable condition of Ireland. I am glad to hear from Green, who is expanding his history, that the more he looks into

TO MISS ARNOLD

Puritanism, and indeed into the English Protestant Reformation generally, the worse is his opinion of it all. Now I ought to dress, for before I began this I had been reading Proverbs, and correcting unintelligible things in our version by Ewald. This is merely for my own use and benefit. I am not going to publish any more Bible books such as the *Isaiah*.¹ But I like reading my Bible without being baffled by unmeaningnesses. There are not very many in Proverbs, but it is so delicious a book that one is glad to get rid of what there are, and to enjoy the book thoroughly.

I send you a letter from Rhoda Broughton, which will amuse you. She had asked me to call upon her, and I wrote word I could not, but I wished she would call and cheer my gloom at the Training School. I cannot dine with her, either. Return her note, as Nelly wishes to keep it. I send also a letter from Stopford Brooke, which you need not return—yes, you may, though. It is worth while reviewing² a man when you produce so much positive result. However, the Primer will be much improved by his following my advice. It is a good little book, and my great desire in education is to get a few good books universally taught and read. I think twenty is about all I would have, in the

¹ *The Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration.* 1875.

² 'A Guide to English Literature,' *Nineteenth Century*, December 1877.

TO MISS ARNOLD

direct teaching of the young and to be learnt as text-books. Young people may read for themselves, collaterally, as much as they like. Now I have just finished my paper and said nothing about my dear old boy.¹ I had a long letter from Victor Marshall, saying he had seen him and giving rather a good account. I should like to hear daily, but that is impossible, and of no real use either. My love to him. Tell him there is an awful novel which Paris is reading now : *The Girl Eliza—La Fille Elisa*—but I do not recommend it. Has he ever read Legh Richmond's *Annals of the Poor*?—Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To the Same

COBHAM, *Saturday Morning* (December 1877).

MY DEAREST FAN—There is not very much light for writing to you, but the sky is filling with pale beautiful colour, and I cannot bear to resist it with gas. I have read my chapter in Proverbs—what a delicious book ! ‘The name of the Eternal is a strong tower ; the righteous runneth into it and is safe.’ After breakfast I must read Ewald’s commentary on the chapter and correct the few things that make bad sense ; but in general our version of the Proverbs is particularly sound and fine, and indeed the book is such plain sailing that there were fewer openings

¹ His brother, the Rev. E. P. Arnold, then very ill at Plymouth.

TO MISS ARNOLD

for mistakes than in the psalms and prophets. Then I must work at my Goethe,¹ which I have begun, but am not yet thoroughly into. I have promised it by this day week. Considering how much I have read of Goethe, I have said in my life very little about him ; to write an article in general about him would be an alarming task ; I am very glad to be limited by having only to speak of my Frenchman's talk of him. I have got all the hours of the great Examination this week for writing my article, and if people will not call and talk to me I shall do very well. Hardy, Cross, and W. H. Smith² all lunched at the Athenæum yesterday ; I talked to Hardy about St. Andrews, and told him how gratified I was that the Church and Conservative party among the students had considered me the proper substitute for Lord Salisbury when Lord Salisbury failed them.³ People at the club were talking much about the chances of war, but you know how they talk. That wonderful creature, the British Philistine, has been splashing about during this war, in a way more than worthy of himself. That is what is peculiar to England and what misleads foreigners ; there is no country in the world where so much nonsense becomes so public, and so appears to stand for the general voice of the nation, determining its government. I am

¹ 'A French Critic on Goethe,' *Quarterly Review*, January 1878.

² Three members of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet.

³ He was invited to stand for the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews University ; and declined November 22, 1877.

TO REV. C. ANDERSON

glad of the turn things have taken in France. We have breakfasted and your note has just come. It is a hoar frost, and you should see the squirrels scampering about the lawn for the nuts we strew there. We have also a jackdaw who visits us and is becoming very tame. But my delight at present is in the blackbirds and thrushes, who abound, and sing indefatigably. Now I must take a turn round the place, and then work at my Goethe. On looking back at Carlyle, one sees how much of *engouement* there was in his criticism of Goethe, and how little of it will stand. That is the thing—to write what will *stand*. Johnson, with all his limitations, will be found to *stand* a great deal better than Carlyle.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

*To Rev. C. Anderson*¹

ATHENÆUM CLUB, March 25 (1878).

MY DEAR MR. ANDERSON—Thank you for your note. I always like to think of you as one of my readers.

I read *Philochristus*,² and learnt by inquiry of Farrar who the author was. I looked through the book with interest, but the work seems to me to have the defect of being neither quite a

¹ Vicar of St. John's, Limehouse.

² *Philochristus: Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord.* 1878.

TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

work of art nor quite a direct treatment of its subject, but something betwixt and between.—

Ever truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S.—Seeley's articles¹ are, as you say, signs of the times, but there, too, the treatment of the subject is not frank nor direct enough.

To Lady de Rothschild

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
April 17, 1878.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I should have been to see you had I not been called to the North by my poor brother's increasing illness.² I stayed after his death for his funeral, and am only just returned. Your note is very kind, as all that you say and do always is. But these losses are blows which beat us down and age us, however good, in general, our health and spirits may be. I have now lost the two brothers who came together in the middle of our family; both of them born with happy dispositions and keen enjoyment of life, and both of them naturally called, as it seemed, to enjoy it longer than I should. I have come back low and depressed, but we return to-day to the country, and I must look to the country,

¹ On 'Natural Religion.'

² The Rev. Edward Penrose Arnold died April 6, 1878, aged fifty-one.

TO M. FONTANES

and to getting to work, to bring me round again. I will not be long without coming to see you. My kindest remembrances to your daughter Constance, and believe me ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès

COBHAM, SURREY, 26 *Juin*, 1878.

CHER MONSIEUR ET AMI—Je viens de voir le cher Dean ; je lui ai fait part de ce que vous me dites au sujet du buste de Lady Augusta ; il en est fut touché et il me prie de vous exprimer toute sa reconnaissance.

Pourquoi ne pas prendre, comme sujet, *Lord Beaconsfield homme de lettres* ? Il faut soigneusement faire la division entre les deux hommes ; écrire un article sur Lord Beaconsfield pris dans toute sa généralité, ce serait se donner la mer à boire dans ce moment ; tant de questions s'y rattachent. Mais tenez vous rigoureusement à l'écrivain, au romancier, et vous trouverez un excellent article à faire, très plein, très amusant, et surtout très actuel. Lord Beaconsfield, c'est toujours le même homme, depuis son premier roman de 'Vivian Grey,' jusqu'à ce moment où il étonne le Congrès de son aplomb et de son abstention de la langue française. Nos Libéraux le comprennent mal et ils le détestent ; je ne l'ai jamais détesté, moi ; il n'appartient pas à la

TO M. FONTANÈS

famille des Périclès, bien sûr, mais je le préfère à la plupart de ses rivaux.

On débite bien des canards sur le compte du Prince de Galles ; il est possible, cependant, qu'il ait tenu le propos dont vous me parlez. Il ne faut pas y attacher trop d'importance ; le Prince est . . . bon enfant et bon ami. S'il lui arrivait, de penser au Prince Impérial, à l'Impératrice et à l'amitié du feu Empereur pour l'Angleterre, il pourrait très aisément faire l'indiscrétion d'exprimer des vœux pour le retour du Prince Impérial. Mais vous êtes dans une voie excellente, et ce n'est pas un mot ou un vœu du Prince de Galles qui vous en détournera.

Je vous enverrai dans quelques jours la *Fortnightly Review* avec un article de moi sur le Catholicisme en Irlande et sur la politique de nos Libéraux anglais et écossais envers lui. Cela vous intéressera, je crois ; mais votre sentiment huguenot se révoltera un peu, probablement, contre ma faiblesse pour les religions historiques.

Nous étions très heureux de vous accueillir ici, et nous avons parlé beaucoup et longtemps de vous et de votre visite. Come again soon, and till then, believe me cordially yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO M. FONTANÈS

To the Same

COBHAM, SURREY, Octobre 5, 1878.

CHER MONSIEUR ET AMI—J'ai été passer, après tout, une dizaine de jours à Paris ; il a fallu une escorte à ma fille, qui s'y rendait en visite ; elle a fait appel à mes sentiments de père, et, bien que je n'aime pas les Expositions, je me suis exécuté avec assez bonne grâce. Une fois à Paris, le goût m'en reprit comme cela arrive toujours ; et je regrettais beaucoup d'être forcé de repartir sitôt. J'ai vu M. Waddington, M. Bardoux, le duc de Grammont, M. Edmond Texier, le bibliophile Jacob, Scherer ; Renan n'était pas encore rentré à Paris, et Cherbuliez n'y venait que rarement, et je l'ai manqué, à mon grand regret. Rentré en Angleterre, je trouve votre bonne et intéressante lettre. Je ne savais pas que le cher Dean vous avait conseillé de me prendre comme sujet ; ce que vous me dites du plaisir que vous auriez trouvé à parler de mes poésies est bien flatteur, mais je conçois que la direction de la Revue tienne, en parlant des ouvrages de littérature étrangère, à la nouveauté et aux honneurs de découverte ; or, Madame Blaze de Bury a découvert mes poésies, il y a vingt cinq années, et elle en a parlé longuement dans la Revue ; sa critique n'avait pas une grande portée, peut-être, mais elle en a assez dit pour ôter au sujet sa nouveauté en

TO M. FONTANÈS

France. Vous me demandez un autre sujet ; vous ne me parlez pas des romans de Lord Beaconsfield, que je vous avais indiqués comme un sujet plein d'actualité ; le choix ne vous plaît pas, apparemment. Il y aurait un bon article à faire sur le livre de M. Lecky, ouvrage qui a paru tout récemment sur l'Angleterre du 18^{ème} siècle ; on y trouve une foule de choses intéressantes sur l'Irlande, sur Wesley et le mouvement religieux, etc. Il est paru aussi une fort bonne monographie (pour parler comme les Allemands) sur Gibbon, par M. Morison ; mais vous nommer tous les ouvrages où l'on pourrait trouver la matière d'un bon article, ce serait un peu vague et un peu long. Il faut qu'un sujet vous attire, d'abord ; ensuite vous me demanderez des renseignements sur les choses collatérales à étudier et à produire, et je ferai de mon mieux pour vous satisfaire.

Je vous remercie de la rectification au sujet de l'université de Strasbourg, et j'en profiterai. Peu importe, cependant, que l'université soit mixte à quelques égards, si pour les chaires de théologie, de philosophie et d'histoire, chaires où il est parlé de la religion, il y a séparation.—Croyez, cher Monsieur, à mes sentiments affectueux,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Ma femme et mes filles vous remercient de votre bon souvenir ; vous vivez dans le leur, je vous assure.

TO MRS. CROPPER

To his Sister, Mrs. Cropper

October 26, 1878.

MY DEAREST SUSY—I have sent you *Light*¹ with a rather rhapsodical review of my poetry, because it praises and quotes a poem² which I remember repeating to you just after it was composed, and I can see your dear face now as you listened to it, and were touched by it. My poems have had no better friends in their early and needy days than my own sisters. It is curious how the public is beginning to take them to its bosom after long years of comparative neglect. The wave of thought and change has rolled on until people begin to find a significance and an attraction in what had none for them formerly. Send *Light* to Fan when you have read it, she will like to see it. I believe the article is by Robert Buchanan. The writers of poetry have been better friends to me always than the mass of readers of poetry.
—Your affectionate M. A.

To M. Fontanès

COBHAM, December 15, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. FONTANÈS—You read English so well that I am sure there is no need for

¹ Of August 31, 1878.

² 'Switzerland.'

TO M. FONTANÈS

me to afflict you with my imperfect French. Stubbs's book¹ is a sound and substantial one, but rather overpraised by a certain school here, the school of Mr. Freeman,² of whom Stubbs³ is a disciple. This school has done much to explore our early history and to throw light on the beginnings of our system of government and of our liberty ; but they have not had a single man of genius, with the *étincelle* and the instinctive good sense and moderation which make a guide really attaching and useful. Freeman is an ardent, learned, and honest man, but he is a ferocious pedant, and Stubbs, though not ferocious, is not without his dash of pedantry.

I suppose your thoughts, in France, must turn a good deal upon the over-meddling of the State, and upon the need of developing more the action of individuals. With us the mischief has, I am convinced, been the other way. The State has not enough shown a spirit of initiative, and individuals have too much thought that it sufficed if they acted with entire liberty and if nobody had any business to control them. The sort of action which has thus become common amongst us—action at once so resolute and so unintelligent—produces the spectacle which made Goethe, who nevertheless liked and admired England

¹ *The Constitutional History of England.*

² E. A. Freeman, Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

³ The Rev. W. Stubbs, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and of Oxford.

TO M. FONTANÈS

greatly, say, ‘Der Engländer ist eigentlich ohne Intelligenz.’

Therefore I have always wished to make the State the organ of the best self and highest reason of the community, rather than to reduce the State to insignificance, and to cultivate, in fact, the American ideal. I see that Gambetta, in his speech at Rouen, guarded himself against being taken for a pronounced enemy of your centralisation, and said that to your centralisation you owed a great deal ; and I think he was right. Only you do certainly require to cultivate the side of individual character and activity more than, perhaps, you have done.

I am bringing out a volume of collected *Essays*,¹ in one of which—that on Democracy—you will find more to this effect, and will see that I have long been of my present opinion, an opinion not commonly held, I admit, in England.

The Dean² is wonderfully well, but he has a sad time at Windsor just now. He went there for the anniversary of Prince Albert’s death, and finds the poor Queen visited by this second great affliction³ on that very anniversary.⁴ I am always, my dear M. Fontanès, most cordially yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ *Mixed Essays*. 1879.

² Dean Stanley.

³ Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, died December 14, 1878.

⁴ Of the Prince Consort’s death.

TO MRS. CROPPER

To his Sister, Mrs. Cropper

COBHAM, Monday (January 1879).

MY DEAREST SUSY—If I had not been overwhelmed with papers you should have been thanked sooner for your welcome letter and for your pretty and useful present. But I accepted a proposal from Walrond to set and look over a paper in French for the Army Examinations, and the candidates are so many that the work is much more than I counted upon. However, it will bring me £30 or £40, and it is nearly over. I set them a fine passage from Lamennais, describing the arrival and so-called conversion of the northern barbarians. ‘On menait ces brutes au baptême, comme des troupeaux à l’abreuvoir,’ says Lamennais. All sorts of mistakes are made in translating this, but I have this morning come across a very amusing one: ‘These brutes crowded in to baptism in troops, in order to shorten the ceremony.’ The man has not known what *abreuvoir* meant, and has helped himself out by guessing *abbreviate*. To-morrow I hope to finish these papers, and then I must turn to my Ipswich address. I have to make an address to the Working Men’s College there, the largest College of the kind in England. The inducement to me was that I might try and interest them in founding a system of

TO MRS. CROPPER

public education for the middle classes, on the ground that the working class suffered by not having a more civilised middle class to rise into, if they *do* rise ; this is in my opinion a very true plea, but you may imagine the difficulty and delicacy of urging it in a public meeting in a provincial town, where half the audience will be middle class. However, the speech is meant for the working men, the hands in the great factories for agricultural implements there. They are said to be an intelligent set, and I do not despair of making them follow me. I heard with great interest of your Christmas, and perhaps there is nothing in which one may more safely employ oneself, or which brings one, and properly brings, so much happiness as beneficence. But do not you feel sometimes anxious to attack the condition of things which seems to bring about the evils on which your beneficence has to be exercised? When once you have got it into your head that this condition *does* in great measure bring the evils about, and that it is in great measure remediable, I think one can hardly rest satisfied with merely alleviating the evils that arise under it. But I am sure women do not in general feel this—and perhaps it is as well not to feel it. Here is a long prose ; and yet I must not begin another sheet. We have the thermometer at Temperate, and yet the ice on the lake at Pains Hill still bears,

TO MRS. FORSTER

and Lucy has been skating. We have lost a *Cytisus* or two by the frost, but nothing else ; even the *Veronica*, quite a large one, has stood. But in Devonshire, where things had been softened by years of mild weather, this frost has killed them by wholesale. . . . I am always
your most affectionate brother, M. A.

To Mrs. Forster

COBHAM, *January 16, 1879.*

MY DEAREST K. — Fan says this morning in a letter to Fanny Lucy that you have been looking in vain for some account of my lecture, so, as you have been often in my thoughts lately, and I have been wishing to write to you, I will indulge myself, though I have a great deal to do on my return home. I send you a note from dear old Barham Zincke,¹ by which you will see that the lecture² was a success. There were about 600 people present, and they listened very well. I hear that some in the body of the room showed great signs of irritation at times, but they did not break out. The local reporters reported the address, and a man came to me afterwards for my manuscript, to send a condensed report to the

¹ The Rev. F. Barham Zincke, Rector of Wherstead, near Ipswich.

² 'Ecce, Convertimur ad Gentes,' *Fortnightly Review*, February 1879.

TO MISS ARNOLD

London papers. But this was just what Morley had deprecated, so I refused, saying the address was promised to the *Fortnightly*, and the editor did not wish it published in part beforehand. I have so much more the feelings of a literary than of a political man, that I confess, unless one could be reported as only political personages of the very first class are reported, I would sooner keep out of the newspapers altogether, I so hate to see myself put all amiss. But I hope you and William will read me in the *Fortnightly*. I think I am gradually making an impression about public secondary schools. This reform interests me as the first practicable of those great democratic reforms to which we must, I believe, one day come. And they call me a bad Liberal, or no Liberal at all!—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, *Wednesday* (January 1879).

MY DEAREST FAN—I am very glad you liked my Ipswich discourse, and the praise you give to it as being well adapted to its audience pleases me particularly. I was careful to try and so adapt it, and therefore refrained from all irony and playfulness, because these are so often misunderstood by people who have not had a literary training. Mr. Barham Zincke tells me that they had a number of copies

TO MISS ARNOLD

struck off from the report in the Suffolk paper, at a penny apiece, for sale among the working men, and that they were all bought directly. The *Western Morning News* is really valuable in its support, especially in these early days when the newspaper press is as yet apathetic upon the subject. Grove will interest you; he may burn. And Maine and Lecky both said to me, only yesterday, that the work I was doing by forcing the question of middle-class education and civilisation upon people's thoughts was invaluable, and that they were heartily with me. But I want other people to talk about the matter rather than to talk about it myself, for fear of its getting to pass for a hobby of mine.

You must not pay much attention to attacks on the Christian Brothers' Schools such as you sent me. To call them *frères ignorants* is a mere renewal of the abuse and ridicule of the teaching clergy at the time of the Reformation; it is a mere commonplace. The Brothers have to get the Government certificate just like other teachers, and their schools are not, or were not, on the whole, inferior to the lay schools, though neither are particularly good. Of the French it is particularly true that a great deal of their civilisation is got outside the school. The Brothers teach more of what they call 'religion and morals' than the lay schools do, and, of course, a great deal of what they teach

TO MISS ARNOLD

under this head is rather childish ; but then, on the other side, you have the lay teacher saying, according to Guizot's report, when asked how he provided for teaching religion and morals, 'Je n'enseigne pas ces bêtises-là,' and between the two one does not know which to think least eligible, but I am inclined to prefer the Christian Brothers.

The news from Africa is absorbingly interesting for the moment. Good will come, I suppose, of this disaster,¹ because it will lead to a more thorough subjugation of the Zulus, and to a more speedy extension of the Englishry as far as the climate will let them extend—that is, about up to the Tropic of Capricorn. And unattractive as the raw Englishry is, it is good stuff, and, always supposing it not to deteriorate but to improve, its spread is the spread of future civilisation.

I have my General Report on my hands now, but shall get it done in a few days ; then I must set to work on the Selections from Wordsworth, which are to form a volume like my *Selected Poems*, only about fifty pages thicker. It will be out at Whitsuntide, I hope ; a short essay on Wordsworth, which is to appear first in the Magazine, and then as preface to the Selection. I think I shall like picking the poems.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

¹ Repulse of the British troops at Isandlana, January 22, 1879.

TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

(January 1879.)

MY DEAREST K.—My letter must be merely a scrawl at the end of Flu's, but I write because she thought I had already written to you to say how delighted we shall be to have dear Flo here at the time you name. She will be a great consolation. Your letter gave me great pleasure too ; and you so entirely enter into my feelings about this reform, which seems to me the pressing reform for our own present time to accomplish. At bottom I greatly sympathise also with what you say about the religion of the middle classes, nor in the Ipswich address have I said anything on this point which you will dislike, I think. I never read St. Paul on the Jews, but I feel how exactly his sentiment about the Jews answers to mine about our middle class—'My heart's desire and prayer,' etc., etc. There is a moderate and pleasing article on 'Porro'¹ in the *British Quarterly*. It shows the stirring, even in those quarters, of a sense that something *must* be done. I send you Morley, who is always pleasing in his communications to me, and I send you an extract from the *Revue Philosophique*, which puts what I want very well, and without at all turning

¹ 'Porro, unum est necessarium,' *Fortnightly Review*, November 1878.

TO MISS ARNOLD

it to the glorification of France. Are you not glad that this late crisis has turned favourably in France? Not that she has not great perils before her; she has. Fitzjames Stephen will amuse you. I had written to congratulate him on being made a judge. Let Fan have what I send you. William was very good both at Yarmouth and Bradford. I was very glad he touched at Yarmouth on the municipal question. He will see that I said something about it at Ipswich.

It was very pleasant at Goschen's, and pleasant too to see the movement towards what I call *real* ideas in politics spreading among the younger men. Now I must stop.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
April 14, 1879.

MY DEAREST FAN—It is an east wind and a gray sky, but I had meant to go to Horsley and see the daffodils; however, the dentist willed it otherwise, and I have had to come up here, my appointment being made for eleven this morning. How much time and power, in the course of my life, my teeth have made me lose! I have since been correcting the proof of my Eton speech,¹ which is to appear in the *Cornhill*. I am well forward with my school reports, and have nearly

¹ An address on *εὐτραπεία*, delivered before the Eton Literary Society, April 5, 1879.

TO MISS ARNOLD

finished arranging my Wordsworth selection, so I feel more of a free man than usual. It is delightful to have to occupy oneself with Wordsworth, and he will come out better and more effective in my arrangement, I think, than he has ever come out before. I have gone on the plan of throwing pieces of one poetical *kind* together, not of classifying them, in Wordsworth's own intricate way, according to the spiritual faculty from which they are supposed to have proceeded. I don't think any of his *best* work will be left out, though a great deal must be left out which is *good* work, especially of his later time. When I have sent my list off to the printer I shall set about my introduction—a short one, but I hope to do him justice. He can show a body of work superior to what any other English poet, except Shakspeare and Milton, can show; and his body of work is more interesting than Milton's, though not so great. This seems to me to be the simple truth. I hope this collection of mine may win for him some appreciation on the Continent also. I shall send the book to Scherer, and beg him to review it. Wordsworth's body of work, to keep to that phrase, is superior to the body of work of any Continental poet of the last hundred years except Goethe; superior to that of Schiller, Heine, Musset, Victor Hugo. This, again, seems to me to be the simple truth. But I must not run on.

TO MISS QUILLINAN

I have had some happy gatherings of white violets, though the cottage children are apt to be before me, and they spoil as much as they gather. We are going to-morrow to Aston Clinton, and there, in the lanes of the Chilterns, I hope to find the white violets in masses. It is one of the best soils in England for them. The wild primroses are only just showing.—
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Miss Quillinan

April 21, 1879.

MY DEAR MIMA—I am making a selection from Wordsworth's Poems, and I want to restore some of his lines to what they were before he, as dear Mrs. Wordsworth used to say, 'tinkered' them. The line towards the end of 'Laodamia' which is now

By no weak pity might the gods be moved,
was originally

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved !

But I have not the early edition, that of 1815, in two volumes octavo, which gives this original rendering. Probably you have it ; at any rate, it is in the drawing-room at Fox How, and Rowland could find it for you. Would you do me the great kindness to write out for me the six or eight lines which follow the line I have

TO M. FONTANÈS

mentioned, or as much of them as differs at all from the present editions, and to send them to me at Cobham? If Fan were at home I would not give you this trouble.—Ever affectionately yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
Easter Sunday, 1879.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—My real answer to your long and interesting letter is the volume of *Essays* containing the essay you want. I desired the publisher to send it you a day or two ago. I am so overwhelmed with a mass of official work just now—schools wanting to be reported upon and paid at Easter—that I cannot attempt to answer your letter as it deserves. You give me great pleasure by your continual interest in what I write. In general, we English write for the English-speaking public, and expect no other; this public is now a very large one, and an author may well be satisfied with it; still, the civilised European nations ought to understand one another and to share one another's thoughts, and it is partly our own fault—the fault of our own insularity and eccentricity—that English literature reaches the other European nations so little. For this reason I highly prize my few French readers; they are a proof that

TO M. FONTANÈS

I have succeeded, so far, in breaking through the Britannic 'wall of partition'; and among my French readers there is no one whom I value more than you. It is incredible to me that M. Ferry's policy can be a good one; the Catholics are to be mended, not by throwing them back upon themselves by a *régime* of what they consider persecution, but by gradually inducing them to admit the influences of the time amongst them, and to feel their penetrative effect; I am sure that it is so in Ireland, at all events. But I should like to talk to you on this subject—and, indeed, on many others. I have begun Renan's discourse, but have only got a little way. His taking Victor Hugo's poetry so prodigiously *au sérieux* does, I confess, amaze me in so fine and delicate a mind; but Renan is not *sound*, I think, in proportion to his brilliancy. There are no new books here; every one is looking to see what and where is the new war. The Dean¹ has been lecturing in the North of England; I shall tell him of your letter, and shall make him send you the volume of his American addresses, which he has just published. What weather! This morning it was snowing hard; now it is a fine spring day; to-night it will probably freeze. Nevertheless our valley is beginning to look like the 'nid de verdure' which you call it.

Mrs. Arnold and my girls desire to be most

¹ Dean Stanley.

TO MISS ARNOLD

kindly remembered to you, and believe me
always, my dear M. Fontanès, most truly and
cordially yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, *Sunday* (May 25, 1879).

MY DEAREST FAN—Fanny Lucy is gone to church, and I am alone in the house. Geist¹ finds me dull and has begged me to let him out into the garden; now he has had his bark at the thrushes, and I hear him pattering upstairs to bed, his invariable resource when he is bored or sorrowful. The girls are at Harrow, as you know. It has been a most beautiful day, and the foliage is almost all out, and now in a day or two we shall have the May and the Chestnut blossom. I have never known the birds so rich and strong in their singing; I had two black-birds and three thrushes running about together on the grass under my window as I was getting up yesterday morning, and a stockdove has built her nest in the leaning ivied fir-tree which you will remember, between the house and the stables. So there is plenty of music, and the cuckoo comes in amidst it all. I am told by the natives that the nightingale used always to build in the shrubberies of the cottage, but she has given up that good habit; however, all

¹ A Dachshound.

TO MISS ARNOLD

round us the nightingales positively swarm. We dined at Effingham last night, and twice as we drove home the man stopped to call our attention to the chorus of nightingales. At one place, a thicket just before entering upon Effingham Common, they were almost maddeningly beautiful. It is a great loss to the North and the South-west of England not to have them ; their extraordinary effectiveness is shown by even the poor people being so much interested about them and always knowing their habits and haunts. I should like to have you here for the cowslips and the nightingales ; and it really must be arranged next year, if we live. The effect of reading so much of Wordsworth lately has been to make me feel more keenly than usual the beauty of the common incidents of the natural year, and I am sure that is a good thing. I have got a week before me which I don't much care about ; three dinners in London, and I am to be taken to the Derby by George Smith. He offered to take me and show me the whole thing, and it seems absurd never to have seen such a famous sight, but at present I look forward to the day as a boring one, and wish it was over. I think about the Irish University Question I have effected some real good. You saw Lowe's speech,¹ and Sir Louis Mallet told me that Bright was dining with him the other night and said there was not a word of my

¹ On the University Education (Ireland) Bill, May 21, 1879.

TO M. E. GRANT DUFF

argument for the Catholics¹ which did not carry him thoroughly along with it. Now good-bye, my dearest Fan ; how I wish we had you here with us.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

FAIRY HILL, SWANSEA, *August 22, 1879.*

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—I meant to thank you for the Richmond paper,² and for your kind words about my *Isaiah* ; but that, with several other good intentions, came to nothing in the hurry of leaving home. I do thank you, however ; the more so as the labour of mine which you commended was one which I undertook with a good deal of hope, and which has produced very little result. But I more and more learn the extreme slowness of things, and that though we are all disposed to think that everything will change in our lifetime, it will not. Perhaps we shall end our days in the tail of a return current of popular religion, both ritual and dogmatic. Still, the change, for being slower than we expected, is not the less sure. You have been much in my mind lately, for you first turned me to try and know the names and history of the plants I met with, instead of being

¹ 'Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism,' *Fortnightly Review*, July 1878 ; reprinted in *Mixed Essays*, 1879.

² An address on Primary Education.

TO M. E. GRANT DUFF

content with simply taking pleasure in the look of them ; and you have at least doubled my enjoyment of them by doing so. I send you two things which grow beautifully here, on the south-western peninsula of Gower, fifteen miles from Swansea, the St. John's wort and the *Æno-thera*. The *Ænothera* is a beautiful sight, covering every grassy spot in the sand, by Oxwich Bay, where we were yesterday. I came over from Ilfracombe here ; at Ilfracombe too the vegetation was something wonderful. At Coleridge's, at Ottery—where I have also been, and where we talked of you—everything has been killed by this last winter, but at Ilfracombe they had had no ice at all ; and the fuchsias, hydrangeas, verbenas, veronicas, and myrtles were growing as I never thought to see them grow in England. Also the wild things grew with a wonderful lustiness. Pellitory was nearly a yard high, and pennywort a foot, and the *Ruta-muraria* on the walls was something too delicious. I found the absinth, which the Alps make us so familiar with ; we have the mugwort and the tansy to any extent in Surrey, but not the absinth. I must stop, or I may as well send you a botany book at once, which would be sending coals to Newcastle. We are here till next Wednesday, and then we go to Fox How. Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Grant Duff and 'hommages' to Clara.—Yours ever most cordially,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

COBHAM, October 13, 1879.

MY DEAREST K.—It is indeed a long time since I have communicated with you directly ; I only wish it were not by letter but by word of mouth that we communicated now.

I followed you in your travels with interest. The valley of the Brenta I should particularly have liked to ascend with you. I think there is a lake before you reach Trent which on the map looks very interesting. I like small lakes, in general, so much better than great things like the Lake of Garda. I am sorry you were tormented with the mosquitoes at Florence ; they are enough to spoil anything ; but Florence is the most enchanting place I know in the world, and I think you had never seen it before. Papa never did it justice ; it took me quite by surprise when I first arrived there one beautiful morning in May. The Cathedral outside (not inside) is to my feeling the most beautiful church in the world, and it always looks to me like a hen gathering its chickens under its wings, it stands in such a soft, lovely way with Florence round it. Then never did pictures give me the pleasure that the pictures in those two great galleries did. Andrea del Sarto and Fra Bartolommeo, two artists who touch me particularly, are not to be known without going to Florence. And San

TO MRS. FORSTER

Miniato, and the Carrara Mountains, and Fiesole !
But I must not go on about Florence.

We had a good time, but better perhaps for the young people than the old. However, it is a pleasure for us old ones to see the young ones enjoying themselves. Before we went to Fox How we had very much enjoyed Fairy Hill ; that peninsula of Gower was something so new and remote, the coast so beautiful, the flowers and ferns so interesting, and then the Benson children are all of them such dear children. I got some good fishing too—at least good by comparison with Westmorland.

I wonder if Fan is with you to-day ; we do not hear from her. I hope she will take you two newspapers, a French and an American one, with articles about my French play article.¹ Flo will be interested by them. Of course, you are to have the Wordsworth,² but the large-paper copy, which little Delafield, when he takes to riotous courses and wants money, will be able to sell for a vast sum. It is not quite ready yet, and I shall not send it by post, it will get so bruised ; you must come here for it, or to London. 'The Primrose on the Rock' was in once, but was thrust out to make room for other things. I think I shall put it into the

¹ 'The French Play in London,' *Nineteenth Century*, August 1879.

² *Poems of Wordsworth, Chosen and Edited by Matthew Arnold.* 1879.

TO HENRY ARTHUR JONES

next edition, since you like it ; mamma liked it, and I like it myself.

Tell William it is impossible to maintain that the salaries of the London School Board were forced upon them by the state of the market ; they sat down and invented their rates, as people with an ample purse, who were going to do the thing handsomely. They have given people such a handle that the public institution of secondary schools is made harder than ever. That is my great cause of quarrel with them. Lyulph Stanley and Sydney Buxton take my report¹ most amiably. Sydney says that the party of economy in the School Board are glad to have their hands strengthened by it.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Henry Arthur Jones

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
October 14, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR—Many thanks for your two pieces, and for your letter with its most kind expressions. I produce little effect upon the general public, but I have some excellent readers nevertheless ; I may count you as one of them. The *Garden Party* is extremely interesting. I hope it will appear in some magazine as you

¹ General Report on Elementary Schools for the year 1878. Mr. Stanley and Mr. Buxton were members of the London School Board.

TO M. FONTANÈS

propose. The *Clerical Error* I must try and see—which is far better than reading—some night that I am in town. I am afraid we are still a long way off from the attainment of a satisfactory theatre and a satisfactory drama, but they will come in time.—Believe me, my dear sir, sincerely yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès

COBHAM, SURREY, *January 21, 1880.*

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—It is quite absurd that I should write in French to one who reads and criticises English literature as you do. I have been away from home for the last month. Your letter was forwarded to me, but I would not answer it until I returned to the neighbourhood of London, and on one of my daily visits to that place could call at my publisher's and send you my little volume of Wordsworth. There is nothing of mine in it but the preface. However, if you make Wordsworth's acquaintance through this little book, you need ask for nothing more. He is one of the best and deepest spiritual influences of our century.

Burke is an excellent subject for you. You should order a small volume on Burke by John Morley, published by Macmillan, London. It is a cheap book, costing but half-a-crown, and you will find it very suggestive. Burke, like

TO M. FONTANÈS

Wordsworth, is a great force in that epoch of concentration, as I call it, which arose in England in opposition to the epoch of expansion declaring itself in the French Revolution. The old order of things had not the virtue which Burke supposed. The Revolution had not the banefulness which he supposed. But neither was the Revolution the commencement, as its friends supposed, of a reign of justice and virtue. It was much rather, as Scherer has called it, 'un déchaînement d'instincts confus, un aveugle et immense besoin de renouvellement.' An epoch of concentration and of resistance to the crude and violent people who were for imposing their 'renouvellement' on the rest of the world by force was natural and necessary. Burke is to be conceived as the great voice of this epoch. He carried his country with him, and was in some sort a providential person. But he did harm as well as good, for he made concentration too dominant an idea with us, and an idea of which the reign was unduly prolonged. The time for expansion must come, and Burke is of little help to us in presence of such a time. But in his sense of the crudity and tyranny of the French revolutionists, I do not think he was mistaken.

An admirable article might be written upon him from a French point of view, and I hope you will write it.

Mrs. Arnold and my daughters send you their

TO MRS. FORSTER

best wishes for the New Year, and so do I.—
Affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster

COBHAM, *Saturday, April 2, 1880.*

MY DEAREST K.—I think you will expect a line from me of congratulation on William's position on the poll at Bradford,¹ and on the number that voted for him. Both are most satisfactory, and he will be well pleased, I suppose, to have brought in Mr. —— along with him, though about my joy at this other success I do not feel so sure. However, if the Liberals are to come in, my earnest desire is that their English and Scotch majority should be as large as possible, and in this view I may accept ——. What a total scattering it is! and I should not wonder if it extended to the counties. I hear that both Middlesex and Mid Surrey the Liberals now expect to win. I had an obscure presentiment that there would be a change, but I did not feel that I had any data for a real well-grounded opinion; it weighed with me, as I told several people, that William, who is a judicious man, and not one who will say anything to serve the moment's need, expressed himself so confidently. Lord B. was

¹ At the General Election, Easter 1880.

TO MISS ARNOLD

demoralising for our people, and the Tories show their bad side more and more the longer they stay in ; and then the Tory *Bottles*,¹ the shoddy Conservative, Stock Exchange or commercial, is terrible. Still, the Radical Bottles, and middle-class Liberalism in general—you know my opinion of them—at best, they are in a very crude state, and with little light or help in them at present. But through their failing, and succeeding, and gradual improving lies our way, our only way ; I have no doubt of that. But that they will yet fail more than once, and give other chances to the Tories and to future Lord B.s, I think too probable. Love to all.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, *Sunday, May 15* (1880).

MY DEAREST FAN—I hope you are enjoying Tunbridge Wells (with a *u*, not an *o*, please), and that you have seen many woods and copses such as I saw yesterday, where you cannot see the ground for primroses and hyacinths. I went along one of the old grass roads of this country, some thirty yards wide, leading from Bookham Common to Effingham Common, with woods on one side and a great bowering hedge on the

¹ A character in *Friendship's Garland*.

TO MISS ARNOLD

other, and the nightingales singing as if they were distraught. I don't think there will be much May in the hedges this year; it is one of the many bad results of the wet and cold of last year. We now want rain very badly, but the warmth is delightful. Why should it have been at 45 at mid-day a week ago, and now at 72 at mid-day, with the wind in precisely the same odious quarter—the north-east? This is one of those things that quite beat my poor little science. The hollies and laurels that we moved in the autumn and spring are what I am uneasy for, if the rain does not come. It is just the moment now which tries them. The rhododendrons are beginning to come out. When shall you be coming here, do you think? You say nothing about it in your last letter.

Jane will send you a letter by which you will see that Morley accepted my counsel to take the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I am very glad of it, and now we shall have two newspapers with a considerable and known literary *personality*, in the French sense, informing them. *Personality* reminds me of Tennyson's poem¹—did you ever? Swinburne has sent me his new volume with an amiable note; he has a violent sonnet on A. P. S., for his monument to the Prince Imperial in the

¹ Hallowèd be Thy name—Halleluiah!

Infinite Ideality!

Immeasurable Reality!

Infinite Personality!—Halleluiah!

'De Profundis,' *Nineteenth Century*, May 1880.

TO MISS ARNOLD

Abbey. I have promised Knowles my article on the Future of Liberalism for his July number, and I have my notice of Keats to do by the end of this month ; so I have my hands full. On Thursday I got a card from the Duchess of Norfolk for a party that evening, to meet Newman.¹ I went, because I wanted to have spoken once in my life to Newman, and because I wanted to see the house. The house was not so fine as I expected. Newman was in costume—not full Cardinal's costume, but a sort of vest with gold about it and the red cap ; he was in state at one end of the room, with the Duke of Norfolk on one side of him and a chaplain on the other, and people filed before him as before the Queen, dropping on their knees when they were presented and kissing his hand. It was the faithful who knelt in general, but then it was in general only the faithful who were presented. . . . I only made a deferential bow, and Newman took my hand in both of his and was charming. He said, 'I ventured to tell the Duchess I should like to see you.' One had to move on directly, for there was a crowd of devotees waiting, and he retires at eleven. But I am very glad to have seen him. I met Lady Portsmouth there, who is a relation of the Duke ; she took charge of me, and carried me through the crowd to the chaplain, who knew who I was ; else I should

¹ Cardinal Newman was staying with the Duke of Norfolk in St. James's Square.

TO HIS WIFE

never have got at Newman at all. I met A. P. S. at dinner at the Buxtons' before I went, who was deeply interested and excited at my having the invitation to meet the Cardinal; he hurried me off the moment dinner was over, saying, 'This is not a thing to lose!' How is my precious Susy? Tell her there is a clever young man over here from the French Foreign Office, a M. Gérard, said to be a natural son of Gambetta, but whom Gambetta is at any rate pushing on in the world with all his might, who is going to write an *article de fond* on me in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. That will be interesting, as he really knows my works, and brings little quotations about conduct being three-quarters of life into his notes to me.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife

PONTRESINA, September 13, 1880.

Tell dear Fan I shall write to her in a day or two, as soon as I have seen a little more of the flowers. Of course, I am late for them, but I have already seen enough to fill me with delight. I had a baddish night; the partitions are very thin, and a young lady next to me was very noisy till she went to bed, and very asthmatic when she had got there. This morning I woke to a wet and cloudy world, and it was all very

TO HIS WIFE

gloomy ; however, after breakfast I went to the Sarratz, the hotel where the Sandfords are, and was received by them with open arms. I said I thought I would come and join them at the Sarratz to-morrow, and presently Sir F.¹ slips out of the room and comes back saying that he has engaged a room for me, that Madame Sarratz knew my works perfectly well, and said she should give me the room she had given to Tennyson. Madame Sarratz is a character ; no doubt, Sir F. told her he was bringing a poet to her hotel, and then she said she should give him Tennyson's room. I like the looks of that hotel better than those of this, and, of course, being with the Sandfords is to be very much at home. Sandford says there is no place in the world where he is so well and so happy, and the place has certainly something fascinating. It rained and thundered all the morning, but about two it cleared up, and then you saw what it was, and how in every direction from Pontresina you are led up to beauty unutterable. It is of no use denying that the snow and the glaciers give a charm to the Alps which our mountains and Scotland can never possess. To-day after my calls I followed a path through a fir-wood that brought me first to a small lake and then to a green slope above St. Moritz and its lake ; the walk would just have suited you, and you may

¹ Sir Francis Sandford, Secretary to the Education Department ; afterwards Lord Sandford.

TO MISS ARNOLD

think how I wished for you. The mode of life would suit you too.

In the conversation rooms after dinner there is too much conversation, and, above all, too much music ; every one is very civil. Now I must stop. It is raining hard again, but it is all fresh snow on the mountains, and the glass is high, so I think I shall make out the week very well. I am better already.

To Miss Arnold

PONTRESINA, *September 15 (1880).*

MY DEAREST FAN—I may not be able to finish this to you, for I am going presently with the Sandfords to the Roseg glacier, but I will begin it. I am quite frozen. The thermometer up here was at about 34 this morning, and now that the wind is getting up it will be colder still. Every one is preparing for a retreat, but I shall stay on till Sunday or Monday now I am here. The air certainly does me good ; I feel quite different already. It is so stimulating, however, that it is not good for sleeping ; one sleeps very lightly, and without becoming sufficiently unconscious, and one wakes very early in the morning.

This will reach you on the last day but one of my party's stay with you. How good you

TO MISS ARNOLD

have been to all of us ! This place would be too cruelly cold for Fanny Lucy. I must bring her here, but it must be in August. You, however, would enjoy it now, and I continually think how I should like to have you with me. The charm of the great mountains is indescribable when the mist lifts ; to see, instead of the outline of Fairfield, a snowy serrated line of some 12,000 feet high makes all comparison impossible. On Monday we had a wet morning but beautiful afternoon ; I told Fanny Lucy of my walk that afternoon. Yesterday was a simply perfect day. I started about half-past ten up the road over the Bernina pass to Tirano and Italy, and turned off it to the Morteratsch glacier, which comes down from the great Piz Bernina itself. I lunched at the little inn at the foot of the glacier, and then made my way up by a mountain path to a point called the Signal, and thence along the mountain side to the Boval hut, the place where those who ascend the Bernina, or one of the mountains round him, sleep before they begin the ascent. It was worth coming abroad merely for this afternoon walk, high on the mountain side, with the great glacier below running up to the great snow-vested sweep of the Bernina and his fellows, all their upper parts sparkling in sunshine, but the deep black shadow steadily creeping up them. The flowers are very much gone, but up at that height there will still be a few late-blooming ones for two or

TO MISS ARNOLD

three weeks to come. I could have stayed there till it was dark, and I wish I had had you with me. My old friend the giant yellow gentian was in seed in the sheltered hollows, but I send you two other gentians and several other things that you will like to see. The good of an acquaintance with an even limited flora is that it makes you feel at home with even the most extensive one. The Alpine aster you will like ; it is a very characteristic flower. The little deep-coloured *Epilobium* is the same, I think, which I and Dick found on Great Gavel. I was obliged to come down at last, having met with no soul except a man carrying a can of water, whom I asked to name the different peaks to me ; and being struck with his mode of speech, I asked him what he was doing up there. He answered, 'Ich messe die Bewegung des Gletschers' (I am measuring the movement of the glacier), and pointed out to me a hut down among the rocks where he is living with one comrade for this purpose. I thought these glacier measurers were very appropriate inmates of the solitude. He told me they were employed by a scientific society. I asked him if he was *Militär*, and he answered 'Nein, Gelehrte.' I got back to find all my things transported to the hotel from which I am writing. It is much better than the other, better furnished and cleaner, and as the Sandfords are here, and Madame Sarratz offered me a very good room, I

TO MISS ARNOLD

changed directly. Mr. Ayre¹ is quite a power here, and it pleases me to see how the quality of Anglican chaplain gives a man a sort of natural headship among the English visitors, and quite the status of an agent of Government, yet without any officialdom, when he is like Ayre—a man who, by manners, conduct, and sense, is capable of filling such a position. His departure was quite the sensation of the day. The carriage in which he and his nieces went off was surrounded by people from all the hotels, who came to say good-bye and to thank him, and the innkeeper the night before sent in a bottle of champagne, that he and his nieces might drink success to their journey, though none of them drank wine. But on this occasion they had to drink it, and I helped them. It is curious that I heard from Ayre of the appointment to Rydal, a Mr. Riddle, whom he had been on the point of engaging as a curate when this appointment to Rydal came. To-day it is changed to iron-gray skies and cold wind ; this morning, however, I went with the Sandfords and Mundellas to the Roseg glacier, and lunched at the little inn there. But how different was the scene from that of yesterday ! All the hollow of the glacier was filled with a sleety cloud, and not a single mountain summit was to be seen. On our way back it began to rain, but I walked with

¹ The Rev. J. W. Ayre, Vicar of St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

TO HIS WIFE

Mundella,¹ and had an opportunity of pressing several things upon him with regard to Education which I think important. He is very anxious to do right, and I think I have more chance of having influence with him than with any Vice-President we have had. I think much of my dear K., and shall write to her soon. I never write a journal, but I tell my story in letters, which is the better and pleasanter way. I think I shall stay here whatever the weather may be, till Sunday or Monday ; then I shall go over the Maloja to Chiavenna, Como, and Orta ; then by the Lukmanier Pass and the St. Gothard to Lucerne ; thence by Basle to Frankfort, where I want to have another look at the house where Goethe was born, thence by Brussels home.—
Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate
M. A.

To his Wife

PONTRESINA, *September 15, 1880.*

Yesterday was a perfect day—fresh, but not a cloud in the sky. There are some very nice people at the Krone called Trench (he is a son of the Archbishop)² who offered to drive me up to the Bernina Lakes. I said I would walk up and join them at lunch, but I took a wrong turn,

¹ The Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education.

² Of Dublin.

TO HIS WIFE

which led straight up to the Piz Bernina instead of up the side valley over which is the Bernina pass into Italy. However, the valley I took led me to the Morteratsch glacier, which is perhaps the most beautiful thing here—a grand glacier, folded in by the Bernina and his great compeers ; lovely names they have, but you would not know them. But nowhere even in the Oberland have I seen a more beautiful line than they make. I lunched at the restaurant by the glacier, and then wandered on by a path along the mountain side to a hut from which the ascent of the Bernina and the great peaks near him begins. I have seldom enjoyed anything more, and I did a good deal of botanising, as at that height the flowers linger on much later than down here. I did not see a soul. The moon rose, the black shadows stole gradually up the sparkling snow-sides of the mountain, and I could hardly tear myself away. It was a day which alone makes it worth while to have come here. This morning the fine weather of yesterday had totally departed ; the clouds were low, the air was iron gray, and a fierce wind blew. But Mundella and his daughter came to propose going with us to the Roseg glacier, and we all started. It is five miles up the Roseg valley to the foot of the glacier. We lunched at the little inn at the foot of the glacier, and had a lively time ; but after luncheon the rain came on, and some guides who were on their way down said it was useless going on the

TO HIS WIFE

glacier, it was sleeting fast there, and you could not see a yard before you. So home we walked again by the Roseg valley. I walked all the way with Mundella, who asked me a great deal about the policy which the office should follow, and I had an opportunity of urging upon him several things which I think important, and, I hope, of doing a good turn to Healing and his brother assistants, who have been hardly treated.

To the Same

HOTEL SARRATZ, PONTRESINA,
September 16, 1880.

No doubt it is better you should be where you are, for the cold here is very severe ; still, you would like the life here and the people. The hotel is excellent and the *table d'hôte* all that can be desired. It is a much better class of English people here than in the other parts of Switzerland, because the fifteen hours' journey from the railway keeps off the mass of the 'personally conducted.' It snowed all last night, and this morning it was a white world, with the snow not only lying on the ground up to the door of the hotel, but loading the branches of the fir-trees, as with us in Surrey it does in January. But at ten it began to clear, and I assure you the air here is so perfectly exhilarating that even on a dull morning you

TO HIS WIFE

feel radiant. The Mundellas arrived about eleven to ask us to go somewhere, and we determined to go on the Morteratsch glacier. We went and lunched at the restaurant by the glacier, and a very jolly party it was. Mundella makes himself so pleasant, and I am sure, as I said to Sandford, that nowhere else in Europe is there to be found a Minister exhorting his subordinate official to write more poetry. After luncheon we all went on the glacier, which we could get upon only by cutting steps with an ice axe; it was great fun. The fresh snow made the ice very good walking, and we all enjoyed it greatly. What you would greatly like is the sight of the Bergamesque herdsmen, who have been feeding their herds on the pastures here for the summer, collecting them to drive them back to Italy. The men are picturesque objects, tall, swarthy Italians, with their civilised speech instead of the rough guttural German. And their cattle are too lovely. I could have stayed till night yesterday to see a herd driven through the swollen torrent of the Roseg which lay between their Alp and the road to Italy. In one place they had to swim, poor things, but it was beautiful to see how well they managed, greatly as they disliked it. At luncheon a gigantic St. Bernard seated himself between Miss Mundella and me. He entirely refused bread, and would eat nothing but beef-steak.

TO HIS WIFE

To the Same

CHIAVENNA, Monday, September 20, 1880.

I had a fine day yesterday, and left the Roseg glacier, up to which you look from the front of the Hotel Sarratz, showing itself in all its glory. But the cold was bitter, and I was not sorry that my place was in the coupé and not on the banquette. I had to drive down to Samaden, four miles, to catch the diligence, and very nearly missed it ; but when I was once fairly established in the coupé (which I had all to myself) I enjoyed my day greatly, with Baedeker and my maps and a new country. And such a country ! All the chain of the lakes through which the Inn flows, from St. Moritz to where he comes in waterfalls, like a little Westmorland stream, out of the side of a hill at the top of the pass. The Engadine lies so high, and the ascent to it and out of it is spread over so many miles, that there are no zigzags whatever, nothing whatever to make you aware that you are crossing the main chain of the Alps into Italy ; you trot on, and presently you stop at a great desolate white inn, and that is the Maloja Kulm. But while the diligence stops you go to the edge of a rock guarded by a rail, and there is Italy below you, sure enough, and zigzags enough for any one's taste leading down to it. We stopped at Vicosoprano, the chief town of the Swiss part of

TO HIS WIFE

the valley, to lunch, and here a melancholy thing happened. I had been looking at a small cat, the colour of William's cat, running backwards and forwards across the street. It was in beautiful condition and high spirits, with a small bell round its neck like the bells worn here by the cows — evidently a favourite. I went a little way towards the bridge over the river to see if I could find any plants, and met a voiturier with four horses driving fast into the place. Presently I returned, saw a crowd, went up to it, and there was my poor little cat lying quite dead in a pool of blood. The voiturier had run over it—not by his fault, I believe,—but it darted into the street at the moment he was passing; the wheels had gone over its neck, and it had died instantly, but it was not mutilated. It made quite a sensation, and presently a young man took the little thing up, and laid it under the wall of the side street from which it had just before been darting out full of prettiness and play. I know the girls will be interested in this sad story; the sudden end of the poor little cat quite afflicted me. We went on in the diligence presently, and passing through a gorge, came into a new world; chestnuts, walnuts, and mulberries began as if by magic, and vineyards on the hillsides and all the Italian landscape which is so beautiful. In the grass under the chestnuts I saw more flowers than I have yet seen this time in Switzerland, but no cyclamens,

TO HIS WIFE

though we found them, if you remember, in a like country from Premia downwards. I don't think you have ever been in this most picturesque and truly Italian place. The inn has the wide passages, high rooms, and marble floors of Italy, but it does not do, as to comfort, after the Hotel Sarratz. I slept well, however, and after breakfast this morning I bought for 2½d. more black figs than I could eat; you would like to see, and to buy and eat from, the baskets of peaches, black and white grapes, and black and white figs amongst which I shall be constantly finding myself for the next few days. I have taken my place by the diligence for Colico and changed a French note for 100 francs at the bank here, gaining nine francs on the operation. To-night I shall be at the Cadenabbia Hotel—how changed since you and I were at the little bit of a house which preceded this great big hotel! The present hotel is a very good one, however, and every one says it is very preferable to Bellaggio.

To the Same

September 22, 1880.

I last wrote to you from Chiavenna—a rainy morning, but it cleared, and on I went down to Colico on the banquette of the diligence, side by side with a German Jew. The sun got entirely the better of the clouds, and has been reigning

TO HIS WIFE

in all his glory ever since. The voyage from Colico was perfect, and it happens that I have never before made the passage on that part of the lake in fine weather. The hotel at Cadenabbia was quite full, so I took a boat and was rowed over to the Grand Hotel at Bellaggio. You may imagine, if you can, what it is to be rowed on the Lake of Como between five and six on a perfect September evening. I got an excellent room, but I had rather have stayed at Cadenabbia, for at four o'clock the next morning the Miss Archers were going up the Monte Circuni—the mountain behind Cadenabbia—escorted by one Wainwright, a great Alpine climber, who is there with his Chamouni guide, and I should have gone with them; it is that mountain with an exquisitely soft cone and a band of precipice running obliquely across the middle of him which you may remember as coming so beautifully into the view from Bellaggio. At dinner I found myself by a man who made himself very pleasant—so pleasant that we sat on when the other people were gone; and presently, on the terrace, Edgcumbe, the Byron Memorial man, who is staying at Bellaggio, came up to me and said, 'I was so amused at seeing you and Labouchere talking in that intimate way!' So it was Labouchere,¹ whom I had not met since we met him at the Herman Merivales', and did not recognise. He

¹ Henry Labouchere, M.P.

TO HIS WIFE

goes to bed at one, long after every one else is in bed, and gets up at one the next day, so I did not see him again, for at half-past one I started yesterday by the boat for this place. It is the villa where Queen Caroline lived; it has been added to, and is the finest building on the Lake, a really splendid specimen of an Italian palace-villa. It is not so beautiful a point for mountains as Bellaggio, but it is exquisitely beautiful, and the sight of Como, and the soft, low range of hill behind Como, gives it a character of its own. I am going to drive into Como to see the Cathedral, which is very interesting, and then I shall go by rail to Lugano—a new approach to Lugano for me. To-morrow I go to Stresa.

To the Same

FLUELEN, *Monday, September 27, 1880.*

I am glad I went to Stresa; they are sincerely kind, and glad to see one of us again, and to be able to write to the Prince¹ about it. They say that as I have not yet seen the L. of Orta, I must come again next year, and bring you and the girls, and Madame de Gatinara says she shall bring her daughter from Turin to make acquaintance with Lucy and Nelly, and to learn lawn-tennis. Meanwhile, she is going to send

¹ The Duke of Genoa, whose mother and stepfather resided at Stresa.

TO HIS WIFE

me, she says, a Piedmontese grammar and dictionary, that I may learn Piedmontese and miss none of the *asides* when they talk to one another in that idiom. After I wrote to Lucy we dined. The Duchess talks to me alone in one of the outer rooms for about half an hour after dinner ; then she and the ladies absent themselves for half an hour and Rapallo¹ talks to me. He gave me an article to read in the *Fanfulla* on the spirit and sense which the Prince had shown in China, which had given them much pleasure. Then the Duchess and the ladies return, and tea is brought, and the Duchess plays patience, and we all sit and talk to her and one another till about eleven. Rapallo smokes the whole evening ; but I think he has a good heart, and I am touched by the way he remembers the children, and all about the house and grounds at Harrow, and even about Toss and Rover. Breakfast is now at eleven, but they had it at ten on Saturday morning for my benefit, and I will tell you that it is at the end of breakfast that you should drink Asti, slightly iced ; then it is in perfection. At eleven I took my leave, and Rapallo accompanied me to the boat and saw me off. It was a dull day at first, but after dinner it cleared, and it happens to be just the portion of the lake from Luino to Locarno which was new to me. It is deeply Italian and indescribably beautiful. At the villages, high on the hills, with their

¹ Count Rapallo, the Duchess of Genoa's second husband.

TO HIS WIFE

campanili, I am never tired of looking, and anything so paintable never was seen. I can well understand why the artists are so fond of Italy and so indifferent to Switzerland. The town of Locarno is in Canton Tessin, but is a perfectly Italian town. The new Grand Hotel is one of those palaces which you do not find out of Italy, and which make all other hotels seem mean. It is not so beautiful as the Villa d'Este, however, because it was not built for a palace-villa, but for a hotel, and has not the same grand air ; but it has the spaciousness, the marble everywhere, the vast corridors, the wide and high rooms. The cottage at Cobham would go entire into the end of one of its corridors. I was not very well at Locarno, but am better now. I saw the sunrise yesterday morning—a cloudless September day for seeing my last of Italy ; and nothing can be more Italian than the mouth of the valley of the Ticino from Locarno to Bellinzona. The railroad goes from Locarno to Biasca, close to Bodio, where the rain was so furious and you admired the waterfalls so much. At Faido I got out while they changed horses, and looked at the Angelo where we slept. I am glad to have seen this most beautiful of the passes in true summer weather ; all the towns were *en fête* for Sunday, and the concourse of workmen for the railway, which is now very far advanced, makes this line very animated. At Airolo we had a rough Italian dinner at two o'clock, but it

TO HIS WIFE

was eatable ; then we started on the real ascent. We all got out of the diligence and walked up the first set of zigzags to the lowest Cantoniera, but I was then so far ahead that I thought I would go on alone through the Val Tremolo to the second set of zigzags and the top ; and so I did, and arrived at the Hospice more than half an hour before the diligence. I saw the place where the diligence came to grief when we were making the passage that snowy day, and I remembered the very spot by one of the little lakes where some cattle passed us. There is now a new hotel at the top ; they have St. Bernard dogs for sale, and one of them, four years old, is the greatest beauty I ever saw, just like a lion. They want £32 for him. I thought of Nelly. I arrived at the top in a beautiful sunset, but while I waited there the mists rushed up from the north, and we descended to Andermatt in fog. At Andermatt it cleared, but it was now growing dark, and when we got here it was ten o'clock—a journey of sixteen hours. I was so tired that I had an egg and some tea and went to bed. An old gentleman in the room next to me coughed a good deal, so I did not sleep well, but the inn, the Urnerhof, is a good one. I have been into the little church, and at half-past ten I start by the steamer for Lucerne ; it will be delightful to see this lovely lake again from end to end, but the day is dubious. I am glad to be drawing nearer to you, for I miss you

TO J. G. FITCH

constantly, but if you were with me I should be in despair at turning my back upon Italy. It is a great consolation that at Frankfort I shall get letters from you. I had one from you at Stresa, and one from Lucy. I sleep to-night at Basle, going straight on thither from Lucerne; it will be an easy day, and so will to-morrow.

*To J. G. Fitch*¹

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
October 14, 1880.

MY DEAR FITCH—It was very stupid of me to send you the wrong book, but I was putting up a copy of the second edition of the *Mixed Essays* for my sister, and I took a copy of the same book for you instead of the volume I had promised you. You shall have the extracts² when they come to a new edition; I want to improve the arrangement a little. Meanwhile, I am glad you should have the *Mixed Essays*, with their remarks on middle-class education. I have this year been reading *David Copperfield* for the first time. Mr. Creakle's school at Blackheath is the type of our ordinary middle-class schools, and our middle class is satisfied that so it should be.—Ever yours truly,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ Afterwards Sir Joshua Fitch, LL.D.

² *Passages from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold.* 1880.

TO MISS ARNOLD

To Miss Arnold

(November 1880.)

Nelly has been staying with the Deacons, who have a shooting party. We dined there last night and brought her home. The night before we dined with Lucy at the Enfields' and met Admiral Egerton. I like him, and I like the Enfields. Lord Enfield¹ told me that he meant, through the occasion given by my little book, to make acquaintance with Wordsworth as he had never done before in his life. And certainly a great many people will be led to do this. I find that the poem so wanted by dear old Cradock² was the one about John Wordsworth written on the Grizedale paper, and beginning 'The sheep-boy whistled loud,' but I think it is the *Silene acaulis* in the poem which so draws Cradock's botanical heart to it. I have been reading Chaucer a great deal, the early French poets a great deal, and Burns a great deal. Burns is a beast, with splendid gleams, and the medium in which he lived, Scotch peasants, Scotch Presbyterianism, and Scotch drink, is repulsive. Chaucer, on the other hand, pleases me more and more, and his medium is infinitely superior. But I shall finish with Shakspeare's *King Lear* before I

¹ Afterwards Lord Strafford.

² Dr. Cradock, Principal of Brasenose.

TO HIS SON

finally write my Introduction,¹ in order to have a proper taste in my mind while I am at work.

*To his Son*²

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
December 3, 1880.

MY DARLING BOY—I hoped to have sent you to-day my lines about your dear, dear little boy,³ but I have not yet been able to get a correct copy from the printer. You shall have it by next week's mail—at least, I hope so—and you will then get it a fortnight sooner than if we waited for the magazine containing it to be published. The daily miss of him will wear off, but we shall never forget him, and I am very glad to have stamped him in our memories by these lines, written when he was fresh in our minds. I like to think of all the newspapers having his dear little name in them when the Christmas number of the *Fortnightly Review* is advertised, and I hope people will like the lines, and that will lead to his being more mentioned and talked about, which seems to be a sort of continuation of him in life, dear little fellow, though it is but a hollow and shadowy one, alas !

¹ A General Introduction to T. H. Ward's *English Poets*.

² In Australia.

³ The Dachshound, commemorated in 'Geist's Grave,' *Fortnightly Review*, January 1881.

TO HIS SON

We have settled not to go to Ireland this winter. Parliament is to meet on the 6th of January, so we must have left Dublin on the 5th. We do not return from Lord Coleridge's till the 17th of December, and we could not get away from Cobham till the end of the year. What I want to do is to unite our visit to Ireland with our visit to Fox How next autumn; then I should get a sight of the west of Ireland, which I have never seen, and probably get some sea-trout fishing, which is excellent there, and at its best in September. But really Ireland is in such a state that what will happen there, or what will become of the Ministry which has to deal with its affairs, or how far travelling in Connemara will be profitable next autumn, no one can now say. I am going on the 27th and 28th to dine at two great dinners at Trinity Hall at Cambridge. I shall like that, for I shall be staying with Sir Henry Maine. There will be a pleasant party of lawyers from London, and I always like seeing Cambridge and the best Cambridge men. Next week I dine with the Aylesbury Dairy Company, whose business has flourished wonderfully, and a great dinner is given by them to commemorate their success. The day after I dine at the Garrick Club to meet a number of authors, and directly after that we go to Lord Coleridge's.

Your cousin Willy¹ is doing very well

¹ W. T. Arnold, of the *Manchester Guardian*.

TO HIS WIFE

indeed at Manchester, and will end by being a first-rate journalist, I suspect. We have no skating, though I thought it was coming, we had such cold weather a fortnight ago, the thermometer down to 21 more than once in the night, and all the ponds frozen over. However, the wind has changed, a thaw has come without snow, the thermometer is every day from 45 to 55, and we shall have no skating on this side Christmas. Tell me if you read *Endymion*, and what you think of it. There is a very good parody of it in *Punch*.

Now I must set out on my return journey. Lola¹ has had a capital year, and is very flourishing.—I am always, my darling boy, your most loving
PAPA.

*To his Wife*²

COBHAM, *Wednesday, December 22, 1880.*

Nelly is, like Traddles's young lady, 'the dearest girl in the world.' Her face is much better—the swelling all gone down. I sit with her for an hour at tea-time, and read the *Times* then instead of reading it after dinner. This makes the evening less long for her from dark to dinner. Then I go and work, and she writes her letters. After dinner we have *Copperfield*, and are getting on fast, but we shall not finish

¹ A pony.

² In Ireland, on a visit to Mr. Forster, then Chief Secretary.

TO HIS WIFE

it by Friday. After Nelly is gone to bed I read Charles Fox.¹ I am glad you like Gray;² that century is very interesting, though I should not like to have lived in it; but the people were just like ourselves, whilst the Elizabethans are not. We were very lucky yesterday. Monday was a day of rain and sleet, and in the afternoon I thought it was going to turn to heavy snow; however, it cleared at sunset, and it was a fine night with slight frost. Yesterday was a perfectly beautiful morning. I breakfasted alone, and went off by the 8.50 train. I quite keep thinking of your crossing, tell my sweet Lucy, as if I were going to cross myself; it is a horrid affair. I don't think the stopping an isolated meeting makes the slightest impression over here, though you seem to think a great deal of it over there. What people are wanting here is a totally different system of government—an *état de siège*, in short—only carried out with perfect humanity and quietness. But the Radical masses of the large towns in the north approve, I believe, of the Government doing nothing; they don't wish anarchy to be strictly dealt with anywhere, because they wish for no precedents or dispositions of interference if they choose to be anarchical themselves; and this is perhaps the

¹ *The Early History of Charles James Fox*, by George Otto Trevelyan, M.P.

² M. A.'s Essay on Thomas Gray in T. H. Ward's *English Poets*.

TO MISS ARNOLD

most formidable thing in the present situation—this feeling in the proletariat of the large towns, and the complicity of the Government with this feeling. I hope you will talk to Lady de Vesci, and that Lucy will be introduced to her. You will leave on Thursday night, so this is my last letter. !!!

To Miss Arnold

ATHENÆUM CLUB, February 21 (1881).

I have been very busy with my Report, but I hope to finish it to-morrow or Wednesday; then I shall be free for two years from one of the most troublesome tasks possible. I was asked to dine to-night at Lady Airlie's, to meet Lowe, but he does not much interest me, and I am not going. We dine quietly at home, and Ted¹ dines with us. He and Lucy have just walked with me to the door of this Club, and Lucy has been much interested in seeing the people in uniform coming from the Levee. On Friday night I had a long talk with Lord Beaconsfield at Lady Airlie's. He was in a good humour, and had evidently resolved to be civil. He got up, took me to a settee at the end of the room, and said, pointing to it—The poet's sofa! I told him of my having mentioned to Gladstone some of the

¹ His nephew, E. A. Arnold.

TO MISS ARNOLD

epigrammatic things in *Endymion*, and he said—‘But I don’t want to talk about my things, I want to talk about *you*.’ He went on to say that he read me with delight, that I was doing very great good, and ended by declaring that I was the only living Englishman who had become a classic in his own lifetime. The fact is that what I have done in establishing a number of current phrases—such as Philistinism, sweetness and light, and all that—is just the sort of thing to strike him. He had told Lady Airlie before I came that he thought it a great thing to do, and when she answered that she thought it was rather a disadvantage, for people got hold of my phrases and then thought they knew all about my work, he answered—Never mind, it’s a great achievement! He said that W. E. F. was too old to carry well through the H. of C. such a bill as his Coercion Bill—that it needed such a man as the late Lord Derby was in his youth, as Mr. Stanley in the H. of Commons—a man full of nerve, dash, fire, and resource, who carried the House irresistibly along with him. He ended by begging me to ‘come and find him’ in Curzon St., which rather embarrasses me, because I must ask whether he is at home, and I don’t the least believe that he really wants a visit from me. However, I shall leave a card this afternoon, when he will have gone to the House. People say I ought to have

TO M. FONTANÈS

gone to see him yesterday afternoon, when he stays at home ; but we know what his opinion is of the social ambitiousness and pushing of men of letters.—Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To M. Fontanès

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
March 25, 1881.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I write in great haste, for I am very busy finishing an article on Ireland¹ for the *Nineteenth Century* ; but I will not leave your letter unanswered any longer. I liked your remarks on Miss Cobbe, and I go along with you in every word of what you say in your last page. I do not think Miss Cobbe has any real influence, neither do I think that the Ritualists, about whom you inquire, have any real influence. But the two cases are different ; the Ritualists have a large body of clamorous supporters, Miss Cobbe has a small body of earnest sympathisers. The force which is shaping the future is with neither ; nor is this force, it seems to me, either with any of the orthodox religions, or with any of the neo-religious developments which propose to themselves to supersede them. Both the one and the other give to what they call religion, and to religious ideas and discussions, too large and

¹ 'The Incompatibles,' *Nineteenth Century*, April and June 1881.

TO M. FONTANES

absorbing a place in human life ; man feels himself to be a more various and richly-endowed animal than the old religious theory of human life allowed, and he is endeavouring to give satisfaction to the long-suppressed and still imperfectly-understood instincts of this varied nature. I think this revolution is happening everywhere ; it is certainly happening in England, where the sombreness and narrowness of the religious world, and the rigid hold it long had upon us, have done so much to provoke it. I think it is, like all inevitable revolutions, a salutary one, but it greatly requires watching and guiding. The growing desire, throughout the community, for amusement and pleasure ; the wonderful relaxation, in the middle class, of the old strictness as to theatres, dancing, and such things, are features which alarm many people ; but they have their good side. They belong to this revolution of which I speak. The awakening demand for beauty, a demand so little made in this country for the last century and more, is another sign of the revolution, and a clearly favourable sign of it. Religious disputes have for so long a time touched the inmost fibre of our nation's being, that they still attract great attention, and create passions and parties ; but certainly they have not the significance which they once had. The moral is that whoever treats religion, religious discussions, questions of churches and sects, as absorbing,

TO M. FONTANÈS

is not in vital sympathy with the movement of men's minds at present. Stopford Brooke and Haweis, about whom you inquire, do but make side-currents of no great importance ; the great centre-current of our time is a *lay* current. They have some notion of this, but their action has been formed in view of the necessities and habits of another epoch, and in a lay world they are not perfectly in place. All this has its application in your country also—but of course a very different application. Neither *Scrutin de liste*, nor your great Gambetta himself, interest me much, I confess ; not nearly so much as your causes and men in past times. But France interests me very much, and the French nation, and my friends in the French nation, who are working for a better understanding of foreign minds and foreign men, and for more co-operation with them.—Always truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S.—I never much liked Carlyle.¹ He seemed to me to be 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' as our proverb says ; preaching earnestness to a nation which had plenty of it by nature, but was less abundantly supplied with several other useful things. Scherer was very good and very just—and his compliment to myself charming.

¹ Thomas Carlyle died February 4, 1881.

TO J. T. RAWLINGS

To J. T. Rawlings

COBHAM, SURREY, *June 11* (1881).

DEAR SIR—I have been away for the Whitsun holidays, and have only just had your letter. I am a school-inspector myself, and know well what it is to feel oneself tied and bound, and unable to do what one would most like to do ; but I am sure that the precariousness and anxiety of living by one's pen (if one is not a popular novelist) is worse for one than the taskwork of a profession or an office.—Believe me, truly yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès

ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL (*July 1881*).

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I did not answer your letter immediately, because I wanted to be able to tell you that I had given it to Lady Frances Baillie to read. She would have been gratified by it ; it is the kind of letter that he himself would have liked to think of as written about him.¹ But poor Lady Frances Baillie is herself dangerously ill of the same disease—blood-poisoning—which was fatal to her brother-in-law. In the Deanery they are living, it seems,

¹ Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, died July 18, 1881.

TO M. FONTANÈS

in the worst possible conditions of drainage, and Stanley had been warned that he was sleeping there at the risk of his life. He thought these fears the result of new-fangled theories of sanitary reformers, and neglected them ; he had lived for many years in the Deanery, he said, without bad effects, and he did not see why he should alarm himself now. He had a bilious cold, such as he frequently had ; then I saw in the *Times* that his indisposition ‘had become severe,’ and I telegraphed from Cobham to Lady Frances Baillie to ask what was the matter ; she telegraphed back that erysipelas had come on, but that his strength kept up, and his mind was quite calm. This was on Saturday ; on Monday I came up to town, and met on the steps of this Club the Bishop of Manchester, who told me that early that morning the Dean’s life had been despaired of, but that there was a slight rally at present. I went at once to the Deanery, and there I found that the rally had not maintained itself, that he was quite wandering, and that he could hardly live through the day. He died that night. At three o’clock on the morning of Monday he had been told for the first time of his danger ; he was then quite lucid, and spoke beautifully of his being content to die, and glad that his death should take place in Westminster. He mentioned several of his friends, and he dictated, I believe, some advice to the Queen about the Church which is quite excellent. Later in the day he

TO M. FONTANES

was wandering, and his speech was not clear. I cannot write now about his character and his charm—the loss is too recent. What Scherer said in the *Temps* was excellent—far better than the more ambitious performance of M. Loyson. What is clear is that the Broad Church *among the clergy* may be almost said to have perished with Stanley—for the moment, at any rate; there is plenty of it in the nation, but Stanley's signal merit was that in his person it became a power among *the clergy* likewise. You must come and see us at Cobham next year, dear M. Fontanès, and we will talk of this 'beautiful soul.'—Ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S.—I have not much to send you, but you shall have a little volume¹ which I have made up from Byron and published recently. The dear Dean liked the preface greatly.

To the Same

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
September 5, 1881.

DEAR M. FONTANÈS—Your letter has followed me here. The newspaper, I suppose, is at Cobham; it has not yet reached me. But I am quite sure that what you have said of the dear

¹ *Poetry of Byron, Chosen and Arranged by Matthew Arnold.*
1881.

TO M. FONTANÈS

Dean will be better without any retouching by me or anybody else ; if there are any little errors of date or fact Mr. Grove will be perfectly competent to set them right. I shall be much interested in reading you ; your letter to me on the first news of the death gave great pleasure to those of the family and friends to whom I was able to show it. I do not think we have had any very successful characterisation of Stanley yet amongst the numerous review and newspaper articles which have treated of him ; the best is one in *Good Words* for this month, by Dr. Story, the Presbyterian minister of Roseneath.

I envy you the sun of Montpellier, and still more the charm of Como, where you are going. I should myself have been now starting for Venice, where Sir Henry Layard has asked me to pay him a visit, but Lord Coleridge is coming into this neighbourhood, in which he has a great interest for the sake of his uncle, the poet Coleridge, who once lived here, and he relies on me to do the honours of the Lake Country to him. So here I must stay this autumn. If I had come to Venice I should certainly have tried to effect a meeting with you on the Lake of Como. I note what you tell me about your willingness to receive two or three English boys in your house ; lucky boys they will be. We will do our best to find creditable specimens of the nation for you. My wife and daughters send their kindest

TO MRS. FORSTER

remembrances, and I am always, my dear M. Fontanès, affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
December 27, 1881.

MY DEAREST K.—One line to thank you for your letter on my birthday. I do indeed feel for you in the present condition of things in Ireland—the more so as a beginning of the better state of things is all that we shall probably be permitted to see in our time ; but it will be something solid to look back upon if William has been instrumental in forwarding even this beginning. For my part, the immense revolution which is actually in progress in Ireland, and which is before us in England too, though it has not actually commenced, carries me back continually to the great Hebrew prophets, with their conviction, so distasteful to the rulers and politicians of their times, of the inevitability of a profound revolution ; their conviction, too, of the final emergence of a better state of things. ‘O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments ! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.’ The world is always thinking that the ‘peace as a river’ is to be had without having ‘hearkened

TO MISS ARNOLD

to the commandment,' but the prophet knows better.

I am not sure that you will care very much about the A. P. S. poem,¹ but he himself would have taken great delight in the use I have made of a lovely legend² of primitive Westminster, which up to the Reformation was as universally a favourite as the legends of Alfred, but in our day is known to hardly a soul, though A. P. S. knew it well himself.—Ever, my dearest, your most affectionate

M. A.

A happy New Year when it comes.

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, *New Year's Day*, 1882.

MY DEAREST FAN—A happy New Year to you! I think the beginning of a New Year very animating, it is so visible an occasion for breaking off bad habits and carrying into effect good resolutions. I am glad to find that in the past year I have at least accomplished more than usual in the way of reading the books which at the beginning of the year I had put down to be read. I always do this, and I do not expect to read all I put down, but sometimes I fall much too short of what I proposed, and this year things have been a good deal better. The

¹ 'Westminster Abbey' (an elegy on Dean Stanley), *Nineteenth Century*, January 1882.

² That the Abbey was miraculously consecrated by St. Peter.

TO MISS ARNOLD

importance of reading, not slight stuff to get through the time, but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live ; it is living in good company, the best company, and people are generally quite keen enough, or too keen, about doing that, yet they will not do it in the simplest and most innocent manner by reading. However, if I live to be eighty I shall probably be the only person left in England who reads anything but newspapers and scientific publications. We have Nelly at home again ; she enjoyed herself greatly at the Goschens', and they were very kind to her. Mr. Goschen danced the polka with her, she being the only young lady on whom he bestowed this mark of favour. They wanted her to stay over the New Year with them, but she said she must go home. . . . She certainly is both gay herself and makes other young people so. We have had a pleasant week, not one single rainy day ; but to-day it has begun to rain—thermometer 47. The primroses are coming out in all directions, and so is the *Pyrus japonica*. We have also our first camellia out. Now I must stop.—Ever your most affectionate
M. A.

TO MISS ARNOLD

To the Same

COBHAM, *Sunday* (1882).

MY DEAREST FAN—Whatever else I leave undone, I must not leave unwritten my letter to you, for your letter about the poem¹ gave me very great pleasure. I was really uncertain, and I am uncertain still, about the public's reception of the poem. I always feel that the public is not disposed to take me cordially; it receives my things, as Gray says it received all his except the *Elegy*, with more astonishment than pleasure at first, and does not quite make out what I would be at; however, that the things should wear well, and be found to give pleasure as they come to be better known, is the great matter. But I was very anxious that my own family and the nearest friends of dear Arthur Stanley should not be dissatisfied; and therefore your warm satisfaction, and that of my dearest K., gave me very great pleasure. Pearson² is very much pleased too. I send you his note. I send you one from Coleridge too, which is not so cordial; and many will think, no doubt, as they did about 'Thyrsis' at first, that there should have been more of direct personal effusion as to the departed and as to my feelings towards him. However, one can

¹ 'Westminster Abbey.'

² The Rev. Hugh Pearson, Vicar of Sonning.

TO MISS ARNOLD

only do these things in one's own way. You will find all the words you mention in your volumes of Richardson's *Dictionary*. It is curious what happened about *cecily*.¹ The word came into my mind as so suitable in that place that I determined to use it, as its formation from *cecitas* in Latin and *cécité* in French is as regular and simple as that of levity, from *levitas* in Latin and *lévité* in French. Then I thought I would look in Richardson for the word, though really not expecting to find it there, and I found that the word had been used by the great Hooker. Those Elizabethans had indeed a sense for diction. *Pullulate*² is used by the Cambridge Platonists a good deal; *let*³ as a noun substantive is thorough good English, being used several times by Shakspeare. But look in your Richardson; he is bad for definitions, but a treasure for his passages in illustration.

I am hard driven by examination papers, but I get excellent help in the French papers from dear Mrs. Holland, and some help from my own dear girls also. And I do very much enjoy the life at home, with half an hour in the garden every morning, and two hours in the lanes every afternoon. We have had no rain in the daytime since this day last week. The aconites are coming out, and as for the

¹ 'After light's term, a term of cecity.'

² 'Pullulating rites externe and vain.'

³ 'Wait for the leaven to work, the let to end.'

TO M. FONTANÈS

primroses, they are all over the place. I have been repairing the ravages made by the elm-tree's fall, and really with *Cupressuses* and *Thujas* the gap has lost its horror already, and will be quite filled up in a year or two. As soon as I go to London I shall order the two bell-glasses. —Ever your most affectionate brother,

M. A.

To M. Fontanès

COBHAM, SURREY, *February 9, 1882.*

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I am very glad you like your importation, and your importation, I hear, greatly likes the family to which it has been consigned. There is a good deal of chance in these things, but in general it is far better to rely on private recommendation than on advertisement; if you do advertise, the *Guardian* is perhaps as good a newspaper as you could choose. Of course, I shall be on the look-out for opportunities to serve you, but they will not present themselves every day.

I have sent you the *Nineteenth Century*; the chief satisfaction I have in the poem contributed—by me is that I feel sure the dear Dean would have liked it himself.

Yes, I think your difficulties and dangers greater even, perhaps, than ours, though different from ours. Did I tell you that Taine, after quoting in a letter to me what he called a

TO M. FONTANÈS

‘terrible sentence’ of mine about England, went on thus : ‘Si un critique comme vous parle ainsi de sa nation, que dirons-nous de la nôtre ?’ However, Renan has nothing but praise and hope for his ‘bonne et solide race française,’ as he calls it.

By all means get Green’s book ;¹ it is sure to be well done, and I believe that it deals with that early history which is so very dull in all the received authorities such as Hume, and of which the importance and the interest were never brought out till within the last thirty or forty years. You should also read Morley’s *Life of Cobden*. Morley is, when he writes, a bitter political partisan ; when you meet him in society he is the gentlest and most charming of men. Everything is sacrificed in his book to Cobden and the Free Trade party — even *les études classiques*, in the value of which Morley in his heart believes as sincerely as I do ; but it is a book to be read, and will interest you greatly. If you come over to England, and will give us a day or two at this Cottage, the hermit and hermitesses of the Mole² will be truly charmed to see you.—Affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ *The Making of England*, by J. R. Green.

² The stream which runs by Cobham.

TO SIR M. GRANT DUFF

*To Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff*¹

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
July 29, 1882.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—I was glad to hear from you direct, and I wish all happiness to your little Iseult. She coincides with Swinburne's poem² on the subject, which is just published, and which he has sent me with a pretty letter. He has taken the story, answering to the old Theseus story, of the black and white sails, and a very fine story it is for poetical purposes. Swinburne's fatal habit of using one hundred words where one would suffice always offends me, and I have not yet faced his poem, but I must try it soon. You should have read my, 'Word about America' in the *Nineteenth Century*;³ I think you would have liked it. One had to trust a great deal to one's 'flair,' but I think my 'flair' served me here pretty well. At any rate, Henry James, the novelist, being asked by Knowles to write a reply to it, said after reading it that he could not write a reply to it, it was so true, and carried him so along with it. You must also look at my Rede Lecture⁴ at Cambridge, where I had a crowded audience; the parallel between Oxford and Cambridge will interest you, if the rest does

¹ Governor of Madras.

² 'Tristram of Lyonesse.'

³ Of May 1882.

⁴ On 'Literature and Science.'

TO SIR M. GRANT DUFF

not. It will appear in the *Nineteenth Century* for August. I am very glad you liked the lines on dear A. P. S. They did not fetch the great public, but the judicious were pleased, and A. P. S. himself would have liked them. And now no more literature.

Your Iseult reminds me that I have just been to Wotton to stand godfather to a little girl of Evelyn's, and I mention Wotton because I was never so struck with the beauty of that country. The parallel foldings, of which the Wotton folding is one, running up into the greensand knot of Leith Hill are inexhaustible in beauty, and opposite to them is the sharp slope of the chalk hills, where I have been three or four times with my daughter Nelly this season to explore for flowers. They are the best chalk hills I know anywhere, the best wooded, and the most abounding in exquisite combes and bottoms. It has been a bad year for the bee orchis there, but the *Pyramidalis* we found covering the ground. Lady Rothes is fond of botany, and we looked over together what would have interested you—a herbarium formed in Italy by John Evelyn—the plants wonderfully preserved still, and his notes to them full of matter. Of course, the nature of your South Indian region must be a world of delight, but it would rather appal me, I think, to have to take it in suddenly. You, however, are so infinitely better prepared for such an effort than I am. I have said nothing

TO HIS WIFE

about politics. Events and personages succeed one another, but the central fact of the situation always remains for me this : that whereas the basis of things amidst all chance and change has even in Europe generally been for ever so long supernatural Christianity, and far more so in England than in Europe generally, this basis is certainly going—going amidst the full consciousness of the continentals that it is going, and amidst the provincial unconsciousness of the English that it is going. Ewald has a very profound sentence : ‘Eigentlich von der Verkehrt-heit des Verhaltens gegen das Göttliche alles Unglück ausgeht.’ But a letter has no room for this sort of thing.

My affectionate homage to the Vice-Empress, and love to Clara.—Ever yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife

BANNAVIE, *September 11, 1882.*

There was no post from Brin yesterday, and we reached this place after the post had gone. Nelly had a letter ready, written yesterday, but it cannot go till to-morrow. I think she has now written another. She is a charming companion, and makes friends with every one. . . . It was worth coming here to see Ben Nevis. He is a noble mountain, 1000 feet

TO HIS WIFE

higher than Snowdon, and 1500 feet higher than Scawfell, and he looks the whole of his superior height over them; not only has he deep drifts of snow lying in his hollows, but all his three tops are powdered with snow fallen in the last few days. It has been quite dry at Brin, but here it has been raining violently, and all the streams are full. The Lochy, which flows by this place, is a noble river, and full of sea trout. A dear old gentleman who has hired from Lord Abinger the reach between this and the sea, and with whose wife Nelly got talking at the *table d'hôte*, wants me to stay over to-morrow and to take his second salmon rod in place of his nephew, who has not yet arrived. It is really very kind of him, and some day I will come by myself, or with Dick, for fishing as one's main business; as it is, I cannot sacrifice Nelly. We have come into the stream of tourists here, Cook's among the number; with them also Nelly has made acquaintance, and knows their whole history. But there are very nice people travelling too, and you would not dislike anything but the wind and cold. In my two days in that stormy wind on Loch Ruthven I managed to set up a flying faceache, which comes on at night, when I am warm in bed, and bothers me a great deal. We had a really beautiful drive from Brin to Loch Ness this morning; all the latter part, the descent through deep wooded glens to Loch Ness, you would

TO HIS WIFE

have enjoyed extremely. Then there was a lady on board with her family, an invalid boy among them, whom she stuck to, just as you used to stick to Tommy; her husband and the other children went and came and looked at the view and at all that happened on the voyage, but she never forsook the invalid, who was a sweet, interesting little fellow. The Deacons liked having us very much, I think, and certainly they make you most comfortable, and are the best people in the world for sending you or sending for you. Their man first took us to the Foyers pier, and then took us to the falls and brought us back. The falls are perfectly magnificent. I am very glad to have seen the Caledonian Canal, but don't want to see it again. Ben Nevis I should like to see again, and to make the ascent of him. To-night his head has been clear several times, but the weather is not settled enough for an ascent. We are full of discussions about our plans for to-morrow. We both of us wish to see Glencoe, and if the day is fine I think we shall leave the morning steamer at Ballachulish, and drive through Glencoe to Tyndrum, taking the railway there instead of at Oban; but if the day is uncertain we shall continue with the steamer to Oban, and start with the railway from there. We have neither of us any fancy for stopping there, and it would be impossible to get rooms, as the Highland Games come off there this week.

TO M. FONTANÈS

I think we shall sleep to-morrow night at Callander, but we may possibly push on to Carlisle, though we could not get there before midnight. To-morrow we shall not be able to write, as we shall be travelling all day, but we shall write the day following. We hope to get letters from you at Naworth. I had a delightful letter from you last night at Brin. Nelly will have told you of our meeting the Miss Hendersons at Brin Church ; their brother has the Loch Farraline shootings. Such a beautiful place ! I am so glad you had a fine day for Keswick. My love to dear Fan and to Francie, and kisses to Lucy.

To M. Fontanès

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, WESTMORLAND,
22 *Septembre*, 1882.

CHER MONSIEUR—Je viens de faire quelques visites en Écosse—nous sommes ici presque sur la frontière—et ce n'est qu'à mon retour que je reçois votre lettre. Je n'ai pas lu le livre¹ de Mr. Seeley, mais j'ai lu au moment de leur publication les articles dont il se compose. Je ne sais pas si les articles gagnent à être rassemblés, mais je vous avouerai que, pris séparément, ils ne m'ont intéressé que médiocrement. Dans son nouvel ouvrage, l'auteur n'a plus la verve, la

¹ *Natural Religion*, by the author of *Ecce Homo*. 1882.

TO M. FONTANÈS

chaleur, qu'il avait lorsqu'il écrivait *Ecce Homo* ; ni l'un ni l'autre ouvrage possède la lucidité, le coup d'œil, qu'on demande dans un ouvrage religieux destiné à opérer une véritable réforme, ou du moins à y pousser.

Le choix des sermons de Smith¹ n'est pas de moi, il vient d'une source bien plus intéressante. Il a été fait par un ministre presbytérien de l'Écosse, un ministre très bien vu, lequel a une église à Paisley, ville manufacturière très importante ; il est lié avec un assez grand nombre de ministres des mêmes tendances que lui—tendances sincèrement religieuses mais en même temps sincèrement libérales. Il m'a demandé la permission d'imprimer en tête de son volume quelques pages que j'avais écrites sur Smith et sur les 'Latitude Men' de Cambridge au dix-septième siècle ;² je l'ai accordée volontiers, mais il faut le dire, un théologien du 17^{ème} siècle, même un théologien libéral, ne produit plus le même effet lorsqu'on l'arrache de son milieu et qu'on l'imprime avec des caractères modernes. Vous le lirez avec plaisir, cependant ; dès mon retour à Cobham, je vous enverrai le livre ; il a passé inaperçu, mais il n'est pas du ressort du premier journaliste venu.

Oui, le *Temps* a été admirable dans la dis-

¹ *The Natural Truth of Christianity*, Selections from the 'Select Discourses' of John Smith, M.A. With an Introduction by Matthew Arnold. 1882.

² In 'A Psychological Parallel,' *Contemporary Review*, November 1876.

TO HIS WIFE

cussion de la question Égyptienne, et il sera évident bientôt à tout le monde que le *Temps* a eu raison dans son optimisme. L'armée anglaise quittera l'Égypte ; il est à espérer, selon moi, que l'essaim d'employés anglo-français la quitte aussi.—Bien à vous de cœur,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife

KNOWSLEY, PRESCOT, *Sunday* (October 1, 1882).

I have had rather a bad time up to yesterday, but it is over now, and I can look forward with delight to seeing you to-morrow. I was much bothered by my discourse,¹ and very bilious. Dick was quite sweet, and tended me as if I had been an infant. I finished by noon on Friday, but I could not get properly to work at the writing out. After luncheon Dick wanted to show me his new lodgings, which I like, but they are a good way off. I wrote out two or three pages before dinner, and went off at a quarter past seven, very indisposed and cross, to dine with Willy and Henrietta. . . . When we got home I began writing out again, found a good deal to alter, so did not dare leave it to the next morning for fear I should have to read the thing half

¹ At the opening of the Session of University College, Liverpool, September 30, 1882.

TO HIS WIFE

written, and, in short, sat up till ten minutes past five working at it. However, it was finished then, and I slept better than I expected till eight. Dick saw me off in the rain. At Liverpool I left my things at the station and drove to Rodney Street. There was a champagne luncheon for about thirty, chiefly doctors, but you know I like doctors. Then Dr. Glynn drove me, in the rain again, to St. George's Hall, where we found Lord Derby.¹ There were 1200 people present, I am told. At any rate, the Hall was quite full. Lord Derby covered me with compliments, and I was very well received. I think the discourse gave satisfaction, though I thought it horrid while I was writing it out. I will bring the *Liverpool Mercury* with the report. I think I have succeeded in limiting the London papers to a report of about a quarter of a column only, but I am afraid the local papers will report more than Knowles will like. I had to meet some of the professors afterwards, but Dr. Caton undertook to send me out to Knowsley, and did so, seven miles, in the perfection of a brougham. I got here about seven o'clock.

Lord and Lady Derby only got back from Scotland the night before, and her daughter did not return till just before dinner yesterday. Lord Derby said they would have liked to get some people to meet me, but their being

¹ Edward Henry, 15th Earl of Derby.

TO JOHN MORLEY

so lately returned made it impossible. They are most kind and most pleasant. I like Lady Derby extremely. I had always heard from Arthur Russell that she was very nice, though shy at first. The house is full of interesting things, and the perfection of comfort. We dined at eight, and I was broad awake all the evening, and was rather afraid I should not get to sleep. However, I did, and had a good night, and drove to church with Lady Derby and her daughter, and walked back. Lord Derby has just been to my room to say that Lady Derby wants to show me the pictures before lunch, so I must end. After lunch he is going to show me the park. He sends me to the express to-morrow morning, and I hope to come down by the 4.20 train; send Lola to meet it at Walton. All the rest will keep till we meet. Kiss the darling girls for me. How you would like this house!

To John Morley

COBHAM, October 24, 1882.

MY DEAR MORLEY—Rapet, an old French Inspector, has just died in Paris, and the French *Journal des Instituteurs* has had a long article on him. He had 'morality,' so you will not be surprised to hear that I knew him; Guizot sent

TO HENRY ARTHUR JONES

me to him as the man who could best tell me about popular education in France.

Shall I write a page or a page and a half about him for you? ¹

The 'dirge' ² is as good as done—a simple thing enough, but honest. I have given it to Grove ³ as you preferred, though Knowles got scent of the poor dead creature, and wrote from the Italian lakes to ask for its requiem.

I announced yesterday at the office my intention of retiring at Easter or Whitsuntide. Gladstone will never promote the author of *Literature and Dogma* if he can help it, and meanwhile my life is drawing to an end, and I have no wish to execute the Dance of Death in an elementary school. Was it Courtney who procured the appointment of Sir George Young? ⁴—Ever yours, till the execution of the D. of D.,
M. A.

To Henry Arthur Jones

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
November 2, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR—I will certainly come and see your play, but do you care particularly about my coming to the first representation?

¹ 'A French Worthy,' *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 8, 1882.

² 'Poor Matthias,' an elegy on a canary.

³ For *Macmillan's Magazine*, December 1882.

⁴ To the Charity Commission.

TO JOHN MORLEY

I am living in the country at present, but I shall be in town for a week in the early part of December, and again, probably, for two months in the early part of next year, and at either of those times I should be better situated for going to the theatre than I am now.

If, however, you care much about my coming to the first representation, let me know the day, and unless I am actually engaged, I will come. Do not keep a box for me, as you kindly propose. Two stalls will do perfectly well, as my family will not be in town then, and I shall not be able to bring more than one up with me.

One line to *Cobham, Surrey*, and believe me ever most truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To John Morley

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
Sunday (November 19, 1882).

MY DEAR MORLEY—Mlle. Rapet has not received her copy of the *Pall Mall*. My copy has gone the way of all back numbers, or I would not trouble you. But if you will have a copy sent from the office to Mademoiselle Rapet, 24 Rue de Châtres, Neuilly-sur-Seine, I shall be gratified.

Shall I write you a letter with the impressions called forth by the first representation¹ of *The*

¹ November 16, 1882.

TO JOHN MORLEY

Silver King? I had not been at the Princess's for years, and several things occurred to me. I waited till your theatrical critic (who is he?) had fired his shot, but there is nothing in his satire to make my letter unsuitable. At the same time, you may have had enough of the subject. I know nothing of the author personally, but he wrote saying he had nourished himself on my works and wished I would go to his first representation. I resisted, but went at last, expecting to be bored, but am highly pleased. I should sign 'An Old Play-goer.'—Ever yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
December 6, 1882.

MY DEAR MORLEY—A horrid suspicion struck me, after I had corrected the proof of *The Silver King* Letter and gone away, that I had not posted it. I dismissed the suspicion as frivolous, but it returns, now that I do not find the letter printed.¹ There is nothing pressing about it, and you may be keeping it back for editorial reasons; but if you had not the proof, tell me, and let me have another. If you have it you need not trouble to write.

Parody is a vile art, but I must say I read

¹ The criticism of *The Silver King* appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 6, 1882.

TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

‘Poor Matthias’ in the *World* with an amused pleasure.¹ I wonder if it is that demon Traill.
—Ever yours affectionately, M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
January 4, 1883.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—The pheasants are just come. Many thanks for them. Your note, however, was even better than the pheasants, for it told me of your being pleased with ‘Poor Matthias,’ and there is no one whose liking for what I write gives me more pleasure than yours does—hardly any one whose liking for it gives me so much.

I had caught from G. Sand her strong dislike of Gambetta, but what a startling event is his death !

With every good and affectionate wish from all of us to you and yours for the New Year, I

¹ ‘Poor Matthias ! many a year
Has flown since first upon our ear
Fell that sweetly-doleful song
With its ancient tale of wrong.
But the burden never falters,
But the chorus never alters ;
Those smooth periods no more vary
Than the song of your canary.
Won’t you give us something new ?
That we know as well as you,’ etc.

TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
March 31, 1883.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—My heart turns to you very often, and, above all, it turns to you when suffering or sorrow befall you. Of late years I seldom saw your brother,¹ but his goodness, and the excellent practical form which it took, always interested me in him strongly. I see he was still what seems to me now not at all old. I hope he had not much suffering. I heard that he continued to feel deeply the loss of Leonard,² but Claude, I hear, is very promising, and must have given him pleasure. Pray tell your sister-in-law, at a fitting moment, how sincerely I esteemed her husband and feel for her in this fresh loss.

I have been unlucky about Aston Clinton, but I hope you will let me come and see you soon either there or in London.—Ever affectionately yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ Nathaniel Montefiore died March 28, 1883.

² See vol. xiv. p. 338.

TO HIS WIFE

To his Wife

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
May 2, 1883.

I have just time to write this before I dress ; it will go with an extra stamp. The speech¹ is over, and I got through pretty well. The grave would have been cheerful compared to the view presented by the Westminster Chamber and the assembled Wordsworth Society when I came upon the platform. The hall was not full, the worthy —— having rather muddled things, and the Society is not composed of people of a festive type. But my darling Lucy looked charming, and so did Ally, who came with her. Coleridge, who proposed a vote of thanks to me, was very sweet. The papers were awfully boring, except Stopford Brooke's, which was saved by his Irish oratorical manner. I have quite been bilious for the last day or two, and to-day, when I saw the Society drawn out before me, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I nearly began to retch. However it is over, and now I have no more speechifying in prospect.

¹ An address to the Wordsworth Society, delivered in the College Hall at Westminster.

TO HIS WIFE

To the Same

(COBHAM, May 27, 1883.)

I have done my letter about the Lyceum and Irving, and I have done my diary, and from these two troubles I turn to what is always a pleasure when I cannot have you with me—talking to you on paper. At Claremont¹ last night the only lady besides Mrs. Collins was the former Lucy Campbell, sister of Mrs. Preston. She is married to a Sir something, a military personage with many orders. We had him and her and Sir Richard Wallace, and Mr. Gibbs, and Coleridge Kennard, and Dr. Acland, and an old man whose name I did not catch. I sate between Kennard and Acland. The Prince expressed sorrow at you not being there, and the cause. After dinner I talked the whole time to the Princess, who wanted to talk about schools, the working class, the clergy, and so on. I liked her very much, and thought her a thoroughly good, sensible, straightforward girl. There is certainly something attractive about her too. This place would be a feast to you to-day if you could see it. The May tree is in perfection, and so are the brooms, both white and golden. Then the rhododendrons are coming out fast. It is not a good laburnum year, that is the one drawback ; but the foliage is superb.

¹ Then occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Albany.

TO JOHN MORLEY

I send you the *P. M. G.* with my letter on 'Impulse';¹ it is answered last night by some one on Mr. Stephenson's behalf: you shall have that too. Of course, I shall not answer that. My forthcoming letter is about Irving and *Much Ado*.

To John Morley, M.P.

COBHAM, Sunday (May 27, 1883).

MY DEAR MORLEY—I send you one more theatre letter.² The Lyceum really deserved one. But it is my last, and I must now prepare for the invasion of America.³

If I make my lowly grave by the banks of the Connecticut River, you will sometimes remember me? . . .

It is kind of you to like my letters to the *P. M. G.*—the last flicker of that nearly exhausted rushlight, but your affectionate friend,
M. A.

To the Rev. F. B. Zincke

COBHAM, SURREY, June 27, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. ZINCKE—My neighbour Lady Lovelace had written to me asking my opinion on

¹ 'An Old Play-goer on "Impulse,"' *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 25, 1883.

² 'An Old Play-goer at the Lyceum,' *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 30, 1883.

³ This year he undertook to deliver a set of lectures in the United States.

TO THE REV. F. B. ZINCKE

a pamphlet she was sending me about marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, and I opened your pamphlet¹ thinking it was *that*. I find it something a great deal more interesting. I have already read you half through, and shall read every word. You are very favourable to the Americans, but it is undoubtedly true that the owning and cultivating one's own land as they do is the wholesomest condition for mankind. And you bring out what is most important—that the real America is made up of families of owners and cultivators of this kind. I hope this is true; one hears so much of the cities, which do not seem tempting, and of the tendency of every American, farmer or not, to turn into a *trader*, and a trader of the 'cutest and hardest kind. I do not think the bulk of the American nation at present gives one the impression of being made of fine enough clay to serve the highest purposes of civilisation in the way you expect; they are what I call *Philistines*, I suspect, too many of them. But the condition of life of the majority there is the wholesome and good one; there is immense hope for the future in that fact.—Most truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ 'The Plough and the Dollar; or the Englishry of a Century hence.'

TO M. FONTANÈS

To M. Fontanès

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
June 29, 1883.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I have been reading you with interest, although I do not like Gambetta any more than George Sand did. I cannot myself think that his defence of France will count, either for France or for Gambetta, among the great feats of history, and the moral qualities of the man seem to me to be those, indeed, which France naturally admires, but not those which she most needs. When I read his fiery patriotic phrases, and when you tell us that he was *avant tout un patriote*, I think of Dr. Johnson's brusque saying, 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.' It is hard to practise the plain virtues, but not hard to *se griser de mots* about *la patrie*. What France wants is men with a passion for the plain virtues, and capable of inspiring this passion in others. His intellectual qualities, his perception of the law of evolution in politics, and his suppleness and adroitness in shaping his course accordingly, are far more remarkable. What you say of these qualities at page 22 of your lecture is very good indeed. They seem to me rather Italian than French; but whencesoever they proceed, they are not, although valuable, what France most needs, and cannot supply the place of

TO JOHN MORLEY

this. I am much struck by what you say of his showing a sense of what France lost by the failure of the Reformation; I had not met with this before; it was only an *aperçu*, not a practical principle with him, but it was an *aperçu* of which I should hardly have supposed him capable. The sense of 'the things by which men live,' as Isaiah says, seems to me to be wearing out in France. Renan has much less of it than a person of far less regular life and conversation, and far less wide and exact attainments—Sainte-Beuve. This gradual change is what strikes me most in your nation, and I think it your great danger. We over here have our great dangers too, but they are different.

The American book about which you ask is of no importance. I am going to see America with my own eyes. I shall pass the winter there and hold *des conférences*. Wish me well through it, and believe me, with affectionate regards from all of us, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To John Morley, M.P.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, *August 10, 1883.*

MY DEAR MORLEY—To my surprise, I have just had a letter from your great leader offering me a pension of £250 'as a public recognition of service to the poetry and literature of England.'

TO JOHN MORLEY

To my further surprise, those about me think I ought to accept it, and I am told that — thinks the same. I have written to him, but have not yet got his answer.

I write to you, that, whatever his answer may be, I may be fortified by your opinion also, for I have an instinct which tells me that in matters of feeling you and I are apt to be in sympathy.

It seems to me that, the fund available for literary pensions being small, and literary men being numerous and needy, it would not look well if a man drawing already from the public purse an income of nearly £1000 a year took £250 a year more from the small public fund available for pensions to letters, science, and art.

I feel this so strongly that I should have at once refused, if it were not for those about me. Of course, I should be glad of an addition of £250, and if I find everybody thinking that my scruple is a vain one, I shall at least consider the matter very carefully, though really I do not feel at present as if I *could* accept the offer.

Let me have a line here as soon as possible, as I must send an answer to your Pericles.—
Ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO WYNDHAM SLADE

To the Same

Fox How, *August 16, 1883.*

MY DEAR MORLEY—I relied on a dissuader from you; when you failed me I wrote to Lingen, but he too advised me to look at the daughters of the horse-leech, and govern myself accordingly. I have done so. I have written to your great leader, who has this morning read my acceptance. . . .

Lingen tells me, however, that Professor Owen has for some forty years held a pension along with his official salary as a Superintendent at the British Museum. This is a real precedent, but I still think there will be murmurs, and that I shall lose something of the ‘benevolentia civium,’ of which I have not too large a stock to begin with. ‘Magnum telum ad res gerendas existimare oportet benevolentiam civium,’ says Cicero, and how true it is, and what a pedant is Mommsen, who runs this charming personage down!—Ever yours affectionately, M. A.

To Wyndham Slade

Fox How, AMBLESIDE, *August 28, 1883.*

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—I was delighted to get your letter. How many years is it since

TO WYNDHAM SLADE

we travelled in the Tyrol together? And you have been here too! And this very afternoon I am going with the Forsters to the head of Troutbeck, where we came down on our return from Hawes Water. To-morrow Nelly and I go to Scotland, and then in a fortnight's time we must be back at Cobham, that I may prepare what I am going to say to the Americans. I hate going, but it has been proposed and canvassed so often that I had better go and have done with it.

As to the pension, I was at first in great doubts as to accepting it. However, my official friends were all for accepting, and the public so far seems very kindly disposed about it. Only I hear the *Echo* says I am 'a very Bonaparte' for rapacity.

The real comfort is the addition to my retiring allowance, when I have served my time two years hence. I might have been forced to go on inspecting, because the retiring allowance is so small that I could not have managed with it. Now I hope in two years' time to be free to resign.

With love from us both to your wife, I am always, my dear Wyndham, affectionately yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

COBHAM, *Friday, October 5, 1883.*

MY DEAREST K.—Your long and delightful letter did me good. I hate going to America, but, as I do go, I wish to have before me other things, and to be able, when I leave America, to put to myself without shame Joseph de Maistre's beautiful question, 'En quoi ai-j'avancé l'œuvre générale, et que reste-t-il de moi en bien ou en mal?' I have nearly broken my heart over my first discourse,¹ but I think it will do. It is for New York, and I have now got it in print, and nearly in the exact form in which I hope to give it. To the Rede Lecture,² which is in general my doctrine on Studies as well as I can frame it, I have put a new introduction, to fit it for America. Of the third lecture, the literary one,³ I have not yet written a line, and, of course, this is a cause of anxiety; but to attempt to write it in this last distracted week would probably be vain, and all I do is to re-read Emerson, and to consider what other people I may take in connexion with him. I have a strong sense of his value, which I am glad to say has deepened instead of diminishing on re-reading him. I always found him of more use than Carlyle, and I now think so more than ever. I should like to slip away from New

¹ 'Numbers; or the Majority and the Remnant.'

² 'Literature and Science.'

³ 'Emerson.'

TO MRS. FORSTER

York and see Concord, and the grave where Emerson is buried, and Boston Bay, all by myself, and then to write my lecture with this local impression fresh upon me. A Mr. Clarence King, a charming man, tells me his mother has a villa at Newport, where I can go and be entirely free for a week, and enjoy the last of the autumn, while at the same time composing my Emerson; but I fear I shall not be allowed to make these disappearances. Letters come pouring in, and I feel sure that Flu and Lucy will have a very interesting time. The kindness of people is wonderful. . . . We have had Mr. Nadal down for a night; he made himself very pleasant. He is not in the least 'spread eagle,' but yet he declares that he prefers the American landscape to the English. This gives me a new interest about it, as it must evidently have some feature in it which I am sure to find. I had fancied it quite monotonous. But how absurd to think that any landscape can be quite monotonous. If you see the new edition of *Literature and Dogma*, you will like what I have said of Lord Shaftesbury, in leaving out the too famous illustration; he is a man to whom I have always felt myself drawn. And now, my own dearest K., farewell. Your letter (let me say it again) was a great pleasure, and *you* are a great pleasure. I will write to you from the other side, if I get there.—Your most affectionate always,

M. A.

TO MISS ARNOLD

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, SURREY, *October 7, 1883.*

MY DEAREST FAN—Probably this will be my last letter from Cobham to you this year. It is a cold, still, gray morning, with a look and feel of frost, though we have not yet actually come to frost ; indeed, I have never observed it below 40 at night—from 40 at night to 55 in the day is the present range. Our single dahlias are coming out, everything of the marigold kind is very gay, the veronica is in full beauty, the geraniums go on making fresh buds, and if we stayed, and the frost held off, we should be very gay a fortnight hence. The pampas grass is a sight. Yesterday was a perfect day. Flu returned to luncheon, and the Yates Thompsons came down with her ; then Nelly and I walked with them as far as Fair Mile, where we left them, and came home by Leith Hill. The distant hills were beautiful. I thought of you in passing through a cleared corn-field full of marigolds. I send you one of them. Nelly gathered a handful, and they are very effective in a vase in the drawing-room. Last night we all four dined with Lady Ellesmere, and now we are not going to dine out any more, but I lunch with Lady de Rothschild to-morrow. We have had ten partridges and two hares sent us in the last four or five days, so we have

TO MISS ARNOLD

plenty to eat. To-morrow I go up to London for a school, and again on Wednesday ; then I break off inspecting till next March. Everybody is very kind, and I hear all sorts of promising reports about America. A railway contractor who has just come back tells the Yates Thompsons that all the railway porters and guards have read my books ! We are taking a good many introductions after all : the Secretaries at the American Legation thought it better. They say Lowell only knows at home Boston and Cambridge, and his advice as to social points cannot be followed for America generally. Philip Currie, of the Foreign Office, has given us letters to the British Legation at Washington, and to the British Consuls in the chief towns. I have got two of my lectures fairly printed and ready, and am getting much interested in the Emerson one. I shall be glad to have it to think of on the voyage. He did me a great deal of good formerly—far more than Carlyle ever did, and now, going back to him, I do not feel his merit less than I did formerly. I want to see Concord, and Boston Bay, and his grave, before I actually write this lecture.

I am very glad you have been at Sea Scale ; I feel as if I should like to be going to pass the whole winter there with you alone. I feel as if, after once starting from here, I should never be alone again till my return (if I live to return) in the spring. But perhaps I shall get some

TO MISS ARNOLD

solitary moonlight hours on board ship, when people are gone to bed. We shall have the Hunter's moon for our passage, which is something. The servants are charming. They have given Flu a silver thimble, me a pincushion, and Lucy two tortoise-shell combs. Everybody is kind and interested about our expedition.

Good-bye, my dearest Fan. I hope to write to you next Sunday, though when the letter may be posted I cannot say, but I shall begin it then.—Your most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

SAINT NICHOLAS CLUB,
12 EAST TWENTY-NINTH STREET,
NEW YORK (October 1883).

MY DEAREST FAN—I was going to write on Sunday, but there was so much sea I could not. On Monday morning we landed, and ever since I have been in a whirl, hardly able to do more writing than the signing of my name, the demand for my autograph being incessant. Flu will have told you of our passage. We went straight from Ireland out into a gale on the Atlantic, and Monday was a horrid day with us all. Tuesday was not much better, but we all mended on Wednesday, though Lucy was never quite happy. On Monday we all stayed in bed—indeed, the decks were swept by the sea, and no one could be up there. Thursday

TO MISS ARNOLD

was a beautiful day, and one saw the real beauty of the great ocean. Friday was intensely soft and warm, as we were near the Gulf Stream, but there was haze, which on Saturday became gloom and rain. However, we made a splendid passage, the boat and crew being so excellent as quite to excite enthusiasm. I did a good deal of reading—half a volume of Emerson's *Essays*, and the two thick volumes of his correspondence with Carlyle—the best memorial of Carlyle, I am inclined to think, which exists. My lecture on Emerson is pretty well formed in my head, and the passages marked which I mean to use for it—but oh, my dear Fan, how and when am I to write it? The blaring publicity of this place is beyond all that I had any idea of. My managers are anxious I should not refuse to see people, the press people above all, as the newspapers can do much for the success of the lectures. The men who interview one are better than you would suppose, many of them English adventurers with a history; but there are so many of them that from 8.30 A.M. to 10 P.M. the knocking at one's door and the bringing in of cards is incessant. But I will go back to the steamer. About one o'clock on Sunday night I suddenly felt we were in smooth water—the eternal swinging, which so tries my poor head on shipboard, had ceased. We had crossed the bar and were inside New York Bay. We anchored till morning, as ships cannot go up

TO MISS ARNOLD

to the city till the quarantine officer has passed them. You may imagine I was on deck with the first light. We were lying off Staten Island, a beautiful *orné* landscape with spires, villas, hills, and woods. 'Just like Richmond,' I said to some one by me, 'and not a single Mohican running about!' This precious speech has got into the newspapers here. New York is about twenty-four miles up the Bay, and we were off the pier by nine o'clock. We expected a two or three hours' wait with our baggage, but Mr. Carnegie met us with his secretary, took all trouble off our hands, and bore us away up to the Windsor Hotel in a carriage. Since then, as I say, the interviewers have made life terrible. But the kindness and goodwill of everybody is wonderful, and I cannot but be grateful for it. I think the lectures will probably do well, but we shall see. You will think of me on the 30th. The lecture itself is all right, but I am not at all sure about my delivery of it.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

This is a delightful, poky, dark, exclusive, little old Club of the Dutch families in New York. It is the only place where I have found peace.

TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

*To Charles Eliot Norton*¹

BETWEEN PRINCETON AND NEW YORK,
October 21, 1883.

MY DEAR NORTON—Excuse pencil. I write in the train. You and the printers at Harvard have indeed done wonders. I return the corrected proofs.² If I can find the fresh revise at Mrs. Fields' on Saturday, that will do beautifully. Then they might strike off five or six copies for me on Monday. I keep the smudged original to bring to you when I come.

I think I will retain the comparison. It will not hurt Emerson, and may give some pleasure to others.

We are looking forward to our visit to you. My wife comes from New York on the 28th, on which day we dine with Holmes. Next day is Thanksgiving Day. It will be most convenient to be the 28th and 29th at an hotel; but on Friday, the ^{Nov.}30th, my wife will come to you, if that suits you. I must be lecturing in the country that day, but on Saturday after the lecture I will come out, and we will stay till after the Cambridge Park lecture—that is, till Wednesday, December 5th, if you will. Lucy will not be with us. She has a visit she *must* pay near here.—Ever yours,
M. A.

¹ Professor of Literature at Harvard University.

² Of 'Emerson.'

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

Let us have a line to 78 Park Avenue, New York. And *do* make my admiring acknowledgments to your printers.

To his Younger Daughter

THE CENTURY, 109 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK, October 27, 1883.

MY DARLING CHILD—As soon as I have done my Emerson lecture I hope to write you a long letter every week, but at present I must give every spare moment to that horrid lecture. We got your delicious letter last night—your first to us on this side. It gave us quite an emotion. We dined out last night with some rich people called Sheppard. She was a Miss Vanderbilt, and Lord Coleridge is staying with them—the house magnificent: it was pleasant, and they were all impressed by Coleridge's affection for us three. He brought me in tremendously in a speech on Thursday night. I will send you the newspaper cutting. I am only afraid of his setting people a little against me by such praise. To-night Mr. Carnegie gives a great reception, to make me acquainted with people, and the lecture is on Tuesday. I am told the tickets are selling well, and all the literary and newspaper class are for me; but I cannot believe that I shall have the *gros public*. We shall see, however. We go to pay two visits in the

TO MISS ARNOLD

country after the lecture, but by Monday week (5th November) we are to be at Boston, and you had better write to us at the Hôtel Vendôme there. You would like the Windsor, where we now are, but we should not care to live in New York, though the bay and rivers are magnificent. My own darling Nelly, I must now stop, for I have a call to pay before luncheon. To-morrow I am to hear Mr. Ward Beecher preach, and then to be taken 'a spin' by a Dr. Dennis behind two famous American trotters.—Your own always fondly loving
PAPA.

To Miss Arnold

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB, 319 FIFTH AVENUE,
Sunday, October 28, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—I have been invited to four clubs in New York—this, the Union Club, the Century Club, and the St. Nicholas Club. This is the smart club *par excellence*, and it is indeed a beautiful house, splendidly and luxuriously furnished. The wealth of New York strikes me very much. We dined with the Sheppards on Friday to meet the Coleridges. Mrs. Sheppard is a sister of Vanderbilt, who is said to be the richest man living, and the house was as splendid as a house of the Rothschilds. . . . Coleridge was most affectionate, and his extraordinary eulogy of me produced a great

TO MISS ARNOLD

impression here, and it is freely used as an advertisement for my lectures and books. I should say that it was a little too startling and strong for even this place, and a great deal too startling and strong for London. He says that he does not mean, of course, that I am so well known as several other people, but that I stand out from the crowd more than any one by reason of my ideas, the variety of my lines, etc. On the whole, the newspapers are taking me very kindly, and Chickering Hall, the great hall where I am to lecture, will be full, I believe. The tickets are said to be all sold—there are 1250 places, at a dollar each. But there may be a change of opinion at any moment. The *Chicago Tribune* is sent to me to-day with a violent attack upon me for lecturing for ‘filthy lucre,’ and the people catch the cries of their newspapers wonderfully. Far the best paper here is the *Evening Post*, written by Godkin, an expatriated Anglo-Irishman. I think we sent it you the other day with an article of his. The reception last night was magnificent, and Flu and Lucy did their duty splendidly, though poor Lucy had a bilious headache. They will tell you about the reception and the decorations. What I like is the way in which the people, far lower down than with us, live with something of the life and enjoyments of the cultivated classes. The young master of the hotel asked to present his

TO MISS ARNOLD

steward to me last night, as a recompense to him for his beautiful arrangement of palms, fruit, and flowers in the great hall. The German boys who wait in the hair-cutting room and the clerks at the photographer's express their delight at seeing 'a great English poet,' and ask me to write in their autograph books, which they have always ready. This morning I have been to hear Ward Beecher. Places were kept, and his management of his voice and hold on his vast audience struck me wonderfully, but the sermon was poor. They said he knew I was coming, and was on his good behaviour, and therefore constrained. At the end of the service he came down into the area to see me, gave me the notes of his sermon, said that I had taught him much, that he had read my rebukes of him too, and that they were just and had done him good. Nothing could be more gracious and in better taste than what he said.

We go to Boston to-morrow week, but I am not sure how long we shall stay there. We are going to a dear old man on Thursday—a Mr. Charles Butler, who made a pilgrimage to Fox How in 1852 ; we were none of us there. He lives in the country, and from him we go to pay another country visit, returning to New York on Thursday, 5th November, and thence going to Boston next day. Your first letter reached us on Friday night, with one from Nelly and one

TO MISS ARNOLD

from Eliza.¹ It is delightful to hear from you. Now I must go home and dress for dinner. I am getting on a little with the Emerson lecture, but there will be a good deal of pressure to finish it amid all the interruptions besetting me.—Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate

M. A.

Tell dear K. I shall write to her as soon as I have got my Emerson lecture written.

To the Same

THE ST. BOTOLPH CLUB,
85 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON,
November 8, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—Here is Thursday, and my Sunday letter has not yet been written; but you have heard from Flu, and she will have given you some notion of what our life here is. I hope, however, to write once in every week to you. I wrote last from New York, before my first lecture. I was badly heard, and many people were much disappointed; but they remained to the end, were perfectly civil and attentive, and applauded me when I had done. It made me doubtful about going on with the lecturing, however, as I felt I could not maintain a louder pitch of voice than I did in Chickering Hall, where I lectured, and some of the American

¹ A maid-servant.

TO MISS ARNOLD

halls are much larger. There is a good deal to be learned as to the management of the voice, however, and I have set myself to learn it, though I am old to begin ; the kindness of the people here makes everything easier, as they are determined to like one. The strength of the feeling about papa, here in New England especially, would gratify you ; and they have been diligent readers of my books for years. The number of people whom, somehow or other, I reach here is what surprises me. Imagine General Grant calling at the *Tribune* Office to thank them for their good report of the main points of my lecture, as he had thought the line taken so very important, but had heard imperfectly ! Now I should not have suspected Grant of either knowing or caring anything whatever about me and my productions. Last night I gave my New York lecture here. The hall was crammed, but it only holds 900, where the New York hall holds 1300 ; I had refused to try a bigger hall here. I was introduced by Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, a dear little old man, and perfectly heard. I spoke much better than at New York, and shall improve still further, I hope. Holmes told me he could not have believed such an audience could have been gathered for a lecture in the heat of their election of a Governor for the State of Massachusetts ; and he said also that he had never seen such attention and interest. We went

TO MRS. FORSTER

from New York to Mr. Charles Butler at Fox Meadow—a beautiful old character with a delightful daughter. Lyulph Stanley sent us to him. From him we went to the Delanos, 90 miles up the Hudson. She was a Miss Astor, and it was like staying with the Rothschilds. All along the Hudson it is like the rich and finished villas along the Thames by Richmond. We came here on Monday night. Next week we shall be paying visits, but we shall be on and off here for a month to come. Imagine my getting a cordial letter from Louis Claude, entreating me ‘as an old Ambleside boy’ to come and visit him somewhere out on the way to St. Paul. I have also heard from a Mr. Newberry, son of an old Laleham pupil of whom you have heard mamma speak; he remembers me as a little child, and wants to come and see me. I have scores of interesting things of this kind to tell you, but must stop now. We dine to-night with Norton at Cambridge; on Saturday we go to Newport.—
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Mrs. Forster

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT,
November 15, 1883.

MY DEAREST K.—I am hard driven, but there is no one at home who so often comes into

TO MRS. FORSTER

my mind, I think, over here as your dear, dear self, and I must scratch you a line at any rate. We are here with a nice old couple called Clark. We met their daughter in New York. This is said to be, for its size, the richest town in New England, and Mr. Clark was the richest merchant in it. He has retired from business, is seventy-seven years old, and occupies himself in good works. It is exactly like the wealthy Quaker families I have stayed in when inspecting in England ; only Mr. Clark is much more free in his religious ideas than they were, and the whole family have, compared with our middle class at home, that buoyancy, enjoyment, and freedom from constraint which are everywhere in America, and which confirmed me in all I have said about the way in which the aristocratic class acts as an *incubus* upon our middle class at home. This universal enjoyment and good nature are what strike one most here. On the other hand, some of the best English qualities are clean gone ; the love of quiet and dislike of a crowd is gone out of the American entirely. They say Washington had it, as our Lord Althorp had it, and as so many of us have it still in England ; but I have seen no American yet, except Norton at Cambridge, who does not seem to desire constant publicity and to be on the go all the day long. It is very fatiguing. I thank God it only confirms me in the desire to 'hide my life,' as the Greek philosopher recommended, as much

TO MRS. FORSTER

as possible. They are very kind, inconceivably kind, and one must have been accustomed to the total want of real popular interest among the English at home in anything but politics to feel the full difference of things here. The newspapers report all one's goings about and sayings—the Commodore at Newport sends to put his launch at my disposal, Blaine telegraphs to the New York press his regrets that he cannot come up on purpose to hear me lecture, General Grant thanks the *Tribune* for reporting me so fully—and so on. It is perfectly astounding, but there is not much real depth in it all. I have liked best a visit to Dartmouth College in New Hampshire. You remember how papa talked of New Hampshire and said he would emigrate there if he emigrated to the States at all. I stayed with a professor, a widower, in a small way of life, and saw what this small way was—it is better than with us. Still, what we call a gentleman has a tremendous pull in the old world—or at any rate in England—over the gentleman here. What it is in the towns, to have practically no cabs and to be obliged to use trams, you cannot imagine. It is as if in our Stockwell expedition we had had to get there by the tram, with two or three changes, and a walk at each end, and the chance of bad weather. And every one has to use these who has not a carriage. It is the best country for a Rothschild I ever knew, his superior pull is so manifest.

TO MRS. FORSTER

We stayed with a sort of Rothschild on the Hudson—a Delano married to an Astor ; but he grumbled, ungrateful man, because every one took a right of way through his grounds just as they pleased. But what made me think of you was the living power which papa's memory was still in that New Hampshire community at Dartmouth College. All through New England, however, he has had a prodigious effect, and perhaps he, like Luther, has been less pushed out by new men and new things than in the old world. Flu and Lucy enjoy it all, I think, though they get very tired. We had an immense reception here last night—the Governor and Senator for this sterling little old State of Connecticut, and every one thence downwards. The night before last I dined and slept at Barnum's. He said my lecture¹ was 'grand,' and that he was determined to belong to *the remnant* ; that term is going the round of the United States, and I understand what Dizzy meant when he said that I performed 'a great achievement' by launching phrases.² My love to William. Tell him it is curious to find how one is driven here to study the 'technique' of speaking, and how one finds it may be learnt like other things. I could not half make myself heard at first, but I am improving. A Professor Churchill, said to be 'the best elocutionist in the

¹ 'Numbers : or the Majority and the Remnant.'

² See p. 90.

TO MISS ARNOLD

United States,' came twice from Andover to Boston on purpose to try and be of use to me, because, he said, he had got more pleasure from F. Robertson, Ruskin, and me than from any other men. This will give you a good notion of their kindness. Now I must stop. We go to Boston to-morrow, then on Monday back to New York. Love to all your dear party.—
Your most affectionate brother, M. A.

To Miss Arnold

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
November 27, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—Since I last wrote I have had your letter, and very pleasant it was to receive it. . . . It is unnatural to me to speak so slowly and elaborately as in these great buildings; and to people unfamiliar with the English intonation, I am obliged to do so in order to be heard; but I *can* do it, and am now doing it quite easily. Last week I spoke to an audience of at least 3000—I am told now 3500—at Brooklyn, and was heard perfectly by every one. When I read my poetry I am apt to forget my audience and to repeat for my own delectation, but I shall get over this also next time. There is always a pleasure to me in doing a new thing, which looks like a thing you cannot well do, and which people say you will

TO MISS ARNOLD

not be able to do. At present I am bored by having to repeat my Literature and Science so often. There is a perfect craze in New England for hearing it, but I hope the big cities will be more rational. The Emerson lecture is ready, and will be given here next Saturday. I cannot be quite sure how they will like it here, but I am satisfied with it, and so would Emerson himself have been, I think, and it will be liked in England, and will help his fame there. To-night I lecture at Worcester, a Massachusetts city of 50,000 inhabitants, of which you have never heard. On Friday I lecture at Salem, famous for its witches. Last night I was at Newton, a kind of rural suburb of Boston, as Hornsey is of London. I dined with a medical man, a Dr. Stone, as I so often dined or lunched with like people at places such as Hornsey. Dr. Stone, his wife, and family might all have been English, barring the accent of the eldest daughter. The father, an old minister of eighty-three, had come in from the country ever so many miles to hear me. *Literature and Dogma* has certainly done good here in New England; at a critical moment it has led many back again to the study of the Bible, and has given reality to the study of it. The people last night were all full of papa, and the little boys were reading *Tom Brown* with delight. They were brighter than the corresponding people in England, and their dinner prettier; the abundance of fruit and ice is a

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

great thing. They are cold audiences, but deeply attentive. They are excellent people, but their press seems to me at present an awful symptom. Flu joins me from New York to-morrow, and we shall go together to hear Phillips Brooks on Thanksgiving Day. He is delightful. You would also greatly like Mrs. Fields, with whom we are staying. But the people I particularly fancy are two daughters of Rufus Choate—a Mrs. Bell and a Mrs. Pratt; they are called the twins, though twins they are not; but they are twins in a real genius for lively, *spirituel*, *enjoué* talk. I send you a letter about the family, as these things interest you. My travelling is done in great comfort, as the agents send a man with me (a gentleman), who finds out my trains, takes my tickets, sees to my rights, and saves me all trouble. But every one is most kind.—Your most affectionate brother,
M. A.

To his Younger Daughter

BOSTON, November ²⁶29, 1883.

MY DARLING CHILD—I have carried this about with me for some days meaning to write to you, but have had interruption after interruption. Now I am sitting down in the Somerset Club at Boston (a first-rate club) determined not to get up from my seat till my letter is written.

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

I am staying with Mrs. Fields here—a *lovely* woman, as they say here—which means not a sweetly beautiful woman, but what we call a ‘very nice’ woman. Mamma and Lucy are at New York ; they are in good quarters, and had both got tired of knocking about. I was used to the sort of thing in my old inspecting days, and bear it pretty well, but there is more of it than I expected. To-night I go out to a place called Newton, to-morrow to another place in Massachusetts, a town of 50,000 inhabitants called Worcester ; at both I give the lecture on Literature and Science, which they are all eager to hear out here, because the question is so much discussed in relation to the schools here, and everybody cares about schools. I get as sick of the lecture myself as Lord Hartington is said to get of his own speeches before he is through with them. On Wednesday mamma joins me, and we dine with Dr. Holmes, the one survivor of the old Boston notabilities. Thursday is Thanksgiving Day, an annual day of thanksgiving for the Fathers of the Settlement and its welfare ; we are to pass it with Mrs. Fields. On Saturday I give the Emerson lecture for the first time ; it will be to a high-paying audience in the little Chickering Hall here, which holds at most 500. So many of the less wealthy class wish to hear it that it is to be repeated in Tremont Temple the week after, with a charge of half a dollar, instead of a dollar. Tremont Temple seats 2000 people.

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

The price here must be a uniform one ; they will not stand two classes, and so one cannot do what seems the natural thing and charge a dollar for the first ten rows of seats and half a dollar for the rest of the hall. Dear old Whittier came to meet me at luncheon yesterday. I have got his autograph for you, Holmes's, and Hawthorne's ; but I hope to get a better one of Hawthorne's. The newspapers are too amusing. I do not see half the things, as I have not time or inclination to read the papers (they are the worst and most disquieting thing here), but people tell me of them. A man in one of the western cities is described as hurrying home to his wife with a placard—'Martin Luther Celebration.' 'What is it ?' he asks his wife. 'The distinguished English lecturer, to be sure,' says she. 'Run at once to the bureau and buy tickets to hear him.' At Newport they showed me the following in a newspaper : 'The Baptist Union recommend all good Christians to give at least two hours to reading their Bible for every hour they give to hearing Matthew Arnold. This shows that in the judgment of the Baptist Union Matthew Arnold's doctrine is very nearly twice as powerful as that of the Bible.' I might fill my paper with these stories. I thought of you at Newport, my darling ; it is the most beautiful sea and sea walk I ever saw in my life ; the wooden villas are many of them exquisite too. The cliffs are not much, and the country

TO CHARLES J. LEAF

is not much, but the sea has an unspeakable charm. There are many nice people here, and I am very kindly treated, but I long for home. However, I shall go through with it, and, if one has any spirit, there is a pleasure in doing what you are not used to, and what many people say you cannot do. Your letters have been delicious. Love to your dear aunt K.—Your loving
PAPA.

To Charles J. Leaf

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
December 6, 1883.

MY DEAR LEAF—Your letter reached me yesterday. I ought to have kept my promise of writing to you soon after my first lecture, but if you knew how I have to run about you would forgive all failures in my correspondence. I am just returned from Taunton, a town about twenty-five miles from here, where they make locomotives. I stayed at the house of a Mr. Sanford, who has been Speaker of the State Assembly of Massachusetts—a rich man, and a very pretty house—with a good-looking wife and daughters. They meet one at the train, have a good dinner (but very unlike ours) at six o'clock, then at a quarter to eight drive me to the Lecture Hall, and drive me back after the lecture at half-past nine, generally to a reception and supper. There was no reception

TO CHARLES J. LEAF

last night, however, thank God. This morning we all came up by the train, the Greek professor at Harvard, whom I think Walter¹ knows, and a pleasant Professor Child, a great authority on ballad poetry, being of the party. I came here to write to you. I am invited to all the clubs, and this is one of the best clubs in the world. At half-past one I go to Wellesley, for a *matinée*, as it is called—that is, I lecture at three in the afternoon to 500 young ladies of Wellesley College and their 50 professors. Lyon Playfair tells me the College is an excellent one, and that the young ladies are charming. They have telegraphed to beg for the lecture on Emerson, which will be an agreeable change to me after for ever giving the lecture on Literature and Science. Here in New England every one is full of the Education question, and of the contest between letters and science more particularly; and all the country places want to hear me on Literature and Science. When I get to the great towns I have to give the lecture on Numbers. I get back at six to dine with Phillips Brooks at seven. I shall tell him I have heard from you, and that you ask for him. He is nicer than ever. To-morrow I go to Amherst, a university town at the other end of Massachusetts. . . . We are staying here with some people called Page, friends of the Wordsworths, who have a fine house in Boston.

¹ Walter Leaf, Fellow of Trinity.

TO CHARLES J. LEAF

Lucy is in New York ; some dear people there, an old Mr. Charles Butler and his daughter, will not part with her, and their house is our home in New York. Lucy is very gay, and every one makes a great fuss with her. Next week I have four lectures in this neighbourhood, concluding with a lecture in Tremont Temple, a hall in Boston which seats over 2000 people, to give a popular audience the opportunity of hearing my lecture on Emerson ; then we go to Washington and Baltimore. The English papers never come here, and I have no time to read the American ones. The papers in England seem, by what you say, to have made too much of the failure in audibility at the first lecture ; it never really endangered my success, as every one who read the report of the lecture was interested ; I had no doubt that I could be heard with a little trouble. The ‘elocution lessons’ were merely that a theological professor here, who is a capital speaker himself, and who is interested in me from my writings, went twice for twenty minutes to the hall with me when it was empty, heard me read, and stopped me when I dropped my voice at the end of sentences, which was the great trouble. I get along all right now, and have never failed *to draw* for a moment. As to pecuniary results, so many lectures were sold throughout New England for a fee of 150 dollars before I came—a fee which is 50 dollars above the usual

TO MISS ARNOLD

fee, but which cannot make your fortune—that I hardly know what to say. Of course, I shall make something, but I suspect it will not be over £1000. It will depend on the large towns where we do not sell the lecture but speculate; *i.e.*, take a hall, run the risk, bear the expenses, and take all the profits. Any way, I have learnt a good deal by coming, and am glad to have come. My love to your wife and Walter.—
Affectionately yours, M. A.

To Miss Arnold

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
Saturday, December 8, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—I do not think I have yet let a week pass, from Sunday to Sunday, without writing to you, and I will not do so now, for in your last letter of 20th November you complained of having been long without a letter. This was owing to the bad passages the ships have been making. I am driven hard as usual. Yesterday I left Flu with the Pages here, the Wordsworths' friends, and took the eleven o'clock train to Amherst, a hundred and twenty miles from Boston, and the seat of a university. In the train Jane's letter and a charming note from Miss Emerson were brought to me. Miss Emerson wrote to say that she found not a word in the lecture on her father to give her

TO MISS ARNOLD

pain. However, I am not going to read that lecture at Concord—it is too much of a literary criticism. Many here object to my not having praised Emerson all round, but that was impossible. I have given him praise which in England will be thought excessive, probably; but then I have a very, very deep feeling for him. One hears so much of him here, and what one hears is so excellent, that Flu and Lucy, who really know nothing about him, have become quite attached to him. Well, I was saying that I went to Amherst yesterday. I got there about three. It is a pretty village near the Connecticut River, with picturesque lines of hill in the landscape. I found the President of the University, with whom I stayed, had dined at twelve, thinking I should dine ‘on board’ the train, as they say here. However, I said a lunch of bread and butter and tea would do perfectly for me, and then we went a walk into the country, and at six we sat down to tea—the President (who is a widower), his three daughters, and a favourite student, who perhaps is going to marry one of the daughters. At tea we had exquisite rolls, broiled oysters, and preserved peaches—nothing else—and iced water or tea to wash it down. For once, this suits me perfectly well. I had had a great dinner with Phillips Brooks—venison and champagne—the day before. Then we walked up to the chapel where the lecture

TO MISS ARNOLD

was. We had 650 people, the place quite full, and I spoke well. Then we walked back, and had a supper of apples and pears (excellent), sponge cakes and chocolate. I went to bed soon after ten, for at half-past five I had to get up to catch a train at a quarter to seven. The daughters like early rising, and all breakfasted with me. A porridge made of split oat groats, which I am beginning to like (one takes it with cream), a roll, and a cup of tea did for me very well. There was an immense beef steak, but that was too much for me so early. Since I got here I have been shaved, had my letters, seen my agents, and am now going to the Pages to pick up Flu. We go down to Haverhill for Sunday. . . . They will drive us after church to-morrow to see what Washington pronounced the most beautiful view in New England.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
December 13, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—Here it is wonderfully fine; two slight drizzlings are all the rain we have had this month; no snow, and not excessive frosts; almost continual sunshine, and such sunsets behind the spires of Boston, and over the immense expanse of western sky visible

TO MISS ARNOLD

here, as you never saw. I have bought a pair of *arctics*, the lined waterproof boots which everybody here wears in winter over their boots or shoes, but I have not yet worn them. The day after to-morrow I leave New England. Boston . . . has been very kind to me, and I am sorry to think that I shall see it no more. Last night I lectured at Concord. I did not give the Emerson lecture, as it was a free criticism of him on the literary side, and I did not wish to stand up in his town as a critic of him; but Miss Emerson wrote me a charming note about my lecture on him from the summary given in the newspapers, and his family and literary executor are perfectly satisfied. I give the lecture to-morrow night to a popular audience of some 2000 people here. We went to Concord at five yesterday afternoon; it is about twenty miles off. The Emersons sent to meet us. They live in the house which Emerson himself built, about a mile from the station; a good house with nine acres of ground. The house is much more English in its distribution and furniture than most of the houses here. I had told Fanny Lucy to expect something like Rydal Mount, but it was nothing like that—all the modern improvements were present. Mrs. Emerson is eighty-one, of great height, and an invalid. She is still one of the handsomest women you ever saw, with manners of high

TO MISS ARNOLD

distinction. She was brought up a strict Calvinist, and never approved her husband's views. He called her 'Queeny,' and she does indeed look like a queen and rules the house. We dined at six, and all except Mrs. Emerson went to the lecture along the frozen road by which the British troops retreated—the high road from Concord to Boston. I gave the lecture on Numbers. This morning I left with them, by request, the lecture on Emerson to read, and we departed, after driving round to Concord Bridge and the monument with Dr. Emerson and his sister. It is a very pleasing country—gentle hills, and New England homesteads, and elm-bordered roads (such elms!), and the quiet river flowing through it. Emerson's lines on the monument you know. They are very fine—

Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Tell William he should get and read his correspondence with Carlyle, if he has not already done so. It gives a most favourable impression of both the friends. Now I must be off to Andover, some twenty-three miles. I am quite well, and have as yet had no cold or hoarseness.—Ever your affectionate M. A.

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

To his Younger Daughter

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
December 14, 1883.

MY DARLING CHILD—It seems too long since I wrote to you. Your last letter was delightful. Two of the former ones had been rather scraps, but then I like your letters so much that I could wish they never came to an end. This is tiring work here, but at all events, it goes successfully, and I see a great many things and people that I shall afterwards be glad to have seen. To-night I give my last lecture in New England, at Tremont Temple here in Boston. I have rather a swelled throat, or I should not mind it a bit, but to speak to 2000 people with a swelled throat is rather trying. However, I have two days' rest after to-night. On Monday night I begin again at Washington. The managers have chosen a stupid lecture for that particular place—Literature and Science—and I do not expect a good audience. Last night's history will give you a good notion of my life in New England. After seeing mamma off at one I took shelter in this capital club to write my letters. I was invaded once or twice, but am better here than anywhere else. At a private house it is callers all day long. At four I walked to the station for Andover, a town twenty miles off, where there is a

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

theological seminary and a famous school. I was met at the station by a Professor Churchill, a very nice man, with whom I was to stay. He drove me up in an excellent hired carriage. The hired carriages are first-rate here. Mrs. Churchill is a pretty little woman, with two boys, one of fourteen, the other of five, an old dog and a tabby cat, which did me the honour to visit my bedroom at night. At six we had tea—it was really dinner, only there were no liquors. Then I dressed, found the students waiting outside the door to escort me to the Lecture Hall, was cheered by them, and walked to the Hall (a fine moonlight night—it is always fine here) with Miss Phelps, who wrote *Gates Ajar*. At the Hall I was again cheered, then I gave the lecture on Emerson, and was cheered again, then walked home, and a reception was held, with all Andover at it. ‘Glad to see you in our country, sir, and to tell you how much I have enjoyed your works,’ is pretty much what every one says. Scolloped oysters (with iced water and coffee) at eleven, when the people are gone; bed, called at seven, breakfast at eight with a party of professors and their wives—coffee, fruit, fish-balls, potatoes, hashed veal, and mince-pies, with rolls and butter. Then I was driven to the station by Professor Churchill, introduced by him to a ‘leading citizen,’ who talked to me all the way to Boston, and am now writing to you.

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

Presently I shall be taken over a publishing house and a newspaper-office, neither of which I care to see; then I shall lunch with my agent and try my voice in Tremont Temple; then I shall pay some calls of farewell; then dine at the house of my agent's father, where I sleep; then the lecture; then early to-morrow morning to New York. My darling Nelly, good-bye. I see the *Saturday Review* was not very nice about the birthday book,¹ but never mind. I kiss in fancy your brown head, and am your own loving
PAPA.

To the Same

RICHMOND, December 19, 1883.

MY DARLING NELLY—I must write to you from the capital of the Southern States, and the farthest point south that I shall reach. I left New York the day before yesterday in frost, with snow on the ground; snow lay all the way to Washington, though there it became less. At Washington I lectured, and I send you a cutting with a characteristic account of the lecture. This sort of thing appears every day. It is so common that one does not think of cutting it out and sending it, but I got this as I was getting into the train yesterday, and kept it for you. I started from Washington

¹ The Matthew Arnold Birthday Book, arranged by his daughter, Eleanor Arnold. 1883.

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

yesterday about eleven, and after we crossed the Potomac the snow disappeared altogether, the sun came out quite hot, and we had a beautiful journey along the great inlets of the magnificent Chesapeake Bay for the first part, and then through a woody country afterwards, where was the hardest fighting during the war between North and South. I passed Fredericksburg, where a great battle was, in which Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded. At Washington I had a letter and a telegram from a General Anderson, asking me to stay with him at Richmond; I accepted, hearing that the hotels at Richmond were bad. At the station was a gentlemanlike, erect old man with a white moustache, and an open carriage and pair with two black servants. We drove through the rather ragged streets of Richmond—a city of 70,000 people, which suffered terribly in the war, but is now recovering. Imagine my delight after the poverty of New England winter vegetation, of which you can form no idea,—not a laurel, not a holly—to find the magnolia growing, a standard tree, in the gardens before the Richmond houses. There was the horse-chestnut too, which I have never seen in the North, and fine planes. We drove to a capital house standing alone, with a large garden behind it; here I found more black servants, and Mrs. Anderson. I was most kindly received. Virginia, of which Richmond is the capital, was

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

colonised not by the Puritans, but by English gentry, and the liking for England and its ways, and for the better sort of English people, has never failed. Mrs. Anderson has been an extremely pretty woman ; her father was a great planter, who lived in an immense house in the country, with at least a hundred servants, I am told—all blacks. She had three brothers in the Confederate Army, two of them generals and one a colonel ; the colonel and one of the generals were killed. It was getting dark, but she took me out a drive to show me the view of the city with the James River bending through it, and sending up a beautiful sound from its rapids—no trout, though, tell Dick. But my great pleasure was the Cemetery, where is a great pyramid over the common soldiers of the Confederate Army who fell in the war ; but the beauty of the garden is in its dells and trees—such magnolias, such red-berried hollies, such oaks ! It was dark when we got home, but I found callers, and then dressed with a good fire in my room, which even here one is glad of. There was a party at dinner, the cloth drawn after dinner in the old English fashion, and excellent Madeira ; then we went to the lecture in a tumble-down old hall, but it did very well, as I was sure it would. My agents were against my coming here, and said I would have no audience, but I had all the ‘old families,’ who in general do not go to lectures ; one gentleman

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

came in twenty miles on an engine to hear me. Then I was taken to a ball by Mrs. Anderson, that I might see their beauties ; I saw a good many pretty people, and one *very* pretty ; also I was introduced to Miss Stonewall Jackson and her mother. We came back here, and I went to bed after hearing much about the war. I am asked to go down and stay at a country house near the sea to shoot duck, and at another up the country to shoot deer, but I must return to the North and my lecturing. I am going to drive about here this forenoon to see the town, and above all, to see the schools of coloured children—dem little things. To-morrow I lecture at Baltimore, and next morning join mamma and Lucy at Washington. Lucy has been having a good time at New York. Kiss Dick for me, and speak very, very kindly to a certain pair of boys,¹ Miss Nelly. Tell them poor old master has broken one of his few remaining front teeth in trying to peel an orange—a great loss. I expect to like Washington, where we stay over Christmas Day ; then we go to Philadelphia. Remember me to Eliza and Jane.² And now, my dearest, dearest child, I must stop.—Your own loving

PAPA.

¹ The dachshounds.

² Maid-servants.

TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

WASHINGTON, December 22, 1883.

MY DEAREST K.—At Baltimore I had my first bad audience—only about 200 people—but this week of Christmas is a thoroughly bad one for lecturing, everybody having engagements at home. I shall lecture again at Baltimore to-night, being advertised to lecture, but I do not expect much of an audience. I lecture at Philadelphia next week, which is still so much of a Quaker city as not to keep Christmas like Baltimore and New York. MacVeagh, Ellis Yarnall, and a circle of friends there have, besides, taken my affairs into their hands, and have strength enough, probably, to counteract the season. I thought much of you, and more of William, at Richmond. When I got to Washington I found a telegram from a General Anderson at Richmond begging me to stay with him. The journey itself was most interesting—snow disappearing, sun shining, evergreen shrubs appearing in the woods, and the great inlets of Chesapeake Bay giving life to the landscape continually. General Anderson, a gentlemanlike old man with a white moustache, was waiting for me at the station with an open carriage and two black servants, and drove me through streets in which standard magnolias were growing to his house. . . .

The next morning I insisted on being taken

TO MRS. FORSTER

to some of the coloured schools, and most interesting they were. People like the Andersons are very kind to their negroes, but don't yet like their being educated; however, they approved of my going to see the schools. The children are neater and better dressed than the Irish scholars in Boston. The negro is getting more wages in the tobacco manufactories at Richmond than the poor white gets. The astonishing thing is the line of demarcation between the white and the negro in the South still. I saw children who I took for granted were whites, and said, 'So the races are educated together.' 'No,' said the superintendent, 'there is a law against it throughout the South; the children you see have a strain of negro blood in them, and are so returned by their parents.' I had to make a little speech to them, and in return they sang for me 'Dare to be a Daniel' with negro energy. I could have passed hours there. Then I went to the Capitol, and saw both Houses of Legislature in session; the dirt, untidiness, and spitting were quite Southern here, and remind one of all that Trollope and Dickens say. But the interest of people in seeing me and in speaking of England, 'the mother country,' as they still call it, was touching. I wish I could have gone deeper into the South. If I ever come back to America, it will be to see more of the South.—Your ever most affectionate brother, my dearest K.,

M. A.

TO MISS ARNOLD

To Miss Arnold

HANCOCK STREET,
GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA,
December 27, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN—Last week I was on the point of writing to you, but finding that Flu was sending off to you a long letter, I wrote to Jane instead. Now I have just had your letter of the 7th; we got it, along with one from Nelly of the same date, on our arrival here yesterday. This is a very pretty suburb of Philadelphia—when I say suburb, it is full six miles out. We are staying with some people who asked us at New York, and who are so glad to have us that it is quite pleasant to give them that pleasure. We are very comfortable, moreover, and these warm houses will quite spoil one for English houses with their chill rooms and frozen passages. We are full of designs of putting an American stove into the Cottage. The thermometer has been at 28 *below zero* in New England, at a place where I lectured; in New York, where Flu and Lucy were, it was down to zero; where I have been, at Washington and Baltimore, it has not been below 20 above zero. But there has been horrid snow, even at Washington, and now I suppose we are in for it until our return. I have a number of friends here. I had a re-

TO MISS ARNOLD

quisition asking me to give a poetical reading, which my agents have had printed, as it was signed by about twenty-five of the leading people in the place, and the leading families of Philadelphia are much thought of. Mr. Welsh, whom you will remember Minister in London, lives here, and signed the requisition; also MacVeagh, who was Attorney-General, the Whartons, the Biddles, and a number of names which to you say nothing, but to an American say a great deal. Flu will send you an account of a party given in her honour by Mrs. Leiter, with whom we stayed at Washington. Christmas time is a shocking time for lecturing, but my agents insisted on filling the time, and the consequence was that in Baltimore I had a real bad audience, only about 200 people, and a frozen hall too, in which I caught cold, but the cold is now going. Here too the audience would be bad if it were not for the friends I have among the leading people, and the way in which they work to make their acquaintance give up their Christmas engagements and come to my lectures. The Wests (he is British Minister) asked us to dinner for two days at Washington, but we could not go either. We had a very pleasant dinner with the Henry Adamses, and I had a men's dinner with dear old Bancroft, which was most interesting, as I met the really best men in Congress; three senators—Bayard, Sherman, and Gibson—struck

TO MISS ARNOLD

me particularly, as they would be distinguished men in politics anywhere : Gibson for choice ; he is senator for Louisiana, and served in the Southern army during the war. The President was away when we arrived, and only returned on Christmas Day, but he said he should like to receive us, as we were leaving the next morning, so General Hawley, the senator for Connecticut, took us to the White House at half-past three on Christmas Day afternoon. The house is far handsomer than I expected. The President¹ is a good-looking man, with pleasant, easy manners. He told Lucy that if we would stay on in Washington he would 'make himself personally responsible' for her enjoying her winter there more than even in New York. To-night we go in to Philadelphia for a dinner which our hosts give in our honour at the Bellevue Hotel. To-morrow I give the Emerson lecture, on Saturday I lecture in Jersey City, which is opposite New York, and then we have a day or two of rest in New York, as every one keeps the New Year, and it is useless to lecture. On the 3rd and 4th of January I lecture in New York ; then we go to Buffalo and Niagara, I lecturing at places on the way. From Buffalo I think Lucy will return to New York, and Flu will accompany me to the West. Lucy enjoys herself so much in New York, and the Butlers so like having her, that we like her to stay

¹ C. A. Arthur.

TO MISS ARNOLD

there. Now I must stop.—Ever your most affectionate
M. A.

This day two months, at latest, we start on our voyage home, I hope !

To the Same.

NEW YORK, *January 1, 1884.*

MY DEAREST FAN—I have half an hour's quiet in an admirable club here (the Union League), and I will employ it in writing to you, though I wrote only a few days since. A happy New Year to you, you dear girl, and many of them ! . . . Philadelphia is the most attractive city I have yet seen over here. I prefer it to Boston. We saw Christ Church, the oldest Anglican Church in America, which interested Arthur Stanley so much, where they still have the royal arms in the vestry, and the prayer-book with a meanly-printed prayer for the President pasted across the prayer for George the Third. The church is in the decorated Georgian style inside, which one used to see in the churches of the wealthy parishes round London ; and they have the good taste to keep this style for Christ Church, where Gothic would be quite unmeaning. I have had a baddish cold, but am now better, though my head is stuffy and my throat not quite comfortable. I have had a lull of two or three days for the New Year holidays, but begin lecturing again to-morrow. I go 200

TO MISS ARNOLD

miles to lecture at the other end of New York State, which is nearly as big as England, returning here at night in a sleeping-car. On the evening of the day of my return I lecture at Brooklyn, and at New York on the day following. Perhaps when I retire (if I live to retire) I shall come back here and visit the South and California; the audience I have in this country is really important, besides. But all this is prospective; at present I have to get through the cold West, where we shall have the thermometer commonly below zero. But one is wonderfully protected by the warmth of the cars in travelling, and of the houses when one is stationary. I hear the Longfellow girls, who are now at Girton, in England, are aghast at the cold, and the helpless way in which we endure it—and well they may be. England is still in the condition, in this respect, in which New England was half a century ago; if we had the cold of New England we should have been forced to improve matters, but we have a quantity of needless suffering as it is.—Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

DETROIT, *January* 18, 1884.

MY DEAREST FAN—It seems an age since I wrote to you, though I think it was only last week, from Utica.

TO MISS ARNOLD

I went on next week to a small college at Cayuga Lake, a beautiful lake forty miles long and three broad, in the old Indian territory, divided by a strip of undulating woody country, seven miles wide, from another similar lake, Seneca Lake (called from the Seneca Indians, not from the Roman philosopher), to the west. It was the same severe weather which we have had ever since Christmas—snow on the ground and hard frost, though the frost we have is not so severe, by any means, as what we read of; it ranges from 15 to 20 of Fahrenheit. I cannot tell you the pleasure of going to my window in the morning and looking out upon Cayuga Lake rolling blue and free before me. The middle and upper part of this lake never freezes, it is so deep. On the lower part, on my journey to Buffalo next day, I saw a sledge standing still on the snowy, frozen lake, with the horses half turned round, which struck me as the only picturesque thing I have seen in America; the picturesque is the rarest of things here, and the people have even less of the artist feeling than we have. I had a long day to Buffalo, but arrived there to find very comfortable quarters at a Mr. Milburn's, the leading lawyer there, an Englishman, who went out young, and married and settled in Buffalo. He is very nice, and so is his wife. Flu and Lucy joined us from Utica late in the evening. I had a very good house in Buffalo, and I think we sent you the Buffalo

TO MISS ARNOLD

paper with the account of the lecture. Next day was Sunday—bitterly cold ; the snow is heaped up in the streets of Buffalo higher than we have seen it anywhere. Buffalo is a place of 150,000 people, a commanding centre of trade between the East and the West. There, as elsewhere, it was affecting to find how many people thought themselves helped by me, and were looking forward to seeing me. On Monday Milburn took us to Niagara ; it is an expensive expedition, but we had not a farthing to pay, and it was organised perfectly. You know Niagara from pictures, but, of course, you should see it, and to see it in winter, with the trees bare and the gigantic icicles hanging down the precipices, is even better, I should think, than to see it in summer. Above the rapids, just close to the river edge, I broke off a bit of arbor vitæ as a remembrance ; the arbor vitæ is the evergreen shrub of the banks, as the holly might be with us. Just as we came out through the wood on Goat Island to the edge of the great fall an American eagle rose close to us, and flew, with its wide wings outspread, slowly across the fall. I have never seen an eagle (a wild one) so close before. Next morning I started early for Cleveland, and the others followed later. The railroad goes along the southern shore of Lake Erie. One sees vineyards and peach orchards as one approaches Cleveland, but Lake Erie is an un-moving sheet of snow like a frozen ocean, and

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

everything is pinched and dead. At Cleveland, I again had a large audience, and a charming man to introduce me, Colonel John Hay, who was Lincoln's private secretary. From Cleveland I went to Oberlin, an evangelical college, as we should say, where black students are educated along with white. I stayed in the President's house, the simplest and plainest living, on the whole, that I have seen in America. I have been interrupted by callers, as usual, and must now close this.—Your most affectionate brother, M. A.

We return by the *Servia* on 5th March.

To his Younger Daughter.

UNION CLUB, CHICAGO,
Sunday, January 21, 1884. 71

MY DARLING NELLY—Your letters are perfectly delightful. We got here late last night. We are staying with a great bookseller, who is also a general, and is always called General M'Clurg. He really was made a general in the Civil War, being a brisk and prominent man, but it is odd to address a bookseller as *General*. We arrived at the station at eight in the evening, and drove to his house. After a hasty dinner he hurried me off to a reception at the Literary Club, explaining to me on the way that I should have to make a speech. This

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

was the programme. The hundred members of the club were gathered together when we arrived. The President received me, and then the whole club filed out to supper, I standing by the President, and being presented to each member and shaking hands with him as he passed me. The supper table was splendidly decorated with flowers. I was put in a great chair by the President, and, having just dined, had to go through the whole course from oysters to ice, with plenty of champagne. Then the President welcomed me in the name of the club to Chicago. I returned thanks in a short speech. Then two other members of the club made speeches, one about my poetry, the other about my prose. Then some American songs were sung, and we broke up about midnight. We have had a week of good houses (I consider myself now as an actor, for my managers take me about with theatrical tickets, at reduced rates, over the railways, and the tickets have *Matthew Arnold troupe* printed on them). Mamma and Lucy get the benefit of them too. Irving has just been here, and the opera is beginning now that he is gone, so that I doubt whether my very grave entertainment will draw full houses here, but we shall see. We have taken our places on board the *Servia* on 5th March. The papers get more and more amusing as we get west.¹ A Detroit

¹ 'I proceeded to Chicago. An evening paper was given me soon after I arrived; I opened it, and found . . . the following picture

TO MISS ARNOLD

newspaper compared me, as I stooped now and then to look at my manuscript on a music stool, to 'an elderly bird pecking at grapes on a trellis'—that is the style of thing. I hope they are sending you the *Chicago Tribune* with the reports of yesterday's interviewing and the description of mamma and Lucy. How I long to see you again, my precious child! We hope to get some furs for you in Canada.—Your own loving
PAPA.

To Miss Arnold.

UNION CLUB, CHICAGO,
January 23, 1884.

MY DEAREST FAN.— . . . This is a great uninteresting place of 600,000 inhabitants, an *entrepôt* for trade between the East and the West. There are some beautiful parks, covering twenty miles, I believe, but in this weather we can see little of them. The striking thing in this city is its situation on the south-western shore of Lake Michigan. Michigan does not freeze like Lake Erie, it is so deep, and fed by so many springs. The day before yesterday I went by train to lecture at Milwaukee, 90 miles up the lake, and the principal town in Wisconsin; the line runs through a pleasing country full of what look like young oak planta-

of myself: "He has harsh features, supercilious manners, parts his hair down the middle, wears a single eye-glass and ill-fitting clothes." M. A. in *Nineteenth Century*, April 1888.

TO MISS ARNOLD

tions, but what are really the young trees springing up where the old oak forest has been cut down. At Wisconsin I was entertained by a Mr. Gordon, a Unitarian minister, but an Englishman by birth, the son of a great farmer near Dunstable. He remembered hearing of my coming to inspect at Dunstable, and Luton, and Toddington, when he was first beginning to feel interested in me from reading my books. He was like Tom—he disliked the state of society in the old world, went out to New England, married a wife there, and has now a chapel and a pleasant home at Milwaukee. We had a crowded lecture, and next morning, under a bright sun and a sharp frost, he drove me to the edge of the bluff above the lake. It was a glorious sight. Michigan is 400 miles long and 80 miles broad ; the water was alive, and moving right up to the shore ; ducks, which come down from the Arctic regions to winter, were swimming and sporting near the shore ; then came long narrow packs of floating ice, washed from shallow creeks along the shore ; beyond that the width of waters, as blue as I ever saw the Mediterranean. Milwaukee is a place of 150,000 people, on a great bay on this beautiful lake. How I wish I could go on to Superior City, a town at the head, and from there across to Lake Superior itself? Our berths are taken by the *Servia* on the 5th of March.—Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate brother, M. A.

TO MISS ARNOLD

To the Same

St. Louis, February 1, 1884.⁽²⁾

MY DEAREST FAN—Here we are at our farthest point, and in this old slave city I begin to recognise the truth of what an American told the Bishop of Rochester,¹ that ‘Denver was not ripe for Mr. Arnold.’ The audiences here are the smallest I have had—from 200 to 300 or 350,—comprising the best of the wealthy and cultivated people, headed by General Sherman, who is quite delightful. There is a large population descended from the French of Louisiana ; their interest is in their priests. There is a large German population ; their interest is in their beer-gardens and singing-halls. Of the English-speaking population there is the small cultivated and wealthy class I have mentioned, and there is a wonderful number of the ‘poor whites,’ of whom one heard so much in the slavery times. A revivalist called Evangelist Harrison is at present campaigning amongst them, holding daily and nightly services, and producing extraordinary effects. His ‘weeping girls’ are his crowning stroke. After the services he calls the young women forward to give proof by tears of being converted. You may imagine what the scenes are amongst these people with the religious cravings of our race in them, and

¹ Dr. Thorold.

TO MISS ARNOLD

also a dash of Southern heat. But St. Louis interests me very much ; it is very dirty certainly, and in the buildings there is the want of anything beautiful which in all the American towns depresses me, but it is an old place, and a mixed place, and it looks like both of these, and escapes the profound *Gemeinheit* of the ordinary American city thereby. And then there is the Mississippi. It is not so wide as the Rhine at Cologne, but then it is 1200 miles from its mouth ; it is very dirty, but then one knows it has just received the Missouri, and was clear till the muddy Missouri joined it. We are here in the latitude of Palermo, or something like it, but they have had the mercury at 20 below zero this winter, and the river was choked with ice in spite of the strong current. The 'ice-gorge' has broken up since we were here, and the river is now flowing free, though ice-blocks are tumbling about in it. Steamers cannot travel on it yet ; you have to go down to Memphis by rail, some 300 miles ; from there the river is free from ice to Orleans. Both Flu and I wish we were going ; the weather at New Orleans is now lovely, and the lonely wastes and cotton-fields through which the Mississippi flows, with the great trees hung with Spanish moss on the banks, would interest me for once far more than they would tire me. But it cannot be, and tomorrow we go out to Indianapolis, though tomorrow is Sunday. But we dine with General

TO MISS ARNOLD

Sherman to-night, and Monday will be too late for getting to Indianapolis in good time for the lecture that evening. We came here on Tuesday, through the frozen and besnowed prairie State of Illinois. As we got south one saw the 'poor whites' loafing about at the stations, as unsatisfactory-looking as the roughs in our large towns at home. Crossing the Illinois River, one of the great feeders of the Mississippi, was interesting, but the prairie State is one dull flat, in general. But as we approached the Mississippi all the snow disappeared, and the deep mud of the great river was everywhere, making utter sloughs of the roads and streets. We caught at Alton, twenty miles above St. Louis, our first sight of the river; it spreads out very much there, and has bluffs both on the Illinois and the Missouri side; the sun was setting over the Missouri bluffs, and the effect was very fine. It was nearly dark when we entered St. Louis by a huge suspension bridge. Soon after we got to our hotel General Sherman and Mr. Hitchcock, the leading lawyer here, and a Mr. Chapman, a great timber merchant, came to call, and sat a long while. All of them are pleasant, and their desire was to part our days here among them.

When I think of England, the desire to be back rises sometimes into a passion; but we are in February, and our berths taken for the 5th of March. And I shall like to see Canada, and

TO MRS. CROPPER

one place on the way to it—Cincinnati. We got your letter yesterday, and the *P. M. G.* with it, my dear. Many thanks for both. Lucy is in bliss at New York, but she is a goose to prefer it to Canada.—Always your most affectionate

M. A.

I send you rather a good sonnet, sent to me by an employé in a great book store at Chicago.

To Mrs. Cropper

CINCINNATI, February 7, 1884.

MY DEAREST SUSY—I cannot let my American tour pass without writing once to you. I send you a cutting from a newspaper at our last place. The comments are of all sorts, bad and good, but the friendly ones prevail greatly. What strikes me in America is the number of friends *Literature and Dogma* has made me, amongst ministers of religion especially,—and how the effect of the book here is conservative. The force of mere convention is much less strong here than in England. The dread of seeing and saying that what is old has served its time and must be displaced is much less. People here are therefore, in the more educated classes at least, less prone to conceal from themselves the actual position of things as to popular Protestantism than they are in England, and the alarm at my book, simply as a startling innovation, is

TO MRS. CROPPER

not considerable. This being so, the mind is left free to consider the book on its real merits. But I am not going to write you a letter about *Literature and Dogma*.

From Indianapolis we came here, to this finely-situated 'Queen City' of the Ohio. It has become a very smoky place of late years, with quite the climate of the manufacturing towns of England, but its situation is beautiful, and it has more look of age and solidity than most American towns. What strikes me so much in them all is, what is the truth, that they are so unfinished; they are like a new quarter still in the builders' hands, with roads half made and in a frightful state, and with heaps of rubbish and materials not yet cleared away. I lectured here last night, and gave the lecture on Numbers. It is a sort of lay sermon, and the people are beginning to like it much. I now *speak* it almost entirely, as it is getting lodged in my memory. In these large halls it is almost necessary to speak, as any stoppage to the voice, such as a book or paper coming between the speaker's mouth and the audience, is fatal. Of course, if you are near-sighted and have to hold your manuscript close to your face, the stoppage is worse still. . . .

On Saturday morning we are off for Cleveland, where I lecture that night,—an eight hours' journey, but away from the river and the floods. At Cleveland we pass Sunday with some

TO MISS ARNOLD

delightful people, Col. John Hay and his wife. On Monday we go on to Buffalo, to some more very nice people, with whom we have stayed already—the Milburns—and I lecture in Buffalo that night—then to Canada. We hope to sail for that blessed England on the 5th of March.
—Your ever affectionate brother, M. A.

To Miss Arnold

TORONTO, February 12, 1884.

MY DEAREST FAN—I meant to have written to you on Saturday from Cleveland, but our train was two hours late, and I had no time on arriving to do more than dress and dine before my lecture. On Sunday I had what is called here ‘a mail’; it brought me a welcome letter from you, but also invitations and business letters which consumed all the time I could get on that day for letter-writing. Yesterday I was travelling and lecturing, and to-day I have travelled and lectured, but the lecture was at three, and I get half an hour before dinner for writing to you. We have had an exciting week; we were Monday at Indianapolis, where I had a capital audience, and found some zealous disciples who interested me; on Tuesday we travelled through thaw and rain to the valley of the Ohio. The little brook which we followed down from the tableland of Indiana to the basin of the Ohio had become a furious

TO MISS ARNOLD

river before we reached Lawrenceburg, at the junction of the Miami with the Ohio. Lawrenceburg was only just out of water (it has been quite flooded since), and the low land around it was one lake. We entered the station at Cincinnati through water, and found the city full of rumours of flood. They had a great flood last year. The river when we arrived was 56 feet above its summer level, and rain was falling fast. Callers arrived as soon as we reached our hotel, and a number of gentlemen gave me a very pleasant dinner at the Club that evening. But no one could talk of anything but the flood. Cincinnati is built on the bank of the Ohio. The streets descend the steep bank to the river, and at the foot of every one of these descending streets you saw the great yellow river, boats and rafts conveying people about, and endeavours to save goods and furniture. The record of the hourly rise was posted in the street, and there were crowds to see the returns; the rise was an inch an hour. We passed the next day at a beautiful place in the environs, belonging to the daughter of Mr. Longworth, who was long the principal man in Cincinnati. The hills of the Ohio valley at Cincinnati are really picturesque, and the views from the park-like heights where we spent the day were very fine. The river, with its wooded hills, had a curve which bore a startling resemblance to Windermere, with its curve at the island, only the Ohio was much

TO MISS ARNOLD

broader. We dined at another place among the heights, and were then sent back in a carriage to Cincinnati. Next day we spent the morning in crossing over the great bridge to the Kentucky side and looking at the flood; from three to six we attended a great reception given in our honour; then again a lecture, again wonderfully well attended; then a farewell supper given us by some of our friends. Early the next morning we started for Cleveland, much delayed by the flood at starting and by the rottenness of the ground all along our route. At Cleveland we stayed with the John Hays; he was Lincoln's private secretary, and is very interesting; she was an immense heiress. Sunday we went to church, and then a long drive to a cemetery commanding a grand view of Cleveland and Lake Erie. Next morning we were up at six, and travelled to Buffalo, where we again stayed with the Milburns, whom we like extremely. I had very good houses both at Cleveland and at Buffalo. This morning we came on here, where we are the guests of Goldwin Smith. We are again in snow and ice here in Canada, but cannot lose the thought of our rushing Cincinnati River, and watch for telegrams. The river is now 67 feet, half a foot higher than the highest point of last year, and still rising. I find here a telegram from the Lansdownes,¹

¹ Lord Lansdowne was Governor-General of Canada, 1883-1888.

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

asking me to stay with them at Ottawa. Now I must dress.—Your ever affectionate brother,
M. A.

To his Younger Daughter

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK,
February 26, 1884.

This will be my last letter to you from this side, my darling child. Your letters have been our greatest pleasure, and we more than ever feel how we long to see you again, and how we must not again be parted from you in this fashion. Of course, the passage across the Atlantic is not a pleasant prospect at this season, but it will be constantly cheered by the thought that every day brings us nearer to our darling Nelly. My last lecture in the provinces was rather dismal; it was at Albany. There had been a fire at the hall the night before; the fire had been put out, but there was a smell of burning, and a slush of water, and the windows were all shaken so as to keep up, said the newspapers, 'a perpetual encore to the lecturer.' The thermometer was at 15, and people would not venture to the hall, so I had an audience of about 150, and they were uneasy and depressed. Now I lecture only once more in New York here—on Saturday, March the 1st. When you get this we shall be 'on the ocean,' as they say here. God bless you, my own precious Nelly. We have got you some little

TO C. E. NORTON

matters in furs, which I hope you will like. We have much dining out here this week, but it will soon be all over now. Lucy is still with the Coddingtons—such nice people.—Your own most loving
PAPA.

To C. E. Norton

78 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK,
February 27, 1884.

MY DEAR NORTON—Among my pleasantest recollections will be those of Shady Hill and its inmates, and of the days passed there. I wish we had caught a glimpse of you on our passage through Boston, but it could have been but a glimpse, as we arrived at 2 P.M. one day and went off at 8.45 A.M. the next. If I ever return, I fear there will be the same necessity of lecturing, but I shall arrange it on a very different plan, reserve to myself far more liberty, and, above all, manage to spend May and June here, and not your terrible winter months only. But I hope to see you on the other side before that.

Hervé said that at the end of his stay in London he felt himself not to have attained ‘one single clear intuition.’ I will not say that I feel myself precisely in this condition at the end of my stay in America, but I feel myself utterly devoid of all disposition to write and publish my intuitions, clear or turbid.

TO WALTER ARNOLD

You must look at 'Numbers' when it appears in full in the *Nineteenth Century*.

With love to all your party, I remain, my dear Norton, affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Walter Arnold

NEW YORK, *February 28, 1884.*

MY DEAR WALTER—You must not be the only one of my brothers and sisters to whom I have not written during my stay here. The business is nearly at an end. It will not have brought the profit which some people expected, but it will bring a good sum, and has shown me how a really large profit may be made if I come again. But when I once get safe over to the over side, shall I ever bring myself to start on such an errand again? To-day I have to visit the Seminary for training Presbyterian ministers—a speech. Later I have to attend a reception given me by the Authors' Club—a speech again. On Saturday I lecture, and have probably a speech to make besides. On Monday I visit the great training school for school-mistresses, and shall certainly have a speech to make. Besides this, luncheons and dinners to attend every day. Next Wednesday we start for England. . . .

I send you two letters, from which you will see what there is attractive in the intercourse one

TO WALTER ARNOLD

has with people over here, and what there is the reverse. Mr. Milburn, the writer of the Buffalo letter, is a very able young lawyer who does all the business of the great railway system which centres in Buffalo, and it is a pleasure to have such a letter from such a man. The other man mistakes me for Edwin Arnold, thinks I wrote *Belshazzar*, and writes as you see. He alludes to a speech I made in the two-thirds Ultramontane and one-third Orange Montreal, in which I said that the pretensions of the Catholic Church on the one hand, and the 'black Presbyterianism' of the Protestants on the other, hindered the fusion of French and English in Canada; but that I looked to literature for gradually opening and softening men's minds. Some of the Catholics much resented this; the Protestants took it better by far. Quebec is the most interesting thing by much that I have seen on this Continent, and I think I would sooner be a poor priest in Quebec than a rich hog-merchant in Chicago. Things in Egypt seem to have been much muddled. It is characteristic of ——— to avert his mind from a thing he does not like, to deal with it by expedients from day to day, and to trust to his speechifying for clearing himself when the break-down comes. I see they propose bringing Irving into Parliament. How like the *silliness* of which, in our politics, we see so much at present. The political sense of the people here seems to be sounder than with us, and the

TO M. FONTANÈS

soundest thing they have. To be sure, it is not confused by such a system of make-believes and conventions as ours. My love to your wife and to your Nelly. Our Nelly has been writing us letters which are perfectly delightful.—Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To M. Fontanès

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
April 2, 1884.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I was delighted to hear from you, though I do not quite know what you will say to my doctrine about France¹ when you read me in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*. But I wished for an opportunity to say it, and I had an opportunity given me in America ; for it was expedient in that country, where plain truth is not palatable, to lead up to the dangers of America through those of England and France. Tell me what you think of it, and what Scherer thinks of it.

I was extremely interested in Quebec and in the French people there. They came to hear me speak on Literature and Science, gave me an excellent reception, and were pleased at my talking French to them. The Englishman in those parts is apt to be what I call a Philistine, and a Philistine of a hard type ; and so is the Yankee too—indeed of a yet harder type than the

¹ In 'Numbers.'

TO JOHN MORLEY

Englishman. In Montreal I endeavoured to say how much mischief was caused by the jealous Ultramontaniam of the French Catholics, on the one side, and the 'black Presbyterianism,' the narrow Puritanism of the English Protestants, on the other ; but this was not agreeable to either of the parties inculpated.

I saw and learnt a great deal, but I am not going to write a book. Only, if you will come and see us, I will promise to talk to you about the United States as much as you please. I wish I could hear your 'Conference' in Paris !

Mrs. Arnold and Lucy were with me in America, and we all of us remember gratefully the unbounded hospitality and kindness shown to us.—Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To John Morley, M.P.

COBHAM, April 8, 1884.

MY DEAR MORLEY—In spite of your prohibition, I was fully intending to answer your kind letter when the rush of arrears on me had a little subsided. The thought of you, and of one or two others, was often present to me in America, and, no doubt, contributed to make me hold fast to 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' though, in truth, I have not that talent for 'blague' and

TO JOHN MORLEY

mob-pleasing, which is a real talent, and tempts many men to apostasy.

I have shaken hands with friends of whom I had never seen or heard, but who are going the same way as myself, and who have found me a help to them for some years past.

It must have been one of these friends who wrote the article for the Sunday issue of the *Boston Herald*—a coarse paper, but perhaps the strongest in America—of which I think you may like to read the full text.

I will send the Emerson. I have not yet read your essay on him—I have read nothing,—but I imagine we are pretty well in sympathy about him.—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. —Under your friend Stead, the *P. M. G.*, whatever may be its merits, is fast ceasing to be *literature*.

To the Same

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, *April 17, 1884.*

MY DEAR MORLEY—The enclosed is by a man of great freedom of mind, who was actually a Government official in Munster, and saw with his own eyes things and persons there. He is no longer in the public service, and wants to try his hand at literary work. He had better become a monk, but people do not become monks nowadays.

TO C. E. NORTON

I sent the second proof of Emerson to my American editor, but I don't think there is much chance of his being able to use it.—Ever yours,
M. A.

To H. A. Jones

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
May 20, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR—I have been travelling about, or I should have written sooner to you to thank you for the stalls, and to say that there was good writing in *Chatterton*, and good acting in Mr. Wilson Barrett's impersonation of the part, but the thing is too painful. I feel so strongly the defects of a situation where 'everything is to be endured, nothing to be done,' that I suppressed a dramatic sketch¹ of my own on that account; and though I afterwards restored it at Mr. Browning's request, I restored it for reading only—I would never have restored it for representation.—Very truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To C. E. Norton

COBHAM, SURREY, October 8, 1884.

MY DEAR NORTON—I had a presentiment that you would like the little Isaiah book,² but

¹ *Empedocles on Etna.*

² *Isaiah of Jerusalem.* 1883.

TO C. E. NORTON

am very glad to hear from yourself that you do. With a book of this kind it is particularly hard to make an impression in England at this moment; the new world thinks it knows all about the matter, and that nothing is to be made of it, and is sick of it; the old world profoundly distrusts the dealings with it of an innovator such as I am, wants no change in its ideas on the subject, and draws its bed-clothes over its ears. But the book will be useful some day, perhaps. *Literature and Dogma*, which the publishers hated cheapening, but of which I insisted on publishing a half-crown edition last winter, has done very well indeed, to their great surprise, and I am going to publish a popular edition of *God and the Bible* this winter. But then these books the new world thinks sufficiently 'novel and strange' to be bought, and the new world is getting very large and strong. I shall send you this new edition of *God and the Bible*, because in preparing it for the press I seem to find some chapters in it to be the best prose I have ever succeeded in writing.

You are quite right in saying that the influence of poetry and literature appears at this moment diminishing rather than increasing. The newspapers have a good deal to do with this. The *Times*, which has much improved again, is a world, and people who read it daily hardly feel the necessity for reading a book; yet reading a book—a good book—is a discipline such

TO HIS SON

as no reading of even good newspapers can ever give. But literature has in itself such powers of attraction that I am not over anxious about it.

Lowell's address¹ at Birmingham is full of good things, and the *Times* is loud in its praise. But here again I feel the want of body and current in the discourse as a whole, and am not satisfied with a host of shrewd and well-wrought and even brilliant sayings.—Believe me affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Son

GRAY HOUSE, DUNDEE,
October 28, 1884.

MY DEAREST DICK—The lecture² did very well—the Kinnaird Hall crammed; they say there were 2500 people, but I think there were about 2000. There was no one in the audience whom I cared to please as I cared to please you and Ella,³ but the attention was very deep, and was kept up to the end, and in all that great assembly there was no shifting about or restlessness. You seem to have written a charming letter to mamma, from whom I have heard to-day. I am come into Mr. Small's office in Dundee, four or five miles from Gray House, the old place of Lord Gray, the Scotch

¹ On Democracy.

² On 'Literature and Science,' delivered at Dundee, October 27, 1884.

³ His son's wife, daughter of Dr. Ford of Melbourne.

TO HIS SON

peer, which Mr. Small hires. The estuary of the Tay, on which the house looks, is very beautiful, and the whole district is full of fine seats and woods in all their autumn colour. I am to see the new University here, and a church, and the main street, and then I am to go out by train to Megginch Castle to lunch with the Drummonds. Lucy knows who they are. Later in the afternoon Mr. Small is to call for me in a carriage, and take me home by Rossie Priory, Lord Kinnaird's. Gray House is very comfortable—fires warm and dinner good. But no fires could warm me better, and no dinners could suit me better, than the fires and dinners at 243 Upper Brook Street, Manchester.¹ I had a cold journey to Wigan, and on the platform there it was windy and dismal. They told me at the booking-office there was no chance of a berth in a sleeping-car, but when the train came up the guard of the Perth carriage told me he had one. He threw open a door, and revealed a pursy man on his back in bed, close to whom I should have had to lie. I said No thank you, and tumbled into an empty first-class carriage, where I soon made myself a nest. Tell Ella her cap and cloud were invaluable ; I don't know which was most important. At Carlisle a German merchant got in, and established himself on the other (the windy) side of the carriage ; after that

¹ His son's house.

TO A. MACKAY

we were undisturbed. I slept brokenly, but I got a fair allowance of sleep altogether. At Stirling (7 A.M.) I pulled up the blinds just in time to see the long line of the Grampians, clothed half way down with snow, shining in the morning light like the line of the Alps seen from Turin. The peak of Schiehallion was like Monte Viso. Sunday's rain had filled the rivers, and they came foaming and tumbling along—the first time this year I have seen them behaving in this proper manner. I breakfasted at Perth, and got to Invergowrie at ten. Mr. Small's carriage met me, and when I got to the house (one of those long, low old Scotch houses with endless windows in front) I had a bath, shaved and dressed, and was all right. To-night there is a dinner-party, and to-morrow I go quite early. They stop the train for me at Invergowrie, I catch the fast train at Perth, and reach Leeds by the train we settled.

Now I must stop.—I am always, my darling boy, your own most loving
PAPA.

*To A. Mackay*¹

WHARFESIDE, BURLEY IN WHARFEDALE,
LEEDS, *November 3, 1884.*

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter and cheque have just reached me here. You have sent me too

¹ Secretary to the 'Armitstead Trust,' founded by George Armitstead, M.P. for Dundee.

TO H. A. JONES

much, and, if we had come to our settlement when we met in Dundee, I should only have accepted the price of my railway ticket from London and back. However, I do not know what the excess actually is, so I am going to give myself the benefit of my ignorance, and to keep your cheque.

I had an excellent audience, and a most kind reception. I am bound to feel grateful to Dundee, because a number of young teachers, when I was comparatively unknown and my books were dear, clubbed together to buy them. Many thanks for the kind expressions in your note. I hope we may some day meet again.
—Most faithfully yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To H. A. Jones

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
December 23, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR—I went to see *Saints and Sinners*, and my interest was kept up throughout, as I expected. You have remarkably the art—so valuable in drama—of exciting interest and sustaining it. The piece is full of good and telling things, and one cannot watch the audience without seeing that by strokes of this kind faith in the middle-class fetish is weakened, however slowly, as it could be in no other way.

TO HIS SON

I must add that I dislike seduction-dramas (even in *Faust* the feeling tells with me), and that the marriage of the heroine with her farmer does not please me as a *dénouement*.

Your representative middle-class man was well drawn and excellently acted.—Very truly yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Son

LONDON, February 24, 1885.

MY DEAREST DICK—On Sunday I was unable to write either to your Aunt Fan or you, for in the afternoon, my time for writing, I was making calls, and was kept so long that I could write no letters afterwards. To-night I am going to dine with Lord Rosebery, and shall perhaps hear something about the Australian offers of help,¹ as he is so great a friend to the colonists. I do not wonder that you and Ella have been pleased at the offers and at the notice of them by the newspapers. Every one is blaming Lord Derby's stupid way of treating them, though it is said he does not really mean to decline them, but only to ask for a little time to see exactly what will be wanted. I am afraid that as the hot weather comes on, the force in Egypt will waste very fast, and we shall want all the men we can get. About Herat and the Russian advance

¹ In the Soudan.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

people to-day seem to be reassured. But the times are very anxious, and I do not think the present Government are good people for dealing with them.

Mamma and Nelly make constant expeditions together, sallying out generally on foot, and returning in a hansom. This¹ is the most convenient situation we have ever been in; Eccleston Square is our only difficulty; in general, every place one wants to go to seems quite at hand. The other day at Grillon's I sate next Lord Northbrook, who has excellent fishing on the upper Itchen. He asked me if I would come down there with him some day and try it; so, unless he forgets his proposal, there is some more Hampshire fishing for me—the best trout-fishing, I think, in the world. Mamma will perhaps have told you that a new edition of my poems is called for. My love to Ella, and I am always, my dear old Dick, your loving
PAPA.

X To his Elder Daughter²

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
February 24, 1885.

MY DARLING CHILD—A beautiful day with a bright sun and a south-west wind. What an awful spell of weather they seem to be having in

¹ Manchester Square.

² Married to F. W. Whitridge of New York.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

America ! We thought much of you yesterday—it was your afternoon. I wish I could have looked in at it ; but we rather pity you for your incessant luncheons and day business. It is a sign of real civilisation when the world does not begin till 8 P.M. and goes on from that to 1 A.M.—not later. I hope you will gradually form your own habits, and that you will neither give up walking nor give up reading. Keep always something going besides the mere novel of the hour. You know what pleasure your turn for reading always gave me, and you will find the resource more and more precious. They are bringing out *Junius* at Wilson Barrett's theatre, and I need not say I have been asked to attend the first representation and to write a page of 'Old Play-goer' about it. I have refused. In the first place we dine out that night ; in the second the play cannot be very good, or Bulwer would have brought it out in his lifetime. If it is poor I should not like to do execution upon it, as Bulwer was always so studiously kind to me. . . . Knowles has just stepped in and asked us to dine with him to meet Lord Acton, and I have accepted. Lord Acton is here so little, and I like him so much. To-night I dine with Lord Rosebery. On Sunday at Lady Reay's I was introduced to Lady Garvagh, and talked to her a long while ; she made herself very pleasant. Lady Reay spoke sweetly of you, my darling. Last night we dined with Lord Coleridge and met

TO JOHN MORLEY

Lord and Lady Feilding. You remember her as that pretty Miss Clifford ; and she is as sweet-mannered as she is pretty. Nearly every day, Miss Lu, I go home to luncheon and take the dear man¹ his round in Hyde Park afterwards; he quite expects it, and is the best of boys. I did not take him to Cobham last Saturday, but all the coming Saturdays I shall take him. Next Saturday mamma is coming with me. . . . It is a pleasant walk to the Cobham Station for the 5.7 train. You will find it makes quite a change as to the labour of getting to and from London. I am to be painted by Weigall for Mr. Knowles, who is making a collection of his chief contributors; there will at last be as many portraits of me as of Rubens's wife. Do not forget the Delafields. Are you not much pleased with the offers of service made by the Colonies? It is pretty to see Ella's pride and delight in them. Your letters are delightful, my child. I always cry when they are read to me ; but it is a happy cry.—Your own loving PAPA.

To John Morley, M.P.

7a MANCHESTER SQUARE,
March 2, 1885.

MY DEAR MORLEY—I am losing sight of you, which is very bad. But we are here for a few

¹ Dachshound.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

weeks, and I don't know when we may be here again. Can you come and dine with us next Monday, the 9th, at eight, to meet a Montrealer who was very kind to me in Canada, and who is all with you and Goldwin Smith, and against Forster, on the Federation Question? You will also meet Browning and the Gosses. Do snatch two or three hours from the 'Thyestëan banquet'¹ in Palace Yard, and give us all the great pleasure of seeing you again.—Ever yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Elder Daughter

LONDON, March 17, 1885.

MY DARLING CHILD—This morning I have your letter to console me for being left alone—mamma and Nelly having gone down yesterday to East Grinstead. They come back to-day, and your dear letter will delight their eyes when they come in. . . . I think we dine out more than ever: we have not a single free evening till Passion Week. Yesterday we had four invitations to dinner arrive in the course of the day, not one of which we could accept. Of course it is a great pleasure to take Nelly about; she enjoys it so much. Mamma and I constantly

¹ 'We are now on the point of commencing what Arminius, with his fatally carping spirit, called our "Thyestëan banquet of clap-trap";—we are on the eve of the meeting of Parliament.'
—*Friendship's Garland*.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

say to each other : ‘ Lucy would be pleased with her dress to-night ’ ; and then we add : ‘ and if we could have seen Lucy herself come into the room ! ’ Nelly dined with us at the Pascoe Glyns on Saturday, and went to the Ripons afterwards, looking her very best and making herself her very pleasantest. On Sunday I went to Aston Clinton ; they always ask much about you there. It was a large party this time : Sir Nathaniel, the Roseberys, the Marjoribankses (she is Lord Randolph Churchill’s sister), Arthur Balfour and Reginald Brett, and a young Ferguson, member for Ross-shire. Lord Rosebery is very gay and ‘ smart,’ and I like him much. I have promised to go to the Durdans, near Epsom, which he likes much the best of all his places ; it is very small. Lady Rosebery produced, for me to write in, an interesting autograph-book she has just set up, beginning with the Queen, who has written Tennyson’s stanza ‘ ’Tis better to have loved and lost,’ in her very best and boldest hand. Then the Prince of Wales has written a long rigmarole out of a French author about l’amour ; the Princess, ‘ Plus penser que dire,’ and ‘ Plutôt mourir que changer ’ ; each of the Princesses a sentiment and the two Princes—that of Prince George being : ‘ Little things on little wings bear little souls to Heaven.’ Gladstone has written a verse from Wordsworth ; Lord Salisbury, ‘ Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint ’

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

(Mr Whitridge will tell you what it means, but learn German), from Faust. Lord Granville some very poor verses; Millais a capital impromptu. Altogether the book much amused everybody. . . . To-night we dine with Admiral Maxse. To-morrow we have a young party here; the Star Bensons for chief; but I have asked Pigott the Licenser as a second old death's head beside mine. On Saturday we dine at the Arthur Hobhouses', and have Lady Hayter's second party afterwards. Nelly likes these crushes better than anything. Now I must stop.—Always, my own precious child, your most loving

PAPA.

To the Same

COBHAM, April 28, 1885.

MY DARLING LUCY—I had your long letter, and as sweet as it was long, yesterday evening; never imagine that I mind about your not writing direct to me, but still this was a beautiful letter. I have a letter from Major Pond to ask what I am going to do; I am waiting to hear from you, but I think from what you say to Dick that you are dropping the intention of coming over this year. But we shall be guided by your decision. We have beautiful weather, and I have just been making one of those rounds of mine in the garden which you so well remember. The blossom is a sight of beauty

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

this year on the fruit trees, and I hope there will be some fruit. Dew and I are diligently following the treatment laid down in the pamphlet Mrs. Lushington gave me, and I hope it will answer ; certainly the bloom seems finer on the trees to which the treatment is applied than on those to which it is not. In another week the lilac will be out, and a week after that the broom and the laburnum. It is a heavenly moment of the year in England, certainly. I took the dear dogs the Burwood round yesterday. I got back from London at four, having walked from the station. Both dogs were sitting in the passage with their eyes intent on the hall door, in despair at the day slipping by without their walk, Miss Lu. You may imagine their delight. Max is now no trouble to me whatever ; when we enter Burwood at the further lodge Kai is always put in the chain. As we went along that pretty walk under the chestnuts the cuckoo was so loud and so close that Max was fairly puzzled and stood still ; at that moment a squirrel seemed to rise out of the ground at our feet, and ran up one of the trees. Kai strained and tugged, but I had him in the chain ; Max was so absorbed by the cuckoo that he never perceived the squirrel. I should have liked to have seen your gray squirrels building ; I thought them beautiful creatures, and quite as interesting as ours. . . . My love to the Butlers when you see them.—Always, my darling child, your own loving PAPA.

TO HIS SON

To his Son

COBHAM, *Sunday* (May 1885).

MY DEAREST DICK—I hoped to have heard definitely about Chenies before writing to you ; I think, however, Lord Tavistock will give me two days in Whitsun week.

I had been having a horrid pain across my chest, and on Friday mamma carried me to Andrew Clark, who has put me on the strictest of diets for one week—no medicine, but soup, sweet things, fruit, and, worst of all, all green vegetables entirely forbidden, and my liquors confined to one small half-glass of brandy with cold water, at dinner. I am to see how this suits me. He thinks the pain is not heart, but indigestion. At present I feel very unlike lawn tennis, as going fast or going up hill gives me the sense of having a mountain on my chest ; luckily, in fishing, one goes slow and stands still a great deal.

I have been down at Exeter to inspect the Training School there, and stayed with Lawley at Exminster, where the Exe becomes a tidal river. There are some salmon, but nothing else. The county is pleasant, but not, to me, so pleasant as Surrey. The rains have been very good for the garden, and the new treatment which I have been trying for the fruit trees seems really most successful. I think we are

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

going to have a really great crop of pears and plums ; you know, we have not had any to speak of hitherto. It is a great amusement to watch the trees and see the blossom setting. The treatment consists in administering guano while they are flowering ; this enables them to resist cold, and gives them strength to set their fruit. I send you rather a nice note I have just had from a young Catholic priest ; you may burn it when you have read it. My love to dear Ella.—Your ever loving PAPA.

To his Elder Daughter

COBHAM, *Whitmonday* (1885).

MY DARLING—It is a long while since I wrote to you, but you will know how you have been in our minds and on our tongues. Your husband is an angel, but he must come over for the last month, or your visit will not be quite enjoyed by us with a good conscience. I send you a note I have had this morning from Coleridge, which will show you that he is doing honour to your recommendation and entertaining your friends. We will get them down here, too ; but, of course, the Coleridge visit is the more important.

Well, my darling, and now I look at things about the place I say, This must be put right before Lucy comes. It is a beautiful year, the

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

first year that we have had the lilac and laburnum in glory. And such crops of pears ! The strawberries are good too, and you will be just in time for them, I hope. We are off this afternoon, mamma and I, for Chenies, where Dick and Ella are to meet us. . . . Mamma will drive Ella over to show her Harrow, and Dick and I shall fish. Lord Tavistock has hitherto given no leave at all this May, so I expect the fishing will be good. The weather is showery, as is right, but I wish it were warmer. . . . I have got to like Mrs. Charles Lawrence very much. I dined there on Friday, and took Lady Hayter in to dinner—beautifully dressed as usual. We dine on the 3rd of June with the Archbishop of Canterbury,¹ which I always think a gratifying marvel, considering what things I have published. I cannot get rid of the ache across my chest when I walk ; imagine my having to stop half a dozen times in going up to Pains Hill ! What a mortifying change. But so one draws to one's end. My love to your husband, and tell him he is to mind and comply with the injunctions in my letter.—Your own loving and expecting

PAPA.

¹ Dr. Benson.

TO M. FONTANÈS

To M. Fontanès

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, *July 18, 1885.*

My DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I have been sending you my *Discourses in America*,¹ and that brings to my mind that I ought to have written to you long since. But I am finishing my business in the Education Department, previous to resigning my office there, and I have been more than usually busy in consequence. But directly I saw the *Life of Gordon* I said to myself that here was the book for you. It is badly edited, but it is full of interesting things, and it has for its subject a man who has struck the imagination of all people. In a superior redaction, and with much omitted, a fascinating book might be made out of the bulky and inconvenient publication which people here are reading, certainly, but are grumbling at while they read it, and asking themselves how it can be that a book about Gordon does not interest them more.

Have you seen a book by a certain Professor Henry Drummond, called *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, which has had an astonishing success over here? The best public, perhaps, does not much care for it; but the second

¹ The year before his death Matthew Arnold told the editor of these Letters that *Discourses in America* was the book by which, of all his prose-writings, he should most wish to be remembered.

TO HIS WIFE

best, all the religious world, and even the more serious portion of the aristocratical world, have accepted the book as a godsend, and are saying to themselves that here at last is safety and scientific shelter for the orthodox supernaturalism which seemed menaced with total defeat. I should like much to know what you think of the book, though I can hardly imagine its suiting any public but that very peculiar and indirect-thinking public which we have in England. What is certain is, that the author of the book has a genuine love of religion and a genuine religious experience ; and this gives his book a certain value, though his readers, in general, imagine its value to be quite of another kind. He is a Scotch Presbyterian, quite unknown until the other day, with pleasing manners, and great success in addressing audiences of working men on the subject of religion.

My American daughter is with us, and she, as well as her mother and sister, sends you her affectionate remembrances.—I am always most truly and cordially yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife

DUFFRYN, MOUNTAIN ASH,
SOUTH WALES, *August 25, 1885.*

This must be short because we have been all the morning at the Eisteddfod, and now

TO HIS WIFE

the girls want me to play lawn tennis before tea, as I am to go out with Lord Aberdare afterwards. I had a very good journey—swarms of people, particularly babies, but all third-class. I had a carriage to myself all the way, except from Carnforth to Preston, and my luggage, portmanteau and all, in with me, the guard saying there was no chance of my being disturbed. I had to change at Crewe and Shrewsbury. There is nothing on the journey more beautiful than the passage at Church Stretton between Caer Caradoc and the Long Mynd, which you have seen; but it is a pleasing country all the way, and the Welsh valleys and rivers, with the high viaducts spanning them, very interesting. There were traces of rain from Abergavenny onwards; they had a little rain yesterday morning, and much the day before; to-day it is beautiful. This valley is beautiful, and the house and grounds so placed that the mines and houses of miners do it no harm; but the population swarms, it is really one street from here to Aberdare, four miles. . . . Lord Aberdare is a dear, and so is a little French dog, Patou, with whom I have made great friends. This morning we all drove into the Eisteddfod, and heard Sir G. Elliot's address; it was all rather dull, but I got off speaking by saying I would only speak once, and *that* they wished should be on Thursday, the chief day. They want me

TO HIS WIFE

to stay till Monday, but I shall not. My love to Fan and all, and kisses to the sweet girls. Tell Nelly I am still shocked when I think of the farewell her laziness obliged me to take of her.

To the Same

DUFFRYN, MOUNTAIN ASH,
SOUTH WALES, August 26, 1885.

I am ashamed to think of the poor scrap I sent you yesterday, when I look at the charming long letter I have from you to-day. Lord Aberdare says he cannot quite forgive me for not bringing with me a wife and daughter—a wife at the very least, and I am sure this is a place and family you would like. As for Patou, he is angelic; but he must be reserved for our meeting. It is hard to find time to write, one's day is so laid out; and perhaps one of the healthiest things in visiting is that one's day is thus laid out and one has no time for doing more than what one's hosts mean one to do. After I wrote to you yesterday, I had some very good lawn tennis with three of the girls, and then after tea a beautiful walk with Lord Aberdare and another of the girls along the side of the beautiful mountain opposite. Then Miss Napier and two of the girls went to the Eisteddfod concert, and we dined without them. I send Fan the ivy-leaved campanula, which grows in quantities on the

TO HIS WIFE

mountain where we walked yesterday. All the country has a softness and foreignness which are not English, and the plants would be very interesting if one had but more time to look for them. On the whole, I did more yesterday, and did it easier, than I have done since I was first visited by this pain. I was a little tired, but the cool champagne at dinner brought me quite round. We have been again at the Eisteddfod this morning; I had to make a little speech to second the vote of thanks to the president, because, it appeared, he wished it. The people here receive me so well that it wonderfully takes off from the difficulty of speaking. The audience is certainly a wonderful sight, and, I shall always think, does credit to the country which can produce it. It was much fuller to-day than yesterday, and will be much fuller to-morrow than to-day, because the shops in Aberdare are to be closed early. Lord Aberdare wants me to stay till Monday, in order to go to Llanthony Abbey on Saturday. If he could have gone there on Friday, I think I should have stayed till Saturday; but he has to attend the Friday sitting of the Eisteddfod, so I shall come home on Friday, as at first intended.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

To his Elder Daughter

COBHAM, Tuesday, October 6, 1885.

MY DARLING LUCY—Yesterday morning while I was dressing, mamma broke in with the telegram announcing your safe arrival at New York. We had very stormy weather here on Friday and Saturday, and though of course we knew it might be different over there, still the howling wind could not but make us feel anxious. I was at Mentmore on Friday, on the top of a hill, where the raging of the wind was fully felt; I kept constantly thinking of you. And now we are longing to hear of your voyage, and how you are. If you arrived on Saturday *morning*, you took exactly the same time as we took, when we went out in the *Servia*; if later in the day, you took longer. . . . I had a pleasant visit at Mentmore: the house is splendid, and not only splendid but the perfection of comfort. Lord Rosebery is a great man for books and reading, not a mere politician, and this makes him much more interesting. He asked me to go down to Dalmeny, where he is to receive Gladstone in the latter part of this month; but I have promised to do 'Sainte Beuve' for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by the end of the month, and these visits, though in many ways pleasant and profitable, are fatally distracting. I am not going to Knowsley either,

TO MISS ARNOLD

where Lady Derby has asked me. Lord Spencer was at Mentmore—very pleasant. He told me Lady S. had lost by death her beloved Dachs, and he had been in hopes she would never have another dog—her heart got so knit to them; however she has got another. Next week I have to go to Oxford for three days to inspect a training school—that I shall like; and if the Warden of Merton asks us, I shall take mamma and Nelly with me. I think Oxford is still, on the whole, the place in the world to which I am most attached. Take all possible care of your dear self, and so you will best please your fondly loving

PAPA.

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, Sunday, October 18, 1885.

MY DEAREST FAN—To-morrow I begin inspecting again, but it will be light, as several of my schools are taken by Sharpe. I have been for three nights at Oxford this last week, staying at Corpus in the perfection of comfort; Fowler, the President, is a bachelor. The house is as pleasant and cheerful a one as — is the reverse. I dined at the Oriel Gaudy on Thursday, and met two bishops, Stubbs and Wordsworth; the other two nights there were people to dinner in Corpus. I saw many things I had never seen before: the Corpus plate which is unique in

TO MISS ARNOLD

Oxford, not having been melted down for Charles the First ; the library which is full of treasures ; the long record of papa's admission as a scholar in presence, as the fashion then was, of a notary public ; the spoons given by papa when he left the College—these and a mustard-pot given by Keble are now put aside as curiosities and not brought into use ; finally, papa's rooms, which had formerly been Bishop Jewell's. The College is a most interesting one ; its founder, Bishop Fox, who had accumulated a large sum to found a convent of monks, was warned by the King's ministers that monks had had their day and that property left for their benefit would not be safe, so he founded a college for learning instead—at the very beginning of the sixteenth century. Much was said at Oxford about my coming forward for the Chair of Poetry, and I believe a requisition will be sent to me. On Friday I got out to Hinksey and up the hill to within sight of the Cumner firs. I cannot describe the effect which this landscape always has upon me—the hillside with its valleys, and Oxford in the great Thames valley below. The pears are now coming in in good earnest ; why are you not here to help eat them ?—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

TO HIS SON

To his Son

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
October 19, 1885.

MY DEAREST DICK—You say you are told nothing from home. I am just back from the Office, where the authorities had sent for me to ask if I would go to Berlin and Paris to get information for them as to Free Schools. I should like it very much, because on one of these official tours one has the opportunity of learning so much. They have to get the consent of the Treasury, but Lord Cranbrook is certain of obtaining that ; and by the beginning of November I shall be off, as they want my report at Christmas, that they may acquaint themselves with the facts before Parliament meets. Won't this be news for mamma and Nelly to-night? I shall go to Berlin, which is an expensive and not delightful place, by myself ; and then I hope they will meet me in Paris. I shall not be away more than six weeks. Then at Christmas you and Ella will come to us, which will be delightful. I like to hear of your going out shooting : I think you did very well indeed, though I myself find partridges easier to hit than pheasants. . . . I had a delightful three days at Corpus, staying with the President ; it is a college I greatly like. I went alone up the Hinksey hillside

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

towards Cumner Hurst, and enjoyed it more than I can say. I hope your pears will turn out well ; they want watching. Ours are delightful. The dear men¹ would send their love, Mr. Dick, if they knew I was writing ; they took the Red-hill round with me yesterday, and were patterns. My love to dear Ella.—Your own ever loving
PAPA.

To his Elder Daughter

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, October 27, 1885.

MY DARLING LUCY—I have just got Miss Butler's letter. Give her my love when you see her, and tell her that there was affection in my message to her, and in all my messages to her there will be affection. I was delighted to hear from her. I have had a charming note, too, from Fannie Coddington, and another from Bessie Marbury. I constantly find myself thinking with pleasure of once more seeing both the friends I have on the other side the Atlantic and also the country itself. But it seems likely that I shall see the Continent of Europe before I see America, as I think I told you last week. However, I have heard nothing more about it, so I will say nothing more at present except to tell you that I said to mamma the other morning before I got up : 'I have been thinking in

¹ Dogs.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

the night *how* I shall miss my Lucy in Paris ; she is such a perfect companion there.' Nelly expects to enjoy it very much ; but your knowing French so well and taking so much interest in things gave you a special value as a companion when we were together there. We all agree that Mr. Woodhouse in *Emma* is rather like *me* ; in particular, so far as his sayings to and of his daughters are concerned. Mamma will have told you of the requisition from Oxford about the Poetry Professorship. I send you a charming article by Andrew Lang, which appeared in the *Daily News* ;¹ and I would send you an equally charming one by Escott which appeared in the *World*,² only it seemed to me that the *World* is the one English paper, besides *Punch*, which you all see in America. We have had a beautiful bright day, like an autumn day in America ; and the colours are beautiful too, only we want more of the American reds in addition to our yellows ; still the Spanish chestnuts, beeches, birches, and hornbeans are lovely pieces of colour. All the morning I was up a ladder gathering the pears, and you should see the baskets of them I brought in. Then I brought in a basket of walnuts ; and to-morrow at dessert (we have Admiral Maxse, the Combes, and the Helmes at dinner) we shall have grapes, pears, and walnuts of our own growing. Dear Max

¹ Of October 24, 1885.

² Of October 21, 1885.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

has been very rheumatic, but is better this morning. While I was gathering the pears he was all the time worrying round the cucumber frame where the yellow cat now establishes himself for warmth, uttering a deep 'beuglement' and vainly endeavouring to get in; Kai, seated on the path close by, regarding him with astonishment and asking me by his looks: Is he beside himself?

My love to Fred.—Ever, my darling girl,
your own loving PAPA.

To the Same

COBHAM (November 1885).

MY DARLING CHILD— . . . What does Fred say to the astounding attack made by the *New York Times* on Whitelaw Reid? it has been telegraphed over here. The *New York Times* was the paper they told us was their best—the Butlers took it in. Imagine our *Times* writing in this way about the editor of the *Standard*! Say what Carnegie and others will, this is the civilisation of the Australian Colonies and not of Europe—distinctly inferior to that of Europe. It distresses me, because America is so deeply interesting to me, and to its social conditions we must more and more come here; but *these* social conditions! All this for Fred. I have a long and gloomy letter from Milburn, at Buffalo, too. But here things are breaking up, and all the

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

politicians in their multitude of speeches never say one word which shows real insight, one word for the mind to rest upon ; so the prospect is not very cheering here, either. I start to-morrow morning. Cardinal Manning has given me letters to the Archbishop of Cologne, who is to put me in communication with the Catholics in North Germany, that I may hear other than official accounts of the schools. All this will be very interesting, and I am told that I am going at just the right time for Berlin, and that it has grown into a much finer and most brilliant place in the last six years. We shall see. I did not care for it in 1865. I have a letter for an old country gentleman, Count Canitz, in Silesia, where I hope I shall go for a day or two and see real old German rural life. Then I go to Dresden, then perhaps to Munich, then to Berne, Zurich, Lucerne. . . . From the 22nd of December to the 4th or 5th January we shall be here, and then mamma, Nelly, and I shall go together to Paris till the end of the month. I daresay the American papers will have told you about the Oxford professorship, and how 400 undergraduates followed up the memorial of the heads and tutors with a memorial of their own. Every one is very kind as one grows old, but I want my Lucy. How I wish you could eat the Marie Louise pears ! they are a perfect success. My love to Fred.—Your ever fondly affectionate

PAPA.

TO HIS WIFE

To his Wife

KAISERHOF, BERLIN, *November 14, 1885.*

I rather hoped to find a letter from you last night, or at least to have had one to-day, but I have not. I found a letter from Fan waiting for me, but have had no other. I sent you a post-card from Calais, and wrote to you from Cologne; and hope to send a letter regularly every other day. After I wrote to you from Cologne, I had supper and went to bed. The six o'clock *table d'hôte* of Cologne I could not stand, so what do you think of the four o'clock *table d'hôte* here—unless one goes every night to the theatre, what an impossible dinner hour! I went early to bed, was called at seven, had the breakfast you like—good coffee and a roll—and was off at half-past eight. A dull, foggy morning, but Cologne is a beautiful place, and I should like to be a couple of days there with you. The journey to Berlin is long, because the country is thoroughly dull, except a little bit of Westphalia, and of the one or two interesting towns one passes—such as Düsseldorf, Dortmund, Hanover—one sees nothing. I had a carriage to myself, but at Dortmund, two Germans, wealthy merchants I should think, got in. My enjoyment of the day was gone, because when they very civilly asked me if I minded their smoking (there are no absolutely non-smoking

TO HIS WIFE

carriages except for ladies) I felt bound to say no, and they smoked incessantly, and bad tobacco. However, I kept a bit of window open, and read a great deal ; talking enough to them in German (for neither of them spoke any French or English) to convince myself that my German has become, as I told you, shocking. We reached Berlin at half-past eight. It was so dark that when we crossed the Elbe an hour or so before Berlin, I could not see it. At Berlin I had no difficulty, for all is well organised. I got a porter and a *Droschke*, and came to this splendid hotel. I have a very good bedroom on the second floor. The hotel is on the Ziethen Platz, very near the Unter den Linden, and I look out partly on the Mohren Strasse, partly on a church—a very good look-out. Then I unpacked my things and went to bed. I bought *Sapho* at the Calais station, and shall keep it for you. The *data* of the book are, of course, shocking, and deserve all that is said against them ; still the book is one of Daudet's very best, perhaps actually his best, and extremely interesting. I have been reading the *Odyssey* to-day to take the taste out of my mouth, still Daudet imagines his book to be full of 'morality' (he dedicates it to 'My sons at twenty'), and some sort of morality it really has. However, reading it in the train had tired my head, and I was glad to get a good long sleep. I was up at eight, breakfasted in the restaurant

TO HIS WIFE

on *chocolate* (very good here) and a roll, for coffee does not suit me and the tea is sad stuff. Then I went out and did my Berlin, which has become what is called a very fine city indeed. Exactly what——misses in New York it has in perfection—the finish, care, and neatness ; but it is, alack ! as new as New York, for the typical houses of old Berlin are gone, or are disappearing.

To the Same

BERLIN, *Sunday* (November 1885).

I said I should not write to-day, but I shall scratch a line every day if I can ; the more so if I have such delightful letters to thank you for as yours of this morning. I will write to my Nelly to-morrow. I don't want you to feel bound to write every day ; it is so different when one is in a new place and has always a sort of journal to send ; but do not harass your sweet self to write when you are pressed with other things. I shall always understand when I do not hear. I have seen Sir Edward Malet, and like him. Lord Rosebery had written to him about my seeing Bismarck, but Bismarck is not here, and will probably not be here while I am ; he does not come even for the meeting of Parliament. I expect to-morrow Sir E. Malet will get his answer from the Foreign Office here, to which he has written for an introduction to the Educa-

TO HIS WIFE

tion Minister for me ; and then I shall be able to get to work. You would very much enjoy this place, and I should enjoy it much more if you were here to enjoy it with me. The troops are splendid : Sir E. Malet said it is a constant pleasure to look at them ; and so it is. Not the least swagger or ferocity—on the contrary a generally quiet, humane look ; but such men and such discipline ! I like the looks of the officers too ; the Club is full of them, and all in uniform. After I had written to you yesterday evening I went down and dined at the restaurant in discomfort, for a great fête to Rubinstein was coming on and everything was upset. The Berlin Philharmonic gave it. It began with a concert, at which all the best musicians of Berlin helped. This was in the next room to the one where I dined, and ladies were perpetually passing through in full dress, followed by a maid with a bundle ; the bundle was to convert them into proper subjects for the *bal costumé*, which was to begin, after supper, at eleven. I suppose you and Dick would have enjoyed the music, of which while I dined I had the full benefit. After dinner I went out into the streets for peace. I was not at all disturbed at night—this house is so large and well built ; but indeed the ball ended soon after one.

TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

To Lady de Rothschild

KAISERHOF, BERLIN, *November 14, 1885.*

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I actually started from the Athenæum, before I left London, to call in Grosvenor Place, but I was stopped on the road, and then it was too late. I think I should have persevered had I been sure of finding you, but I knew it was three chances to one you would be at Aston Clinton. But I wished you to know of this impulse, at any rate ; it is much too long since I saw you or heard of you.

I am here because the Government wanted exact information as to school fees and one or two other points in the German school system. It is very interesting ; but it is twenty years since I was in Germany, and my German is shocking. My latest preparation for calling a *Droschke*, or ordering my luncheon, was reading Ewald on the prophet Zachariah. However, it will come in time, but I think with envy of the beautiful clever German I heard poor Leonard Montefiore¹ talking to Madame Norman Neruda. If you have any friend here whom you would like me to see, send me a line. I shall be here for a fortnight. This town has grown into a very handsome one since I was here last ; but interesting it is not, and cannot well be, perhaps. The Embassy, from Sir E. Malet downwards,

¹ See vol. xiv. p. 338.

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

are most kind. Two of the attachés have published poetry, so you may imagine there is a sort of fellow feeling.—Ever, dear Lady de Rothschild, affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Younger Daughter

KAISERHOF, BERLIN, *November 18, 1885.*

MY DARLING NELLY—I have your charming long letter this morning. I wrote to mamma yesterday, so must write again to you to-day. Again a bright, cold day, without wind; the finest winter weather possible. I like to hear all you tell me about the weather and garden at home. The official people here are slow in moving. I have been to see the Director of the Division for Elementary Schools at the Ministry to-day; very civil, and happily he speaks French, though bad French. But he can hardly bring himself to understand that one is in a hurry, or that one is not going to give a month to Berlin alone. However, I do hope to see something in the way of schools to-morrow. I am to have documents sent me to-night, and a showman chosen for me. I want, if possible, to get away from here to-morrow week, as I find I must go to Munich; and a week at Dresden, a week at Munich, and ten days at Zurich and Lucerne will take me right up to Christmas. It very much interests me trying to improve myself in speaking German, as I really have a very large vocabulary,

TO HIS WIFE

which is the great thing. But the usual forms of talk are strange to me, from having known the language by books only. I am now waiting for Rennell Rodd, who is to call for me and take me to Mrs. Pendleton's. After that I come home, and take my lesson of my elderly German teacher. Then I get a cup of tea at the café close by, and Rodd and Cartwright call for me to go with them to *The Wild Cats*, a broad, comic piece with songs, at a popular theatre. I am sure this will amuse me more than the opera of *Undine*, or the translation of Shakspeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, or of the *Duchess of Gerolstein*. We shall have supper at a restaurant after the play, which is over by ten. I find that the young men at the Embassy go to some theatre every night, now that the season has not begun. The season begins about the 18th of January with the Court balls, and goes on till May. The entire absence of late dinners, except under great difficulties, almost obliges the stranger here to go to the theatre; and it is because all the natives have the habit of going there, that the rule of dining early has come to prevail.

To his Wife

CARLSDORF BEI ANGERMÜNDE,
November 23, 1885.

I begin this here, but I expect to be called away directly to go with Count Redern to see

TO HIS WIFE

his school—a little village school with not more than fifty children—a specimen of its class which I shall be glad to see, for, of course, the great town schools are what the officials will chiefly take me to. Count Redern is one of the greatest Prussian proprietors ; they say he has £70,000 a year. He has been much in England, for he is very fond of racing, and breeds horses ; he was at Newmarket last month only. He has fitted up the interior of the house with every modern convenience, and the Khiva carpets, which he brought from Petersburg, would delight you. I write to you from my own salon, a great room with an open fire, but cold, then a large dressing-room, then a larger bedroom, then a bathroom. Fires in bedroom and dressing-room as well as salon. Our party was Count Seckendorff, Cadogan, Rodd, and myself. We started at half-past eight yesterday (Sunday) morning, were met by the Count's carriages at a station about forty-five miles from Berlin, and drove five miles to this place, which we reached for luncheon at eleven. The Count has an English valet, and two English coachmen, and a French cook of great merit. It is a country slightly rolling, with great forests of fir with birch, beech, and oak mixed, and a number of beautiful lakes. We drove out in the afternoon about ten miles to a wooden watch-tower, from which they expected to see red deer. We saw plenty of fallow deer, but no red deer except close to the house, where a few are kept

TO HIS WIFE

tame ; also I saw no wild boar, which I would rather have seen than even red deer ; but they keep very close. An admirable dinner, and in the evening they made me repeat some of my poetry, saying it would be an event to remember ; I cut it as short as I could. I am very glad to have seen the place, so unlike anything we know ; I wish I could have gone to the river Oder, which is only eight miles off. The Count wants me to come back in June, when the woods are in leaf, and the grounds are alive with nightingales. The *soirée* at the Crown Prince's palace was a brilliant affair—about two hundred officers in uniform—very fine men, and I know no uniform which looks better than the Prussian. The Crown Princess came round the circle, and I kissed her hand, as every one here does when she holds it out ; she talked to me a long time, and said I must come and see her quietly and comfortably ; then the Crown Prince came up and talked for some time ; I never saw a man do his duty to his guests better. I was introduced to Count Herbert Bismarck (very natural and pleasant), and to Rudolf Lindau, who is the chief permanent official at the Foreign Office here ; the terrible thing is that you have to wait to the end, and having gone punctually at nine, I did not get away till after midnight.

Berlin—6 P.M. I have got back here and found my Nelly's letter ; also one from Max Müller sending me introductions to the Univer-

TO HIS WIFE

sity people best worth seeing. I dine to-night with the Leveson-Gowers, to-morrow with the Pendletons ; Lindau and Seckendorff I am also to dine with this week, and to keep a day for Scott, the first secretary, and also for Sir E. Malet, who returns on Thursday. So I am pretty well filled up. Seckendorff says the Crown Princess will arrange for my seeing, when I go to Dresden, the Saxon royalties, who are very interesting : whether or no she really will, remains to be seen. I wrote to Lucy this morning. I thought she would like to have a letter from a country house in the Mark of Brandenburg. All the Crown Princess's children were there the other day. Prince Henry, in a naval uniform, looked a charming youth. The great Bismarck is not here. Now I must dress. Take great care of yourself, and give a kiss to my Nelly with thanks for her nice long letter. I am sorry the Forsters are not off to Torquay ; I must write to Jane soon. The weather has changed to mild and rainy. I am here till Sunday at any rate.

To the Same

BERLIN, November 25, 1885.

I got your long letter last night. I am glad you will now write from Cobham, as I like to get your letters in the morning ; they do me

TO HIS WIFE

good for the whole day. I am still doing very little in the line of visiting schools, though I have plenty of documents to read, but the slowness about doing things is incredible. I told you I had two men named to me as my pilots, one for town, the other for the suburbs ; I pass my life in moving from one to the other ; neither is at home except for one hour in the day, and one of them, whom I have just visited at great inconvenience and at some distance, has chosen his home hour to-day for going out to see his doctor. The other I got to at last, and found that he had not yet received his official instructions to take me about ; I am to see him again to-morrow. If I can make nothing to-morrow of my inspectors, I shall on Friday go straight to the schools with a letter I have received from the Minister himself, begging all school authorities to admit me. But I should like to have some one to question, like my poor lost Rapet. I was going about so much yesterday that I could not write ; after getting this you had better write to the Hotel Bellevue, Dresden, where I go on Monday. Yesterday I wasted my day in trying to see my official guides ; but I got my German lesson (very useful) and lunched with my young men at the Embassy. In the evening I dined with the Pendletons—a pleasant dinner. This morning while I was dressing there arrived a tall personage in black to invite me to dine with the ‘Königlichen

TO HIS WIFE

Kronprinzlichen Herrschaften'; it was like a play: he mentioned dress and hour and his royal personages, all with the same solemnity. The hour is six and the dress is plain evening dress—which is lucky, as I have no court suit. It is very kind of the Crown Princess to have asked me. I have had a kind letter from Max Müller, with notes for Hofmann, Zeller, and Mommsen; all men of European reputation, whom one ought to see while one is here. I saw Hofmann last evening—a dear, doggy, cheerful old thing, very fond of England, where he lived some years, and married. Then Zeller, the historian—a thin, sweet-faced, refined, elderly man, to him I had to speak German; Hofmann speaks English perfectly. Mommsen, I know, talks French. I am to see him on Saturday probably.

To the Same

KAISERHOF, November 27, 1885.

I was going to write to Nelly, from whom I had a pleasant letter, but I have such a long and sweet one from you this morning that to you I must write. You need not tell me anything from the *Times*, as I see it regularly. It is the only English paper one sees, but this one is found everywhere—in the hotel, at the club, in the Embassy. The elections are, as you say,

TO HIS WIFE

profoundly interesting.¹ How I wish we could talk about them together !

Yesterday one of my school guides appeared before I was out of bed, and made an engagement to take me to-morrow to a country school near Potsdam. Then I paid a visit to the director of the Elementary Schools in Berlin, and got the names from him of four Elementary Schools to visit. One of them I have seen to-day, and another I shall see on Monday. The other two I shall not be able to go to, but two Berlin schools is quite enough. I am also going to the Crown Princess's Kindergarten. I lunched with the Embassy, and then went with Rodd to the Museum to see the Marbles from Pergamos. They are very fine, but, like the Elgin marbles, a little beyond me. It was a black and gloomy day, and while we were in the building on came the snow. I had my German lesson (I am beginning to make a little progress), and then had to dress for the Crown Prince's. None but private carriages are allowed to drive to the door, so I had to stop at the sentry beneath and walk up through the snow. The palace is small, but very cheerful and agreeable. Hofmann, the chemist, who is a favourite with the Crown Prince, was the only other guest. We were shown into a drawing-room, where we were presently joined by the lady-in-waiting. About

¹ The first General Election after the extension of the Suffrage to the Agricultural Labourers began November 23, 1885.

TO HIS WIFE

five minutes afterwards a door was thrown open and the Crown Prince entered in what looked to be a Windsor uniform, but I am told is the evening undress of the Prussian Guards. His two younger daughters were with him, still children. The Princess Victoria followed with her mother, both in high dresses, the young Princesses all white, the mother all black. We went into dinner almost directly, and the Crown Princess put me by her and talked, I may say, all dinner. She is very able and very well informed. . . . After dinner she again made me sit by her on the sofa, and presently the Crown Prince wished Hofmann good-night and came to the Princess and me. He stood leaning on a chair, so of course I got up, on which he crossed his hands over his breast and said, 'I entreat you to stay as you are.' They were thoroughly pleasant. We talked much of the English elections, and then they said I must hear the telephone, laid on from the Opera. The Prince showed me how to put it to my ears, and I heard every word of the recitative, which was then going on distinctly, and presently the music also. Then the Princess got up and held out her hand and said, 'We must see you again before you go to Dresden.'—'Oh yes,' said the Prince, 'we must certainly see you again.' I kissed her hand and shook the Prince's, and then the Princess Victoria came forward and held out her hand, and her two younger sisters followed suit. They

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

then all went out, and the Prince, who went last of them, turned round and shook hands with me again, on the top of the stairs. Then I went down into the snow, rejoicing in my 'Arctics.'

To his Younger Daughter

BERLIN, Sunday, November 29 (1885).

MY DARLING NELLY—I have another letter to thank you for, and I have to thank mamma for one received this morning, which I did not expect. I cannot now write every day, because my days are more and more filled. Yesterday I never got time to look at my newspaper till after twelve at night. I brought my history down to Thursday night. On Friday morning the thaw had come, and it poured with rain. I drove to a great girls' school, and passed the morning there. It was very good, and the slow, distinct speech of the teachers, and the slow, distinct answers which they insist on from the scholars, is a capital lesson in German for me. Yesterday morning I breakfasted in my own room as I got up—a common practice here, where your breakfast is only a cup of coffee and a roll. At nine Dr. Tzyska called for me—a sensible, pleasant man who speaks English, who took me to a country school six miles from Berlin—very interesting. I got back in time to lunch with the young men at the Embassy, and to go to

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

the Reichsrath. Sir E. Malet and the Crown Prince had both told me Bismarck would probably speak. I had a very good place in the diplomatic box. One of the French attachés, seeing a stranger enter, politely insisted on my taking his place in the front row; and sure enough there was Bismarck on his legs. He is gigantic, and just the face you know from his photographs; but his expression milder, and with more of bonhomie than I had expected. He was in a general's uniform, which surprised me, but I am told he always wears it in the Reichsrath (the word means Imperial Parliament). Just under him, with his hand to his ear to catch what was said, stood Moltke. Bismarck spoke for more than half an hour. He spoke badly, with short, awkward gestures, and dropping his voice. He had a great portfolio of papers, which he perpetually consulted, and read from. He was answered by Windthorst, the Catholic orator, a little old man who is a first-rate speaker. He got far more applause than Bismarck, who spoke again when Windthorst sat down. Then Windthorst in his turn spoke again, and then Bismarck once more rose and was speaking when I had to go away for my German lesson. Then I dressed in a hurry and out to the Chancery, where I had a capital cup of tea with two of my young men who went with me to see *Othello* at the Royal Theatre. Horrid! but I wanted for once to see

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

Shakspeare in German. I afterwards gave them supper at Uhl's, being glad of an opportunity to give something to those who had given me so much, and I think they liked it. . . . This morning I breakfasted with Count Seckendorff at his house close to the Crown Prince's palace. He is kindness itself, and is managing all sorts of things for me both at Dresden and Munich.

To-day it pours with rain ; I drove to a great school in the extreme east of Berlin, and stayed there till one, when the school closed ; this school-seeing interests me here extremely. I walked till I could get a cab, and then came back here and lunched. Directly after luncheon came a message from Count Seckendorff to say that the Crown Princess wanted me, if I could, to call upon her at half-past four, so I went across and put off my German master, who was coming at that very time, till six. Then I walked in the rain to the Crown Prince's palace, and was at once taken through a passage filled with books, to her room. I kissed her hand this time both on coming and going, and really she is so nice that to kiss her hand is a pleasure. She said she could not let me go without seeing me again, gave me a chair, and kept me three-quarters of an hour. She is full of the Eastern question, as all of them here are ; it is of so much importance to them. She talked too about Bismarck, Lord Ampthill, the Emperor, the Empress, the Queen, the Church, English

TO MISS ARNOLD

politics, the German nation, everything and everybody indeed, except the Crown Prince and herself. At last I got up, though I suppose I ought to have waited for her to dismiss me, but I might have been there still ; she said I was of course to come and see them if I returned to Berlin ; that she regretted they could not take me in here, but that if I ever came when they were at Potsdam they had plenty of room there, and I must stay with them. Then she asked me where I was going to dine to-night, and I am sure would have asked me to dinner if I had not been engaged to dine with the Ambassador. I then went down the beautiful staircase, and allowed my greatcoat to be put on by a magnificently grown footman, and walked here. I have since had a last lesson from my excellent old man (born in the same year as myself), have paid him and taken leave of him. I see William is in ; I am very glad (though I was in no fear about it) and must write to Jane. Now I must really dress ; the last time I dined at the Embassy I was late.

To Miss Arnold

HOTEL BELLEVUE, DRESDEN,
December 4, 1885.

MY DEAREST FAN—I have just got your letters ; this makes three I have had from you since I came abroad, and I have only written to you once, which is too bad ! But my day is

TO MISS ARNOLD

very full, and I have more letters to write than I expected. I hope that Lord J. Manners will get in for Leicestershire, and the Tory for Westmorland, though I should never myself vote for a Tory ; but for the present I wish Lord Salisbury to stay in, the Liberals being so unripe. Lord Salisbury is an able man, and I think he improves and is capable of learning and growing. When one has seen Bismarck one feels the full absurdity of poor — transacting foreign affairs with him ; and when one hears him, and perceives how earnestly he is putting his real mind to the subject in hand, one thinks of — pouring out words as the whim may take him, or party considerations render convenient. I heard a very good debate in the Reichstag, but I do not think there is any chance of my having speech with Bismarck ; he arrived in Berlin only just before I left it, and it needs arrangement to get him to see new people unless his duty obliges him. I could not possibly ask Sir E. Malet to help in it ; in the first place he would decline, as they are all much afraid of Bismarck. Still, if I go back to Berlin, perhaps it will be managed somehow, but by a private channel. I was sincerely glad W. E. F. got in for Bradford, but I was sure he would ; the wiser Liberals, if they have any real political sense, will be very strong in this Parliament. I hope they will not unite with the Tories, and will also resist steadily the temptation of going against their judgment with

TO MISS ARNOLD

the Radicals, merely to keep a supposed party together. I am learning a good deal here, and am at last making some progress in speaking German ; but much more time is needed for an inquiry of this kind than I have. It is impossible to see more than one school a day, for they all close for good at one o'clock, and the officials do not like one hurrying over a thing, and quite right. Then, too, even more important than seeing the schools, is the ascertaining what people think of the system of payment or non-payment in them, and what is likely finally to be done about it. This is a beautiful place, and cheap still ; the best places in the best boxes on the grand tier of the opera cost only six shillings. And the picture gallery, that is an attraction indeed ! I was two hours there yesterday, and I found that I had not half done it justice before, having come here straight from Florence, where the galleries are even better. The city has its public buildings partly in the style of Blenheim, partly in that of Bow Church, if you know those monuments ; but the effect is very fine ; and the town proper is a real German town of high old houses, not like Berlin, a handsomer Bond Street, all new. Then there is the red-brown Elbe, a perfect beauty, pouring through the bridges, and in the distance hills, real hills, the beginnings of the Saxon Switzerland. Good-bye, my dearest Fan.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

I keep wonderfully well, and here, where we have no Minister and no attachés, I go every night to the theatre—hours from seven to nine and a half—to the great improvement of my German.

To his Younger Daughter

DRESDEN, December 10, 1885.

MY DARLING NELLY—This morning I had your letter, so to you I shall write ; I wrote to your darling mamma yesterday. Well, I have seen the King ! The Prussian minister told me evening dress was *de rigueur*, so after doing a school with my official guide this bitter snowy morning, I came back here at twelve o'clock, and put on evening things and a white tie. I wore also my order, but I was obliged to have in the chambermaid, a red-haired, pleasant-faced girl, to tie it behind for me, which she accomplished with much tittering, and with a lively interest in my making myself *hübsch* (beautiful), because I was going to speak with *der König*, and to speak with him *allein*, too ! Then I put on over my evening shoes those comforts of my life, my Arctics, and walked through the snow to the Schloss. I was received by a magnificent creature with a silver-gray greatcoat with immense fur collar and cuffs and a cane. He led me through endless corridors and sentries to a room where the aide-de-camp was, a tall, good-

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

looking man, who was expecting me ; he led me through more passages, saying, as we went, that he was glad I spoke German. ‘But his Majesty speaks English,’ I said. ‘Yes,’ he answered, ‘but his Majesty is always *genirt* and put out when he is obliged to speak English ; he doesn’t feel sure about the pronunciation.’— ‘But French ?’ I suggested. ‘Oh yes,’ said my aide-de-camp, in French, ‘that will do perfectly well,’ and went on in French himself from that time. He led me into a large bare room, with polished floor, begged me to wait a moment, went through a door, and was seen no more. In a minute or two the King entered, an elderly-looking man in uniform. He bowed and I bowed lower ; he at once began in French, saying the Crown Princess had written to him about me. We went on about schools for some time ; then we talked about Prince Thomas,¹ whom he did not know to have actually lived with us, though he knew he was at Harrow ; then about politics, then about the dependence of people here upon the State and its officials ; then about the English language, and about the *masse* of Americans in Dresden, for the English language as spoken by whom his Majesty expressed his cordial dislike. Then he said how glad he was to have seen me, held out his hand, which I shook, and back he went to his own room. I found my magnificent attendant in the furs waiting for me on the land-

¹ The Duke of Genoa.

TO HIS WIFE

ing, to conduct me to the great door out of the palace—I should never have found it without him. I had again to call in my chambermaid to untie her fastening of my order. I assure you it improves my appearance immensely. For the first time since I have been abroad I felt the unspeakable benefit of my French. My Lucy would have liked to hear me talk it. His Majesty and I talked it in much the same manner, neither of us like Frenchmen, but with perfect fluency and perfect solidity of grammar. —Always your most loving PAPA.

To his Wife

DRESDEN, *December 10, 1885.*

I always reproach myself when I have not written to you or Nelly, but this morning I said to myself: Well, at any rate, *they* had not written either; and now when I come in at one o'clock here is your letter of the 8th. I write at once, that my letter may go by the five-o'clock post; then you will get it on Sunday morning. I was going to Baron v. Canitz's to-day, but the King has sent through Count Dönhof to ask if I can come to him to-morrow at one; of course I stop for this, and have written to Baron v. Canitz to propose coming on Saturday instead. Then I should stay over Sunday with him and go to the regular Lutheran service in a

TO HIS WIFE

country place ; see his village school on Monday morning, and return here at night. I must return here, as Tuesday was the first day I could fix for being taken to a Saxon country school ; the inspector for the district round Dresden is to take me. Then on Wednesday the 16th I shall go to Berlin, and after a few days there shall make my way home by Cologne, where I must stop a day to see schools. But some time on Wednesday the 20th I hope to be at home again, and I feel as if I could never leave you any more. The schools here are so good that I am never tired of seeing them. I am interested to find that Lutheranism is very much more alive than I thought ; the hymns and Luther's catechism are a great feature in every school ; the hymns are the models on which ours are formed, and are better than ours. The catechism, too, is better than Dean Nowell's which we use ; but the remarkable thing is the use which is made of the hymns and catechism, as well as of the Bible ; the way the children know them and seem to like them, and the way the inspectors examine them. This morning I have been to a school for a higher grade of boys, those who are going to be engineers, merchants, manufacturers, and so on ; but it is all part of a system, so it is well to see it all. It would have surprised you to find how well the boys answered in English history—boys in what would with us be the fifth form. This afternoon I am going

TO HIS WIFE

to an Elementary school ; in the evening I am going to the opera—*La Juive*. We have a Polish lady staying here, short and fat, who is the *prima donna* ; she has sung with great success at Warsaw, Milan, and Naples, but the papers here have made unfavourable remarks on her appearance, which greatly distresses her. I have promised to go to-night and applaud her. The librettos in German are so carefully made, and so good, that they are quite another thing from the librettos in English, and are a great help to me in getting through the opera ; they interest me, if the music does not. The worst of it is I get out so little, though to be sure the weather is bad for country walks ; yesterday we had snow, after a very fine morning, and to-day there is a slight thaw and slush.

To the Same

MITTEL SOHRA, GÖRLITZ,
Sunday, December 13, 1885.

I could not write yesterday, so I take a larger sheet to-day. Yesterday morning I left Dresden at ten, bitterly cold, and the Elbe full of blocks of ice and frozen snow ; but the snow had ceased falling. It is always warm in the railway carriages—too warm ! and if there is a dispute, the railway officials have orders to decide always in favour of *closing* the window. We went

TO C. J. LEAF

through Saxon Lusatia, a pleasant country, but the windows were so frozen, it was hard to see anything of it ; past Bautzen, where was one of Napoleon's great battles ; a very interesting place full of old buildings, on the Spree, the river of Berlin. Then to Görlitz, a fine place of fifty thousand inhabitants, once the capital of Lusatia, but since 1814 given to Prussia, and included in Silesia. In the carriage was an old gentleman in magnificent furs, with his wife ; after a few words in German he began to talk English, said he was going back to Dresden, and if I was going back too, he wished I would call on him there ; that he was H.M. Consul-General at Leipsic, and a member of the Upper House, now sitting at Dresden. He gave me his card, and it was Baron Tauchnitz, the man who has made his fortune by the Tauchnitz editions ! He seemed really much interested when he found out who I was, and I am going to see him.

To C. J. Leaf

BERLIN, *December 18, 1885.*

MY DEAR LEAF—I was very glad to get your letter here, and we will certainly dine with you on Christmas Day. It is delightful to be looking homewards again ; and I shall think it an excellent employment for Sunday to spend it in travelling to Cologne. I have the excuse that it

TO C. J. LEAF

is a day on which schools cannot be seen, and I am so pressed for time that I must give to schools every day I can. What I have seen is most interesting and instructive, and the German schools deserve all the praises given to them. I am never tired of attending the lessons in general, but they make me hear too much music. I send you, for Mrs. Leaf, the programme of a School-music by which I am to be victimised from ten to twelve to-morrow morning. Walter will be interested in hearing that I had more than half an hour's talk with Mommsen this morning; he is quite white, and older than I expected;—in manner, mode of speech, and intellectual quality something between Voltaire and Newman. I believe I am to see the great Reichs Kanzler to-morrow, but I do not like to say so before the interview really comes off. He is almost inaccessible, but the Crown Princess herself asked him to receive me, and I hear he has consented. I shall hear to-night at the Crown Princess's, where I am going to a 'small' tea at nine o'clock. She has been most extremely and markedly kind to me. I very much like the Crown Prince also—and the girls. I am getting to speak German much better than I did at first, but in the 'higher circles' almost every one speaks English, so one does not get practice enough; Prince Bismarck transacts all his business with our Ambassador in English. Now I must stop, and go about school

TO MISS ARNOLD

business. I have asked all the Americans I meet about Farrar;¹ they had generally been going to hear him. I am glad his visit has been so successful. My love to Mrs. Leaf and Walter.—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold

COLOGNE, December 21, 1885.

MY DEAREST FAN—Your letter has been sent to Munich, where I have not yet been, and was then sent back to Berlin, where it reached me just as I was starting on my return to England. I have had a very good time, and no ailment except a few hours' faceache off and on. What I have seen has interested me very much, and makes me wish to see more. To-day, here, I have in the morning seen the vicar of the cathedral and the archbishop, and have passed the afternoon in a free school for poor Catholics. Since that I have dined, and am now really going to start for home, which is delightful. I had meant to sleep at Brussels to-morrow night, but I see no reason for wasting time in doing so, and therefore, though I hate sleeping carriages, I am going to try one once more, and to travel straight through from here to England. I hope to be in London soon after five to-morrow afternoon, and at Cobham in time for dinner. This is my

¹ Dr. Farrar had been lecturing in the United States.

TO MISS ARNOLD

last letter, if all goes well, from abroad. I have telegraphed to Fanny Lucy to say I hope to arrive to-morrow evening. My three days in Berlin were very interesting ; I saw the Education Minister, Herr von Gossler, who gave me an account of what was going to happen as to free schooling in Prussia, quite different from what every one else had given me ; I can only suppose that Prince Bismarck has made up his mind that so it shall be, and if he has made up his mind that so it shall be, so it probably will be. He has promised to see me, but his son, Count Herbert de Bismarck, told me he was quite laid up with a varicose vein which has gone wrong, and could not see me till Wednesday or Thursday ; I could not wait for that, so I must take Berlin on my way to Munich in February. I was at a small party, at the Crown Prince's, on Friday, where I met Count Herbert de B. The Crown Princess had herself asked his father to see me. She has been quite charming to me, and the Crown Prince also. But what has touched me most has been the devotion of the smart young men at the Embassy. Two of them came to the station to see me off yesterday ; and they have all been sweeter than I can say. The weather is splendid, though cold. It is something to cross, as I did yesterday, in one day, two such rivers as the Elbe and the Rhine.

I have just been dining in the very same coffee-room where you and I were together, and I

TO MISS ARNOLD

thought of you and of our journey. I am getting on wonderfully with German ; I talked it to-day to the Archbishop, who speaks neither English nor French. What a move is this of Gladstone's in the Irish matter!¹ and what apprehensions it gives me ! . . .—Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To the Same

COBHAM, December 27, 1885.

MY DEAREST FAN—I got your letter from Bristol, and now we have heard from you after your arrival at Torquay. You are excellent in writing. I believe Flu has acknowledged your letter, but I wrote a hasty note myself to send my love to dearest K., and to tell her how full my thoughts are of her and her dear invalid. My work is unusually interesting because it enables me to see and hear so many of the rank and file instead of merely the chiefs, who are all that a foreigner on a mission usually comes in contact with. If I only saw the Minister in Berlin I should report that a system of free schools would certainly be adopted throughout Prussia very shortly ; as it is, I very much doubt whether it will be. But the question is being discussed throughout Germany, and this, with the great excellence of the schools, makes it so

¹ Mr. Gladstone's intentions with regard to Home Rule were divulged December 17, 1885.

TO M. FONTANÈS

interesting to be there on an errand like mine. It is odd that while in this extraordinary England no one seems to think of connecting the elementary school question with the question of intermediate schools, though the case is ten thousand times stronger here than there, in Germany the constantly heard argument is: Why is it harder on an artisan with £50 a year to pay 4s. a year for his son's schooling than on an officer or functionary with £150 or £200 a year to pay 40s. a year for his? Lucky country, we might say, where the officer or functionary can get first-rate schooling for his son for 40s. a year, whatever may be done as to relieving other classes! I suppose if they have a Royal Commission that will at any rate give time for the question to be considered, and Chamberlain and his company will not be able to rush free schools in a session. I must stop. We have four turkeys sent us, and how we should like your help in eating them! The Whitridges have sent us a barrel of Blue Point oysters—but those you don't care about.—Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To M. Fontanès

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, 9 *Janvier* 1886.

CHER MONSIEUR ET AMI — Votre lettre est venue me trouver au fond de l'Allemagne, à

TO M. FONTANÈS

Dresde. Je ne vous ai point écrit en réponse, parceque je ne pouvais vous donner les indications que vous avez demandées ; à présent, j'ai mes instructions, et je puis vous dire que nous partons pour Paris le 21 de ce mois ; nous y resterons, j'espère, trois semaines. Nous descendrons à l'Hôtel Romain, rue St. Roch ; nous amènerons notre fille, et tous les trois nous serons enchantés de vous serrer la main. Le plus tôt sera le mieux ; il est possible que dans les premiers jours de février j'aie à m'absenter de Paris pour voir quelques écoles de campagne.

Tout ce que j'ai vu en Allemagne m'a extrêmement intéressé. Berlin n'a pas ce qu'ont Paris et Londres, une grande société agréable et cultivée. On a une cour, des fonctionnaires, des militaires, des professeurs ; les professeurs ont dans leur nombre des hommes très distingués, mais ce sont des savants et des spécialistes, à l'écart du monde proprement dit, lequel reste, je le repète, plus borné, plus sec, et beaucoup moins intéressant que le monde de Londres et de Paris. Mais le très bon côté là-bas, le voici : tout le monde apprend son métier et le pratique consciencieusement. Les écoles méritent parfaitement leur haute réputation. Une chose m'a singulièrement frappé dans les écoles populaires—l'instruction religieuse. Elle y occupe une grande place, elle est obligatoire, elle est très bien donnée, bien que trop dogmatique. Or, on vous dit que les deux tiers

TO MISS ARNOLD

des parents, dans l'Allemagne du Nord, sont socialistes et athées ; pourtant, leurs enfants sont soumis à cette forte instruction religieuse, et, qui plus est, ils paraissent la goûter. Ils en garderont certainement quelque chose ; tout cela aura une action conservatrice, et je doute fort que la révolution arrive sitôt en Allemagne, même après qu'on aura perdu Bismarck et l'Empereur Guillaume. Le vrai secret pour préparer les révolutions, c'est de former des générations de Gavroches, n'est ce pas ?

Adieu, cher Monsieur et Ami ; nous causerons de tout cela à Paris. Mille amitiés à Scherer—
and believe me—Affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, *January 11, 1886.*

MY DEAREST FAN—It is a long time since I have written to you, but really one had no heart to write a common letter when one was in such distress of suspense about William. Now things do really look better for the present. Yesterday I skated, and the Pains Hill Lake in snow and ice was as beautiful as ever. I got on very well, and the skating did not bring on the chest pain : smooth motion does not, but laborious motion—making my way uphill or through snow. I did not skate very long, nor attempt going back—

TO MISS ARNOLD

wards ; for Fanny Lucy arrived, and soon wanted to go home again, and as her way took her among some calves of a year old, whom she was pleased to call bisons, and she had the little dog with her, she required an escort. I enjoy my time here very much. I read five pages of Greek anthology every day, looking out all the words I do not know ; this is what I shall always understand by *education*, and it does me good, and gives me great pleasure. Then I plunge into my German documents, which I must read more or less, though seeing and hearing is a great deal better. This morning Eliza, in calling us, told me that the water was coming into my dressing-room through the ceiling, the thaw having set in during the night. The water entered at a corner where the books did not matter much, being mainly, as I said to Flu profanely, ‘a heap of science primers which could be of real use to no mortal soul’ ; but the room got into a very wet state, and I am not sure I have not caught a little cold from pottering about in it, removing papers and books. I have been very well till now, however, all through this winter ; so much clear gain ! I send you a note of Rosebery’s, with an inquiry for William. He wrote to implore me to come to Mentmore, but I cannot, so I said I would send him *Culture and Anarchy* instead. The preface contains a prophecy which has come quite wonderfully true. If I had time I would

TO HIS WIFE

write a last political article with the title of *The Nadir of Liberalism*. For all I have ever said of the Liberals calling *successes* not things which really succeed, but things which take with their friends, unite their party, embarrass their adversaries, and are carried—and how very, very far this is, in politics, from true success, has proved itself to a degree beyond which we shall not, it may be hoped, pass. I send you Goschen, too, to whom the Crown Princess begged me to give a message from her; return him, for Nelly wants the letter. I send you one, too, from the old Baron Carl von Canitz, a perfect dear, at whose Schloss I stayed in Silesia. He commissioned me to get him an English flask, so I sent him one as a Christmas present. The blackbirds and thrushes are flying in and out of the holly before my window, as they used to in the hollies behind Spring Cottage when Tom and I shot there fifty years ago! The birds are a delight.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Wife

HÔTEL DES QUATRE SAISONS,
MUNICH, *February* 26, 1886.¹

I was not entirely comfortable at the Bellevue at Zurich, and never was I thoroughly warm there except once in a café; but the schools

¹ Having returned to England for Christmas, he went abroad again to resume his inquiries.

TO HIS WIFE

were very good, and there are some thoroughly nice people there. After writing to you I went to dine (half-past twelve) with the Wunderlys ; an excellent dinner, and he produced real Johannisberg. Then I drove over the slopes of the mountain behind Zurich to Wytikon, a small village ; the sun came out, and there were beautiful gleams of the lake, but far too much mist still. I took the school by surprise, and anything more creditable to Canton Zurich you cannot conceive. I had sent back the carriage, and the schoolmaster walked back to Zurich with me, three or four miles, but downhill ; his parents live in Zurich, and he was going in to some choir singing. Then I had a long visit from dear old George de Wyss, and then an evening school ; then a light supper, packed, and to bed. My bill was very reasonable ; at the rate of hardly more than eighteen francs a day. I started by the ten o'clock express yesterday morning for Munich ; they call it an express, but it never goes far without stopping, or fast, except for the last thirty miles before Munich. Snow covers the whole face of the land both here and in Switzerland. At Romershorn we took boat, as you and I and darling Tommy did ; there was sun, but such fog that we lost sight of the Swiss side directly, and did not see the German side till we were close to it ; then, however, we had a fine but dim view of the nearer Vorarlberg mountains,

TO HIS WIFE

and Lindau, our port, came out well. I lunched on board, the only occupant of the cabin—luncheon cheap. At Lindau I got a beautiful coupé to myself; and indeed from Zurich to Munich I never had any one with me in the carriage. So I read and looked out of window, and was not disturbed by tobacco smoke. I think we went with Tommy to Friedrichshafen for Ulm; but surely you have been with me on the Lindau and Kempten line? As we passed the beautiful little lake (all frozen now and besnowed) of Immenstadt, I fancied I had seen it with you; I have been there myself certainly. It got clearer, but still snow everywhere, and the stiff small pines sticking up out of the snow like Noah's ark trees; I had a day of blessed rest, however, after all my schools.

To the Same

MUNICH, *Sunday, February 28, 1886.*

Your announcement of dear Lola's¹ death did indeed give me a pang. I have just been reading your letter again. You tell it beautifully, just all that I should naturally want to know; and all you have done is exactly right, and as I could wish. Perhaps we might have kept a mèche of her hair where it used to come over her forehead, but I should have hated mangling

¹ A pony.

TO MISS ARNOLD

her to take her hoof off, and should not have cared for having it when it was done. You have buried her just in the right place, and I shall often stand by the thorn-tree and think of her. I could indeed say, 'Let my last end be like hers!' for her death must have been easy, though I am grieved to hear of her being so wasted and short-breathed. When I was at home at Christmas, I thought she was much as before, and she always liked her apples. I am glad Nelly went to see her. How glad I am, too, that we resisted all proposals to 'put her away.' How small has been the trouble and expense of keeping her this last year, and how far different is the feeling about her death now from what it would have been if we had put an end to her. There was something in her character which I particularly liked and admired, and I shall never forget her, dear little thing! The tears come into my eyes as I write.

To Miss Arnold

MUNICH, *March 1, 1886.*

MY DEAREST FAN—'It is the first mild day of March,' says Wordsworth, and the line has been running in my head for the last fortnight, in the hope that it might come true. But alas, yesterday was grim and cloudy, and snow fell; the snow had disappeared when we entered

TO MISS ARNOLD

the Bavarian plain, having accompanied us all through Switzerland ; now this morning all the ground is white again and it is piercingly cold. But I have a delightful room in an excellent hotel ; a two-windowed room, thoroughly well furnished and turned to the south ; the stove and the sun together keep it warm all day, though the stove is only lighted for an hour or two in the morning. I find here Lady Blennerhassett, who is a Bavarian ; she is staying with her mother, and would be a great resource if I were here longer and not so much occupied with schools. Then I have paid a long visit to Döllinger, whom I was interested in seeing ; he is eighty-four years old, but his hair is still brown and his tall thin figure erect. I have also visited two other professors to whom Bruce gave me letters, besides the ministers and officials, who are very civil. The real concern which people in Switzerland and here show about English affairs, and the critical period on which we seem to be entering, are remarkable ; and is evidently not the affected and mortifying concern of enemies, but the true concern of those who at bottom like England and think her a great and useful force in the world. The schools are interesting from its being here a Catholic country in which the Protestants are treated with absolute fairness ; whatever is done for the Catholics is done for them also. I go a great deal to the theatres, the acting is so good ; and

TO HIS WIFE

besides, it is a great help to one's German ; to one's understanding it when spoken, which is quite as great a difficulty as speaking it. But my evening has often to be devoted to schools or classes : to-night I am going to a class for young men. I hope to get home by Lady Day at latest ; so the beginning of March enables me to say that before the month ends I shall have done. Write to the Kaiserhof at Berlin, where I hope to be on Sunday. Continue to give me accounts of the family, and believe me, your ever affectionate brother,

M. A.

To his Wife

MUNICH, March 4, 1886.

I have been kept so late at one of these one o'clock dinners that I must write hurriedly to save the post. I almost hoped for a letter this morning ; if not, I shall have to wait till Dresden. After getting this, you will write to the Kaiserhof at Berlin. The day before yesterday, after sending my letter, I walked about a little and then went to the opera to see *Tristram and Iseult*. I may say that I have managed the story better than Wagner. The second act is interminable, and without any action. The hero and the heroine sit on a sofa and sing to one another about light and darkness, and their connexion with love. The theatre

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

was a brilliant sight, and the *prima donna* is a handsome woman with some sweet notes in her voice ; but at the end of the second act, at about half-past ten, the piece having begun at half-past six, I was quite worn out and came away. The third act is better, I imagine. But even in that, less is made of the story than might be made. I had a long and interesting visit from dear old Döllinger that afternoon, and am now going to pay him a farewell visit.

To his Younger Daughter

NUREMBERG, *March 6, 1886.*

MY PRECIOUS NELLY—Blinding snow and a baddish inn, at least by comparison with the Munich one—but the town is one of the most interesting I have ever seen. I think Carcassonne for the Middle Age of Knights and Crusaders, and Nuremberg for that of Burghers and Guilds, are the most perfect things imaginable. The outside decoration of the houses is all preserved, and of the churches likewise ; every image seems in its place ; and you cannot go a yard without finding a house with a statue or a decorated projecting window that compels you to stand still and get the snow down your neck while you look at it. I got your letter (short) in the afternoon of my last day at Munich ; it was bright but very cold.

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

In fear and trembling I dressed (for I have not worn my thin evening clothes since I left Paris) and went to have supper with Lady Blennerhassett; the apartment which her mother has is a very fine one, full of rare things, but in the way of china mostly, which I do not care for. Lady Blennerhassett is very clever, sympathetic, a very pleasant woman to pass an hour with. She tells every one that I am married to a *sehr ausgezeichnete Frau*, which I leave you and mamma to translate. Yesterday the morning was fine and cold; I packed and left Munich for this place at twelve. The journeys are long, the trains go so slow; we did not get here till eight in the evening. We crossed the Danube at Ingoldstadt, which I think is a place mentioned by Dugald Dalgetty; Gustavus Adolphus besieged it, and Tilly was mortally wounded in the siege. The Danube was magnificent, of a pale yellow colour, sweeping along. We passed some interesting places, the castles of Pappenheim particularly; and I was in great comfort, having the carriage to myself all day. This hotel has many picturesque bits, but is rather ratty; the cooking not very good, and the beds of the true German kind; a sheet and one coloured blanket over you, not wide enough to tuck in at the sides; and then a great feather bed on the top of you. The cold is so great that use it you must, but I hate it. This morning when I woke the snow was coming

TO HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER

down merrily ; but when I went out after breakfast I was in amazement, as I told you, at the beauty of the place. I had letters for the Mayor, and for the Director of the Museum ; I called on both ; the Mayor showed me all over the Town Hall, and I saw a marriage, a civil marriage ; they were going to church afterwards ; I never saw one before ; it was very decorous. Then I drove to the Museum to call on the director, and arranged to go and see the pictures to-morrow morning before I start for Dresden. I walked back, and oh, Miss Nelly, what do you think I saw in one of the open places—the darling himself, the same colour, the same sex, the same age, the same size, the same slow and melancholy way ; his eyes were yellower than Max's, that was the only difference. The extraordinary and more than natural crook of one foreleg was the same. He looked at me wistfully, as if to say : ' I know you, but we must not speak here.' But what makes it almost miraculous is that a minute afterwards Kai ran out from a passage and there they were both together. If you had seen them at Cobham you would not have doubted for an instant that they were our pair.¹ I have seen Max again this afternoon rather pleased with the snow, Miss Nelly ; I again had that weird look from him, as if to say that we were in a dream, and must

¹ ' Max, a dachshound without blot :
Kaiser should be, but is not.'—*Poor Matthias.*

TO MISS ARNOLD

dream on. The Mayor sent his secretary, a charming young man, to show me all over the place ; without him I could never have done it in the time. What churches I have seen, what fountains, what painted glass, what statues, what house fronts ! I have been over Albert Dürer's house, where that great and sad artist worked and died ; I have been over the old Burg, the nucleus of the town, the first possession of the Prussian royal family ; they were the burgraves of Nuremberg, and the Emperor gave them Brandenburg, the province where Berlin now stands, in the year of the battle of Agincourt. The snow fell endlessly, and the streets are deep ; how I shall get through the Saxon hills in the train to-morrow I don't know. But I plunged on up hill and down dale, and have been well repaid ; oddly enough, heavy as the walking was, I have not had my pain at all to-day. It is now between six and seven, and quite dark : I shall not go out again, the snow is so bad.—Always your loving PAPA.

After getting this (if it penetrates the snow) write to Berlin.

To Miss Arnold

PARIS, *March 20, 1886.*

MY DEAREST FAN—I hope this will be the last letter I shall write on the Continent this

TO MISS ARNOLD

time. . . . I went from Berlin to Hamburg, and it was almost all new to me. To the Scotch firs were added heather and broom, which I had not remarked in the stretches of pine wood in Brandenburg. Crossing the Elbe was interesting, and I am very glad to have seen Hamburg ; but all the streams which pass through it were frozen, and the two beautiful sheets of water which give it its character, the Inner and Outer Alster, which are generally alive with little steamers, were fields of snow with the steamers all frozen in. I had very good letters to Hamburg, and the Crown Princess had recommended me to the Burgo-meister, who has really and truly the title of 'Your Magnificence.' He is a charming old man. I am really quite glad to have called a man 'Your Magnificence' and to have been asked to dinner by him ; but I could not go because I had taken a ticket to see Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. His stories interest me so much, and his libretto is so poetically written, that I like to see his operas, though, of course, the music says little to me ; but this being so, it is better to pay five shillings in Germany to hear him than a guinea or more (for a similar place) in London. I had a long day from Hamburg to Cologne, but at Münster (where the treaty was made which ended the Thirty Years' War) we left the snow—that is, it did not prevail any more over the wide face of the land, but only

TO MISS ARNOLD

lay in hollows and hedge-rows. It was very cold at Cologne, however. I walked round and round the Cathedral by moonlight for about an hour, for I knew it might be a long time before I saw it again. Next morning I left Cologne for Paris. After Liège it was all new to me, and the valley of the Meuse to Namur, and that of the Sambre beyond, were interesting, and in parts beautiful. But how much better Wordsworth saw the valley of the Meuse by the sort of travelling in his day ! I passed Compiègne, and thought of Walter ; but I did not manage to catch sight of the Palace. I came to this admirable hotel, which is 'as replete with every convenience' as the poor St. Romain is the contrary ; but for five weeks, with a party of three, this hotel would be beyond my means. I had a pleasant dinner with Lord Lyons yesterday, and to-day I have lunched with Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. We are all against Gladstone's present policy,¹ and I am glad to think it seems threatened with a check : but the mass of middle class Liberalism on which he relies is so enthusiastically devoted to him, and so ignorant, that I am not sure of his being frustrated till I see it happen. I have been all the afternoon at the Senate, where the Minister, M. Goblet, made a good speech for his policy of expelling the Congréganistes, and Jules Simon made a poor reply ; he spoke very well the

¹ Home Rule.

TO HIS WIFE

other day, however. Now I am going to dine at the *table d'hôte*, and afterwards go to a last theatre; at 9.40 to-morrow morning I start for Boulogne. Thanks for your enclosure about the sonnets. I wonder if I shall ever get anything more done in poetry.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife

COBHAM, *Wednesday, April 21, 1886.*

MY SWEET GRANNY—How lucky you went when you did, and how you will be repaid. I got the telegram in the middle of dinner on Saturday, the 17th. Mary and Humphry Ward were with me. Of course I am very anxious to hear again of my own darling Lucy, kiss her for me, and kiss the dear little granddaughter too. I shall hear nothing about it in the letter from you which will, I hope, reach me to-morrow, but I shall most resolutely take no news to be good news. I send you a sweet little note from Lady Ellesmere which I found here on my return from London yesterday. I shall go and see her to-day. I dine with the Leafs. Mrs. Leaf is perfectly radiant, and as much pleased as if she had a grandchild herself. I am so very glad it is a girl—and what will it be called? I had a severe week with my article¹ last week, but it is all done now, and Knowles

¹ 'The Nadir of Liberalism,' *Nineteenth Century*, May 1886.

TO C. E. NORTON

telegraphs to me that it is 'magnificent,' and that he means to open his number with it. So, at any rate, I continue to give satisfaction to the Editors. I get the strangest letters from people who have read and liked *Literature and Dogma*. One man writes to me to ask if I think he, having read and liked that book, can without hypocrisy serve the office of churchwarden. A mother from a 'Norton Hall' in Gloucestershire has read the same book and wants my advice in educating her daughters. . . . The correcting my evidence given before the Commission, and given in the careless manner of conversation, is very hard work, and I wish it were over ; it keeps me from my Report. We have nothing but cold and east wind, still we have no frost at night, and the bulb-beds are getting very gay. The greenhouse you would like too. Poor Gina's camellia has been very handsome indeed ; the dentarias, too, are beautiful, and the great azalea is splendid. The scented rhododendron has nine blooms on it, and will be out in a day or two.

To C. E. Norton

COBHAM, SURREY, *April 24, 1886.*

MY DEAR NORTON—I have sent your letter to my sister, because I know she would be gratified by it. 'Integer' is indeed the right word

TO C. E. NORTON

for Forster.¹ To the same effect, old Lord Sherbrooke said more than once to me in a moved tone the other day : ‘ He did not think of *himself*, he did not think of *himself*.’

It was tragic for a man who so keenly felt the satisfaction of political influence to die just at the moment when the certainty of it presented itself. Whether he who is gone or any of those who remain had or have power to extricate us from our present difficulties and dangers is another question. I suppose things looked even worse for us at the end of the last century, but to my eye they look extremely bad now.

Mrs. Arnold is in New York. Since her mother’s arrival Lucy’s baby has been born—a little girl—and all is going well. I cannot follow until I have finished a Report on Foreign Schools—or rather on some points in the system of Foreign Schools—for the Government. But I shall try my hardest to come out on the 15th of next month, by my old friend the *Servia*. But I wish you could see Surrey in April, and the garden at this Cottage, and the trees.

But you mention a country on your side, the Berkshire country, is it not ? which, I believe, is very beautiful, and which I have always wished to see. Most certainly we will, if possible, come there to you for a week. But, of course, I should have come to see you wherever you might have been ; even the horse cars should

¹ The Right Hon. W. E. Forster died April 5, 1886.

TO HIS WIFE

not have kept me from Cambridge.—My love
to all your party, and believe me ever affection-
ately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife

COBHAM, *Saturday, April 24, 1886.*

At last I have your letter. What a passage ! Often and often I have felt miserable for you, and tried to comfort myself by thinking you had got away from the bad weather we were having here, but my heart refused to believe it, and I was never easy till I saw your arrival telegraphed. I had not thought of the pilot. I don't remember our hearing any news by the one that met the *Servia*, but I suppose the papers came by it, only they had nothing to interest us. I thought you would be met by Fred and he would tell you. I knew how you would feel it ; the tears ran down my cheeks as I read what you write about it. I feel quite sure you will have written to Jane. I have at once forwarded your letter to Dick, though he too will have heard either from you or from Nelly. Dear Nelly, hug her for me. So she has been punished for showing me the green frogs on board the French steamer, long ago, and exulting in my being ill when she was not. And I have got it all to go through still. I am rather glad it is the old *Servia*, for I daresay she rolls

TO MISS ARNOLD

about neither less nor more than the others, and at all events I know her and my way about her. I shall strain every nerve to get out by her, for, as you say, 'we are too old for these separations,' and I cannot bear them. But my Report is troublesome ; however, I have now done all the things which at all took me off from it, and hope this next week to make real progress with it. I got on well enough in my examination, but I find I have made, having to answer questions suddenly, mistakes on points of fact which I never should make in writing a report, when I go to my documents for all I say, and even write to my foreign informants if I am in doubt ; however, I hope to correct my evidence before it circulates.

To Miss Arnold

CUNARD ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP *Umbria*,
May 22, 1886, 9.45 P.M.

MY DEAREST FAN—One line to tell you I have made a good start in this splendid ship. The sea is quite calm and we are not crowded. 180 passengers, and they reckon they have room for 400. We left the Mersey at one to-day. Dear old Dick saw me on board, but had to leave almost immediately, as the *Umbria* was going to start. I shall settle down into some regular reading presently, but at present I have done little except walk the decks. The line of

TO MISS ARNOLD

Ireland is visible, or was visible an hour ago—it is nearly ten o'clock now. We ought to be in Queenstown early to-morrow morning, and to leave at between twelve and one. Then we shall see whether there is any difference between the Atlantic and the Irish Sea. The Dicks have been the dearest care-takers in the world, and have also thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The screw makes such a shaking that I write badly. I will keep this open till to-morrow morning to give you the latest tidings of myself. Good-night, my dear.

May 23, 10 A.M.—A fine morning, and we are anchored off the mouth of Queenstown Harbour, waiting for the tender with letters. She will go off with this before her letters are delivered. This ship is comfort itself, but the sea makes me bilious. However, by managing myself, and a copious use of lemons and soda-water, I shall do pretty well, I hope. I have had water-cresses for breakfast ; that will give you a notion of what life on board these ships is. The low weird hill-coast is very Irish. Good-bye, my dearest Fan.
—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

GERMANTOWN, *June 9, 1886.*

MY DEAREST Fan—I had your letter of the 25th May before I left New York. I have no

TO MISS ARNOLD

doubt another letter is on its way. The cable is the only quick correspondent; owing to the difference of time they were able to cry the House of Commons division¹ in the New York streets on Monday night. And the papers have long accounts of what passed—all coloured by favour to the Irish, but still very interesting. They had made up their minds here that Gladstone was going to win; from the first I had thought he would lose, but I was not prepared for so good a majority. A load is taken off my spirit, but unless Lord Hartington and Goschen bestir themselves and seize the occasion, it will pass from them, and the Home Rulers, pure and simple, will win. Of course I have not seen the comments of the English papers on my letter² to the *Times*, but on this side the water it has done good by drawing the distinction between giving to the Irish legislative control over their own local affairs, and giving to them *a single national legislative body* to exercise such control. They all here go off saying, 'Of course Ireland ought to have Home Rule just as all our States have,' and till the thing is pressed on their attention they do not see the difference between what their States have and what Gladstone proposes to do. But this would lead me too far.

How one thinks of the position in which this

¹ Mr. Gladstone's Government was defeated on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill on Tuesday morning, June 8, 1886.

² 'The Political Crisis,' the *Times*, May 22, 1886.

TO MISS ARNOLD

division and the important speech he would certainly have made, would have placed dear William Forster ! It was a tragic cutting-short indeed, although life is full of such things. I was talking of him last night to one of the best men in the United States, Wayne M'Veagh, who was Attorney-General of Garfield's government. Ellis Yarnall was there too, a man of sweet nature, who is bent on coming to see Jane when he is in England, for which country he starts in a week. A group of men I met yesterday were the first men I have seen in this country who were serious and cultivated enough to understand the Irish question. The President of the Pennsylvania University had got up at some unheard-of hour in the morning to get the newspaper as soon as it was published, so anxious was he (on the right side) about the division. All this is pleasant. To-day we have a drive in the Philadelphia Park, one of the noblest in the world—3000 acres of beautiful undulating country with a fine river. On Thursday we have a reception at the Music Hall, one of the receiving ladies is Mrs. Reed, widow of Wordsworth's friend. On Friday I breakfast at the University and we go on to Washington in the afternoon. We return to New York on Monday, but start visiting again immediately. The weather is superb, not too hot for me as yet, with rain occasionally at night, and the sun of Naples to stimulate the vegetation, which is

TO MISS ARNOLD

magnificent. The great feature at present in this city is the tulip tree, or tulip poplar as they call it ; it flowers badly in England, but here it is covered with its green and orange tulips from top to bottom. And the leafage and growth of the tree are enchanting. The plane is the great tree ; I believe the tulip tree is a plane, certainly the American maple is. The trees and the green are brilliant, a great contrast to what I saw on my last visit, when I never beheld the colour of green at all. We drove out to M'Veagh's to dinner after my lecture at the University (quite a success) yesterday ; it might have been England, the country was so green, so fenced and so cultivated ; the distances were like Hertfordshire distances, only one missed the being able to say that here or there was such and such interesting place. The clover, both red and white, are everywhere ; else the flowers are somewhat different, composites and spiky uninteresting specimens, so far as I have yet seen. But I have seen little yet. The house is a delightful stone house, bigger than Fox How, with a great verandah, a well-kept garden, and splendid roses. My Lucy's baby is a real pleasure to me, and I nurse it a great deal. It is such a refined, calm-looking little thing ; 'we count her quite English,' her nurse says to me. Now I must stop for we are going on our drive.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

METROPOLITAN CLUB, WASHINGTON,
June 13, 1886.

MY DEAREST K.—How often have I thought of you in the closing days of the great debate,¹ and how you must have been thinking of the part which dear William would have taken in it, and of the important position which he would at this moment have been occupying! For my part, I think constantly of what, after all his experience, he would have considered really expedient and feasible in the way of Home Rule. I regretted his expression of general objection to Home Rule, but I know that by this he meant only Home Rule as understood by Parnell. In this country it is supposed that England refuses every kind of Home Rule, and as this is eminently the country of local government, almost every one goes for Gladstone as the only propounder of a scheme of local government. The moment any politician produces a counter-scheme, free from the great danger of Gladstone's, the separate national Parliament, but giving real powers of local government, opinion here, which is extremely important if for no other reason than that most of Parnell's friends come from America, will undergo a change. The Americans are not

¹ On the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill.

TO MRS. FORSTER

really indisposed to England, I believe, but they are not closely informed on Irish matters, and they see no Home Rule proposed but Gladstone's measure. I doubt if Salisbury is disposed, or Hartington laborious enough, to make one; William and Goschen together would have been invaluable for this purpose.

We have the sun of Naples here with the vegetation of Virginia, and that vegetation heightened by a wet spring. The heat is great, but there are as yet hardly any mosquitoes, and in a town of trees like this I can bear almost any amount of heat. We had it at 85 in the shade yesterday. Flu and I drove up to Arlington, a beautiful place on the wooded bluff above the Potomac, which belonged to General Lee and was bought by the Government from his heirs to make it a national cemetery for the soldiers who fell in the War. About 12,000 are buried there, and the place, in addition to its natural beauty and admirable situation, is exquisitely kept, the only well-kept public thing I have seen in America. Nelly was taken by Archibald Forbes, who has turned up here, and is going to be married to an American, to the Capitol, to a garden-party, and to make a round of visits. We dined in the evening with General Meigs, the United States Quartermaster-General, and had a pleasant party of diplomatic people and others in the evening. Tell Fan that I have found here much more interesting wild flowers than hitherto, and merely

TO MRS. FORSTER

to see the *Kalmia* and the *Magnolia* growing wild everywhere in the woods is worth making the journey to see. I must not begin about the trees, or I shall fill my letter with them. We return to-morrow to dearest Lucy and little Eleanor at New York. It *is* hot in the trains.—Ever, my dearest, your most loving brother, M. A.

To the Same

LAUREL COTTAGE, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.,
July 8, 1886.

MY DEAREST K.—I should have written to you last week, but Flu told me she was writing. I am very, very often thinking of you. I have just got the *Springfield Republican*, a prominent Massachusetts local paper, and my eyes are gladdened by the heading, ‘The Liberal Defeat becomes a Rout.’¹ The newspapers here are so sensational that they always exaggerate, even when, as at present, all their wishes are against the side which is winning; still, the counties do seem to have begun well. We get no details except as to very interesting elections, such as Sexton’s for West Belfast, or Whitmore’s for Chelsea. The Americans are fairly puzzled; they thought Parnell was going to win. You cannot make them understand that his cause is not that of

¹ The General Election, consequent on the loss of the Home Rule Bill, began June 30, 1886.

TO MRS. FORSTER

the local self-government which is universal here and works well. The truth is we have not their local self-government in England or Scotland any more than in Ireland. Parliament has been at the same time local and national legislature for those countries, as well as for Ireland. But as government in England and Scotland has been in accordance with the wishes of the majority in the respective countries, the system has worked well enough hitherto, though public business is now getting too great for it. But in Ireland, where government has been conducted in accordance with the wishes of the minority and of the British Philistine, the defects of the system have come into full view. Therefore, I am most anxious that the question of local government should be in every one's mind. If it comes to be fairly discussed, the Americans will be capable of seeing that there is no more need for merging Ulster in Southern Ireland than for merging Massachusetts in New York State.

This is a pretty place, with many hills of 2000 feet, and one of 3500. But the heat of an American summer is great, and makes itself felt even here, where we are 1200 feet above the sea. We came here on Monday from the Hudson, expecting to find this much cooler ; but a spell, as they call it, of hot weather arrived with us, and we found the thermometer at 85 and the mosquitoes active. Yesterday was a terribly warm day, the thermometer above 90 in the

TO MISS ARNOLD

afternoon, and not below 80 at night ; but to-day the wind is changed, and it is about 75, which I like well enough. But between 10 A.M. and 5 P.M. you cannot go out comfortably, except along the village street, beautifully shaded with American elms and maples. It suits the baby to be here, and her nurse likes the heat ; but the baby has to be enveloped in a net when she goes out because of mosquitoes. At five I have a carriage, and we drive out. There are a great many people in the neighbourhood, some of them nice. The country is pleasing, but not to be compared to Westmorland. It is wider and opener, and neither hills nor lakes are so effective. The villas are very pretty. The American wooden villa, with its great piazza, where the family live in hot weather, is the prettiest villa in the world. And the trees are everywhere ; indeed, they cover the hills too much, to the exclusion of the truly mountainous effects which we get from the not higher mountains of Langdale.—
Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Miss Arnold

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., July 11, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN— Fred brought us your letter from New York last night, with Mary's and Walter's enclosed. Write here in future. We gain a day or two by not having to wait for Fred's coming. The letters from home seem

TO MISS ARNOLD

terribly old news when they arrive, and so do the papers. Our latest is the *Pall Mall Budget* of June 24th, before the elections began. On the other hand, the column of cablegram in the American papers every day is something wonderful; and Smalley's despatches to the *Tribune* are our only indication of there being any other opinion expressed in the world except a pro-Gladstone one. Of course, the elections tell their own tale, but not in speech. To-day we hear of Trevelyan's defeat and Lord Hartington's return, both of which you yourself, at Fox How, did not hear of till this morning. The *Pall Mall* splashes about more wildly than ever, but I suppose it represents a certain phase of Liberalism. I shall perhaps write another letter to the *Times*,¹ as now comes the critical moment. Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington have an opportunity offered to them, and if they miss it now, it will never return; and the worst of it is that the English do not know how much more than other people—than the French, the Germans, the Swiss, the Americans—they are without any system of local government of an effective kind themselves, and what they lose by being without it, so they can the less understand the necessity of granting something of the kind to the Irish, though they see in a dim way what a necessity there is.—Ever your affectionate

M. A.

¹ 'After the Elections,' the *Times*, August 6, 1886.

TO MISS ARNOLD

To the Same

STOCKBRIDGE, *July 26, 1886.*

MY DEAREST FAN—I hear on all sides of your being written to, but I must not get out of the habit of writing myself. Nelly and I have been away for a week, first at Long Branch, on the New Jersey coast, with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Childs; he owns the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and has entertained all the English who come over here. From thence we went to Cresson, on the Alleghanies, a journey of twelve hours. Mr. Childs saw to our luggage, brought us our tickets, for which there was nothing to pay, and as the express dropped us fifteen miles from Cresson and we should have had to wait three hours for a local train, the Pennsylvania Company ran us on to Cresson in a special, without charge, immediately after the express. The ascent of the Alleghanies by the famous ‘horse-shoe curve’ is interesting, but all the mountains lose by being rounded in form and wooded to the summit. One longs for bare ridges. The endless brooks of Northern Europe are also wanting, and the streams in the bottoms run over such good soil that they are seldom perfectly clear. Cresson is 2000 feet above the sea, and was beautifully cool and free from mosquitoes. The railway company put the hotel there because of a beautiful and unfailing

TO MISS ARNOLD

spring of water ; it is a kind of toy hotel to look at, in wood and quite pretty ; it holds 1000 people. It is common for the richer people to live in wooden cottages in the grounds and only to take their meals at the hotel. Carnegie does this, and we were at his cottage. We stayed three days. The first day we went down to see his works at Pittsburg, one hundred miles by rail. The country round Pittsburg is full of natural gas, which you see here and there towering into the air in a clear flame through an orifice in the ground ; this gas they have lately conducted to the works and made to do the work of coal ; no more coal is used, and there is no smoke. As a consequence, Pittsburg, from having been like a town in the Black Country, has become a seemly place. Its situation is beautiful—it lies between two rivers, the Monongahela and the Alleghany, at a tongue of land where the old fort, called after the first Pitt, was built ; Pittsburg is now a city of 250,000 people. The two rivers after joining become the Ohio, which we saw, with its islands and a width like that of Windermere, disappearing under the setting sun. The next day we had a long drive through the Alleghanies to Holidaysburg, a country town in the plain ; we drove through woods and gorges, chiefly interesting to me from two new flowers which were everywhere, the great *Veronica Virginiana*, from three to five feet high, with great spikes of

TO SIR M. GRANT DUFF

white flowers, and the pokeweed, a great herb yet taller, with tassels of pink flowers, from the berries of which red ink is made. Once I got Carnegie to stop near the stream, and got out, that I might look at the water ; to my joy I found edging the stream, and running back over swampy ground into the forest, great rhododendrons still in flower ; the blossom is white, the plants as big as the big ones at Fox How, and the trusses of splendid size. We gathered a good many. The *Kalmia*, too, was everywhere, but going out of flower. We lunched at Holidaysburg, and returned through the mountains by another route, over awful roads ; but the horses here can go anywhere. We did not get home till after eight o'clock.—Ever your most affectionate
M. A.

To Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff

STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
July 29, 1886.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—I had a letter from you before I left England in May. I like to think that you will have been in general agreement with what I said about the Irish question and Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century*.¹ There was a rumour you were coming home, but I suppose you will stay out your time. The

¹ 'The Nadir of Liberalism,' May 1886.

TO SIR M. GRANT DUFF

Elections are a great relief. What a power of solid political sense there is in the English nation still ! And now, unless the Conservatives let things drift and miss their opportunity, we have a really interesting and fruitful political work before us—the establishment of a thorough system of local government. How different from the Wife's Sister, Church Rate and Disestablishment business familiar to modern Liberalism ! I thought (and said in the *Times* six weeks before the election) that Gladstone would be beaten, but the majority against him exceeds my best hopes. Then I came here, where the newspapers are all Parnellite and Gladstonian, suffering nothing to appear but what favours the side they are on. They now console themselves (like John Morley) by saying that in six months Gladstone will be in again, and carrying his measure triumphantly.

But I am not going on about English politics. You should read Carnegie's book *Triumphant Democracy*. The facts he has collected as to the material progress of this country are valuable, and I am told the book is having a great sale, being translated into French and German, etc. He and most Americans are simply unaware that nothing in the book touches the capital defect of life over here : namely, that compared with life in England it is so uninteresting, so without savour and without depth. Do they think to prove that it must have savour and depth by

TO SIR M. GRANT DUFF

pointing to the number of public libraries, schools, and places of worship? But I must not go on about the politics and sociology of America any more than about those of England.

Nature—I must give the rest of my letter to that, in memory of our walk at Eden when you showed me the difference between hawkbit and cat's-ear, took me to where the *Linnaea* and the *Goodyera repens* grew, and founded my botanical education. In beauty and form the landscape of the Eastern and Middle States (I have seen no more) is deficient. This Berkshire county in Massachusetts, where I now am, which the Americans extol, is not to be compared to the Lakes or Scotland. The streams, too, are poor—not the great rivers, but the streams and mountain brooks. The heat is great in summer, and in winter the cold excessive; the mosquito is everywhere. But the flowers and trees are delightfully interesting. On a woody knoll behind this cottage the undergrowth is *Kalmia*, which was all in flower when we came. The *Monotropa uniflora* (Indian pipe or corpse-plant, as they call it here—excellent names) is under every tree, the *Pyrola rotundifolia* in masses. Then we drive out through boggy ground, and towering up everywhere are the great meadow rue, beautifully elegant, the *Helianthus giganteus* and the milkweed—this last (*Asclepias*) in several varieties, and very effective. I believe it is an American plant only, and so I think is the

TO SIR M. GRANT DUFF

shrubby cinquefoil, which covers waste ground, as the whin does with us. The pokeweed (*Phytolacca*) is, I think, American too, and quite a feature by the wood-borders in Pennsylvania. But the great feature in Pennsylvania was the rhododendron by the stream sides and shining in the damp thickets—bushes thirty feet high, covered with white trusses. I was too late for the azalea and for the dogwood, both of them, I am told, most beautiful here. The Cardinal flower I shall see—it is not out yet. A curious thing is our garden Golden-rod of North England and Scotland, which grows everywhere, like the wild Golden-rod with us. They have more than thirty kinds of *Solidago*. What would I give to go in your company for even one mile on any of the roads out of Stockbridge! The trees too delight me. I had no notion what maples really were, thinking only of our pretty hedge-row shrub at home; but they are, as, of course, you know, trees of the family of our sycamore, but more imposing than our sycamore, or more delicate. The sugar maple is more imposing, the silver maple more delicate. The American elm I cannot prefer to the English, but still I admire it extremely. And the fringe-tree, and the wigged sumach!—this latter growing with a strength of shoot and an exuberance of wig which one never sees in England. Still, I shall be very glad to be back in England, the more so as I have a slight heart trouble, which this

TO MISS ARNOLD

climate and its habits do not suit. Write to me at Cobham and tell me all about yourself and your wife—my love to her and to Clara. We have taken our passage for the 4th of September. Between this and then I am going to the Adirondacks. The fishing is, as the Americans say, ‘a fraud’—the rivers all fished out. ‘Where every man may take liberties, no man can enjoy any’ (Coleridge).—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold

STOCKBRIDGE, August 10, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—I had your letter yesterday. I did not know the *Thalictrum majus* grew on Windermere; I knew the *Comarum palustre* did. It is hard not to talk flowers to you, you are so interested in them, and there are so many here to interest you. A dear girl called Emily Tuckerman took Nelly and me to a river meadow yesterday where we could find the Cardinal flower (red lobelia). I send you a specimen, though I don’t know whether it will reach you in a recognisable shape. Never, since I turned aside from the hill-road from Mentone to Gorbio and entered a little enclosure where the double scarlet anemone was in flower, have I had such a sensation as when I pushed yesterday through a thicket of milkweed, blue vervain,

TO MISS ARNOLD

meadow rue, and yellow loosestrife, and saw a plot of scarlet lobelias by the stream side, nodding in the breeze. They are from one and a half to three feet high. We found all sorts of other things, the wild *Smilax* or greenbriar, and the *Wistaria* of the north (one garden *Wistaria* is wild in the Southern States), the *Glycine Apios* of Linnæus, with its beautiful leaves and fragrant brown-purple flowers. Also the plants of the great *Cypripedium*, lady's slipper, very interesting in leaf and stem, though the flower is over. But I must not go on about the flowers, or my letter will contain nothing else.

I thirst for England, and this climate has not entirely suited me. Here we have it very warm again, and the voice of the mosquitoes also is again heard in the land; in the Adirondacks there were none, and it was quite cool. But it is not so bad by any means as when we first came; the thermometer does not reach 90 by day nor keep above 70 by night. It suits the dear baby perfectly, who gets prettier and more flourishing every day; really, one of my pleasantest moments in the day is my first visit to her when I am on my way to the bath-room. At that time she is lying awake in her little crib, enchanted to see visitors, and always receives me with a smile or two. The other day she snatched a five dollar note out of my hand, and waved it in triumph like a true little Yankee. To-day, for the first time, she has clutched my eye-glass

TO MISS ARNOLD

and played with it. Tom's letter was interesting, and, of course, the value to a people of having such an object of 'admiration, hope, and love' as a great religion cannot be over-estimated. Still, Irish Catholicism cannot last as it is. On the whole, I am in good hope about politics. The great points are to keep the Unionists together and to produce a local government plan.
—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

STOCKBRIDGE, *August 24, 1886.*

MY DEAREST FAN—We had our English letters yesterday. How faithful you are in sending me what you think will interest me! But for you I should not have seen my letter in the *Times*. The state of things here is curious; no part of the letter which spoke of the best American opinion being adverse to Gladstone's proceeding was given, but a telegraphic summary of part of the letter appeared with this heading—*Mr. M. A. favourable to Home Rule*, and so they go on; not a word from any one except the Irish, or Englishmen who take part with them, and a constant assertion of the embarrassment of the Government, and of the estrangement, rapidly growing, of the Unionists. The situation is in truth so critical that it is easy to become alarmed when one is at a distance, and I shall

TO MISS ARNOLD

be sincerely glad to have done with the American newspapers.

The enclosed will show you what was in store for us at Bar Harbour. I could not go last week. I was not sure enough of being free from pain, and this week we found that it would be a comfort to dearest Lucy if we gave it up, so give it up we did. It would have been a hot two days' journey, then two days in a whirl, and then a hot two days' journey back, so we are well out of it. This place has become very enjoyable. I see at last what the American autumn which they so praise is, and it deserves the praise given it. Day after day perfectly fine, the thermometer going up from 60 to 75, but not higher, in the course of the day, and averaging 60 at night. I wish you could have been with us yesterday, that is, if you are not nervous in a carriage, for the roads look impossible in places and the hills are awful. But the horses are the best tempered and cleverest in the world; the drivers understand them perfectly, and the carriages are so light that they rebound from all shocks. We went to a lake called Long Lake, and at last I found a solitary spot for a house, a clearing which looked upon the lake, a wooded range behind, and to the south a wide valley with the Dome and the other high Taconic Mountains in the sunset at the end of it. We were perpetually stopping the carriage in the woods through which we

TO C. E. NORTON

drove, the flowers were so attractive ; we settled that you would be particularly struck with the *Gerardia* flower and the *Desmodium*. But I think myself you would be so plunged in the varieties of the golden-rod and the aster, that you would go mad over them and be left in an asylum. I steadily refuse to concern myself with their varieties ; I will only say that you have no notion how beautiful the asters are till you see them. I remember the great purple one (*A. patens*, I think) grows wild about Yarmouth and the Isle of Wight. There is a nice youth here, a German called Hoffmann, who is an enthusiastic botanist. Did I tell you we have a grand specimen of the *Osmunda* in the field below the house ? The orchards are getting splendid—the apples scent the air as you drive along. The feeling against drink is such that the people are even ceasing to make cider, and quantities of the apples are really left to waste. My love to the Walters, and to Lake, if he is still within reach.—Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To C. E. Norton

STOCKBRIDGE, August 27 (1886).

MY DEAR NORTON—I am better, but this climate makes me feel too sensibly my mortality, and I shall return to it no more. I am the more glad to have had those two glimpses of you at

TO C. E. NORTON

Ashfield. I read the account of your meeting ; the speeches were good, but I am doubtful about your petty academies, just as I am more than doubtful about your pullulating colleges and universities. *Das Gemeine* is the American danger, and a few and good secondary schools and universities, setting a high standard, are what you seem to me to want, rather than a multitude of institutions which their promoters delude themselves by taking seriously, but which no serious person can so take.

But I suspect your opinion on this matter is much the same as mine, though you sacrificed to the local deities at Ashfield.

I like Berkshire more and more, and having given up Bar Harbour, I have seen more of this neighbourhood than I expected to see. The Dome is a really imposing and beautiful mass ; I have seen it now from many points, and in many lights, and with ever-increasing admiration. But your Ashfield country has more variety of outline than Berkshire. How strange it will seem to be looking at Coniston Old Man and Helvellyn in a week or two's time ! I was shown the Green River yesterday, the river 'immortalised by the American Wordsworth,' *i.e.* Bryant. But the Dome, at any rate, will live in my admiring memory.

I hope we shall see Sally. Tell Richard, with my love, that I have made out the third flower—*Gerardia* flower, the false foxglove.

TO MISS ARNOLD

Love from both of us to all your party, and let us see you in England before long.—Your ever affectionate.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold

STOCKBRIDGE, *August 30, 1886.*

MY DEAREST FAN—We have had another hot wave, 85 to 90 in the day, and up to 70 all night. Of course, in New York it is yet hotter than it is here. I could not have got about among the hills here to fish the brooks even if we had had rain.

As it is, they are so low that to fish would be quite useless. Much is to be said for the certainty of fine weather in this climate, but I greatly prefer the English climate, on the whole. The great relief will be to cease seeing the American newspapers. Here one must read them, for through them only can one get the European news; but their badness and ignobleness are beyond belief. They are the worst feature in the life of the United States, and make me feel kindly even to the *Pall Mall Gazette* by comparison with them. The *P. M. G.* remark on my possible drowning was touchingly friendly. The accident was nothing: a wave carried me heavily against a taut rope under water, put there for the safety of bathers; but the shock exhausted me rather, and was followed by a

TO MRS. FORSTER

week or so of troublesome attacks of pain across the chest. I am slowly getting back my powers of walking, which is what I most care about. The heat is beginning to tell on the flowers, but we shall bring you a list of found plants which will make you envious. I must make an effort to get at the pitcher plant before I go, but it is in bad swamps. If we reach Liverpool on Sunday, the 12th, we shall, of course, sleep that night at Liverpool. I make out that the Croppers will be at Buxton. We will telegraph to you when we arrive. I hope we shall be with you either the 13th or 14th. How delightful it will be!—Ever, dearest Fan, your most affectionate
M. A.

To Mrs. Forster

COBHAM, October 21, 1886.

MY DEAREST K.—I was going any way to write to you this week. I am afraid I do not watch South Africa very attentively just now, but it is very necessary that South Africa should be watched attentively by some one. I think Stanhope¹ is a good man, though a little defective in health, and therefore also, perhaps, in energy. On the whole, I think there is hope. Lord Randolph² has *freshness*—a great thing.

¹ The Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1886, died December 21, 1893.

² Lord Randolph Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1886, died January 24, 1895.

TO MRS. FORSTER

The fatal thing at this moment, as I have so often said, is drifting. And the stale old hacks always love to talk plausibly and to drift. I do not wish to have anarchy in Ireland, or to disestablish the Church of England; but Lord Clanricarde as an Irish landlord, and Lord Lonsdale as the patron of forty livings, have become impossible. They must be seriously dealt with. The old hacks want still to leave them as they are, to talk plausibly about them, and to drift. The same as to Winans in Scotland. Lord Randolph, as I say, is *fresh*. He perceives that something serious must be done. Lord Salisbury's intellect is such that he perceives the same thing, perhaps with clearer and deeper view than Lord Randolph; but I doubt whether, without Lord R.'s freshness and go to stimulate him, he would act. I shall probably write one political article for Knowles at Christmas, simply to try to be of use by keeping people's eyes fixed on main issues, and preventing their going off on side ones. I should like to write one political article a year—only one—and an article of this nature. My leisure is delightful, but I can as yet hardly turn round, I have so many letters to answer and promises to fulfil. Then Ted¹ is at me for his magazine. I think I shall do General Grant's *Memoirs* for him. The Americans will like it. The book has hardly been noticed in England, and Grant is shown by this book to be

¹ His nephew, E. A. Arnold, editor of *Murray's Magazine*.

TO MRS. FORSTER

one of the most solid men they have had. I prefer him to Lincoln. Except Franklin, I know hardly any one so *selbst-ständig*, so broad and strong-sighted, as well as firm-charactered, that they have had. But with all this, I cannot get to my own work, to things I had myself purposed to do, at all.

Horrid weather, not like October in Surrey at all ; but the farmers say the water was failing with the August and September drought, and we want all the rain we can get. There is no colour in the trees. I go about the garden, and arrange little matters of planting. However bad the weather may be, it is good weather for planting. We have five or six dozen pears of the prime sort. We had many more last year, but these are something. I like gathering them and looking at them. They will not be eatable for ten days yet. We dine out too much—four days in this week ! People hurry to ask us because we have been so long away. Has your beech hedge turned yellow ?—Ever, my K., your most loving
M. A.

When you see Mr. Wemyss Reid, thank him from me for the book¹ of Stevenson he has sent me. It is not to be compared with *Kidnapped*, however.

¹ *An Inland Voyage.*

TO MISS ARNOLD

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, Friday, October 29, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN— . . . I am in tearing spirits, simply from the weather. The east wind is gone, the south-west wind is come, and the thermometer is now (noon) 62 in shade to the north. The colour has come at last, and the horse-chestnuts and poplars are a sight. Yellows we can manage to perfection; it is the reds in which the States beat us. I send you some maple leaves I received from Stockbridge last night, and I send the note which came with them. I go about the garden—I cannot come in to work—examine the acorns on the Turkey oak, with their curly-haired cups, which I had never noticed before; they are very effective. Then I give Flu, who is driving to Lady Ellesmere's, a Duchesse pear to take to Lady Ellesmere, who says she shall carry it to her gardener to show him how much finer pears are grown at the Cottage than at Burwood. Then I go to pick up some Spanish chestnuts. At last I come in to work.

October 30th.—So far I wrote yesterday. To-day is again beautifully mild, but we have little sun to bring out the colours. Nelly and I have been cutting grapes, and then picking up acorns and giving them to the pigs. I have also been seeing some irises transplanted. Flu and Nelly

TO MISS ARNOLD

drove with Mrs. Deacon to Ockshott to call on the Butts, who have just settled there. He is the Judge¹ of that name, and she is a very pretty and pleasing woman, an American—a Southerner. I drove out with the dogs and walked home, enjoying the country and the views and the air extremely. The lane I took is one where the spindle-tree grows abundantly, the berries on which are just reddening. I send you a flower I put in a book I was reading in America; is it not a kind of sorrel? How well flowers dry by being merely laid in a book! . . . We have three dinner-parties for next week, which is too much, but the dining will abate presently. Now I must wash my hands for luncheon.

Sunday Morning.—Again a soft, south wind, thermometer at 60, the leaves falling fast, and everything full of colour, but unspeakably soft and lovely. I had never noticed till this year the exquisite light yellow which the Abele turns. We have a row of them in the Mole island opposite to us. I walked yesterday afternoon, after a tiresome hour at accounts, with Fanny Lucy along the Walton Road, and wished for you. The plantations are mainly Spanish chestnuts, and that and the fern did indeed make a feast of brown and yellow.—Your ever affectionate
M. A.

¹ Sir Charles Butt, Judge of the Divorce Court.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

To his Elder Daughter

COBHAM, November 13, 1886.

MY DARLING LUCY—I meant to have written on Wednesday, but I have had a horrid week with my speech to the Westminster teachers.¹ You know how a thing of that kind worries me. However, last night it came off, and very well. The things they have given me are very beautiful. I was afraid of a tea-service. Plate in general, and china, I do not care for so much as many people do. I could get through life with a wooden spoon and platter, but the jug and salver they have given me will look well on the sideboard. When Mr. Carrick Moore asked me, ‘But what would you really like, if you don’t care about plate?’ I answered, ‘A carriage, a pair of horses, and to have them kept for me! Not that I should use them much myself, but I should like to have them.’ The affection and responsiveness of the teachers was touching.

Noon.—I wrote the foregoing before breakfast; now the *Times* has come with a report of the meeting and a leading article. You shall have whichever of the papers is best. You can imagine the relief with which I have been going about the garden this morning and planting. It is a beautiful moment, a clear morning after days

¹ On retiring from his Inspectorship.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

of rain, and the last colour on the trees showing charmingly. We have had no frost yet, and Dick's magnolia is still trying to come into bloom. Numbers of summer flowers—the red *Salvia*, for instance—are blooming. The birds are happy in the open weather, and the sweet robins keep following Collis and me about as we open the ground to plant rhododendrons. Kai sits in the sun at the door of the greenhouse and watches us. The thermometer is 50, and in the night does not fall below 40. I so often think how fond the Midget¹ will get of this cottage. You cannot think how often Stockbridge and its landscape come into my mind. None of the cities could attach me, not even Boston ; but I could get fond of Stockbridge. Do you remember our drive to Mohawk Lake, and the glorious briskness and brightness of it all, and Annie carrying the sweet Midget along the dyke and pulling everlastings as she went? What Virginian creepers trailed over the trees there ! I cannot write a long letter to-day, things have accumulated on me so while I was worrying about my speech ; but I send you a charming letter I have had from Henry Cochin, as my mind always turns to you when I am in relations with France and French things and people. Give me news of Mr. Whitridge *père*. My love to Fred and ten kisses to the Midget.
—Always your own PAPA.

¹ His first grandchild, see p. 270.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

To the Same

COBHAM, November 27, 1886.

MY DARLING CHILD—This is the last time a Cunarder takes the letters. Every one talks of the letters, and of the loss as to time for posting letters if the Queenstown route is given up ; but I think of passengers, and the blessing to them of going on without break when once started, and I hope and trust the Cunard Company will *not* come to an agreement with the Post Office. As I was getting up this morning I actually heard your dear voice. Our expeditions to the muddy promontory for snowdrop bulbs came into my head, I don't know why, and I saw you raise up your head from the oozy ground and half-dug-up bulbs, and laugh merrily and call out to Nelly. These are the glimpses which give me delight. We have dark, foggy weather, but not thick fog any longer, and no cold : the thermometer does not drop below 40. The strawberry plant and borage are in bloom in the kitchen garden, and I have just brought in to mamma a beautiful rose off Lady Charles Russell's tree. Collis has been digging the border, and there is a soft smell of earth, which a pair of sweet robins—the inimitable red robin, no American thrush—sit on the rails to enjoy. I am much pressed with work, but in good spirits, as it is work which is more or less

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

congenial, and not school-inspecting. I have written a preface for the American edition of Mary Claude's stories which you will like, a short preliminary notice for an edition of Wordsworth, a preface for the popular edition of *St. Paul and Protestantism*, and now I have to write, rather against time, an article¹ for Ted on General Grant's *Life*, of which not three hundred copies have been sold in England. That makes it an all the better subject, as there are really materials in the book for a most interesting article, and no one has used them. Then I have promised Knowles a political article for the beginning of the session, and half a dozen pages on Tauler² (whom I was reading at Stockbridge) to help a poor ex-colleague who has translated him. There is also Amiel to be done, to fulfil a promise to Mary ;³ so you see I have my hands full. Amiel has not taken here at all. . . . I did not much think it would ; it is not a book for the general English public, and the few can read it in French. If you have access to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, read my article on Sainte-Beuve in the last volume. He would have been pleased by it himself, poor dear man, I think. Now you have had enough about my writings. Nelly is quite right that the photograph you sent of the Midget will not

¹ 'General Grant,' *Murray's Magazine*, January and February 1887.

² 'A Friend of God,' *Nineteenth Century*, April 1887.

³ Mrs. Humphry Ward, who translated Amiel's *Journal*.

TO M. FONTANÈS

give a good impression of her to strangers, but somehow it reminds me of the darling, and I like it. How I wish I could go into her room of a morning and hold her little feet while she stares in my face !

I am quite my old self again—walked about London all yesterday in the fog without choke and pain. My darling, how good you were when I was suffering !—Your own always loving
PAPA.

To M. Fontanès

COBHAM, SURREY, *November 27, 1886.*

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS—I was very glad to see your handwriting again. First, let me answer your literary question : the passage quoted in the discourse on Numbers is from a very good history of Greece by Dr. Ernst Curtius, a German professor. It has probably been translated into French.

I am sorry you cannot give a better account of the health of Madame Fontanès. I do indeed wish that we were all going to meet in Paris this winter, but that is impossible. I had four or five months of idleness in America this summer visiting my married daughter, and on my return home I find myself confronted by half a dozen editors, who allege promises made by me to give them an article when I became free ; and, as I have at last resigned

TO M. FONTANÈS

my inspectorship, they summon me to fulfil my promises. Something I must do to satisfy them, and this will keep me busy up to Easter ; then I shall be able to look round me and decide upon my future course. Perhaps we shall go to Italy for April and May, and then we should have a chance of seeing you on our passage through Paris. Politics occupied me much during the first half of this year. The chief work I have done was a political article for the *Nineteenth Century*. The title of the article will give you a notion of the line I took ; the title was 'The Nadir of Liberalism.' In the last months of Mr. Gladstone's Government the Liberal party did indeed reach its lowest, its *nadir*. The result of the elections gave me indescribable relief. The political prospect, however, is still very anxious. I confess I do not look forward to any close alliance of this country with France, the character and aspirations of the two nations have become so different, and are daily becoming more so. But that is no reason why they should not live peaceably side by side. You mention M. Pécaut ; if you see him, pray ascertain whether he received a copy of my *Report on Foreign Schools*. Much as I dislike the *jacobinisme autoritaire* of your Ministry of Education, I like and admire M. Pécaut, and have endeavoured to do justice to him in my Report. You do not mention Renan's *Abbesse* ; he has been on

TO MISS ARNOLD

the *pente* tending towards such a production some time. I suspect that outside of France he has almost annulled, by that production, his influence as a serious writer, which is a pity. I am republishing *St. Paul and Protestantism*—that old friend of yours—with a new preface and some additional matter. I shall send you the volume.

We all send affectionate remembrances to you and yours.—Most cordially I am, your affectionate friend,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold

BURFORD LODGE, DORKING,
Sunday, November 28, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—Here we are at this pretty place under Box Hill, which looks really precipitous as it rises straight from the river at the back of the garden. The house has been rebuilt since we were here twenty years ago, and everything is the perfection of comfort. We have here the American Minister (Mr. Phelps) and his wife, a Mr. Reed (a philanthropist who gives away his fortune) and his wife, Sir Edmund and Lady Henderson, and Norman Lockyer. Sir Trevor Lawrence is one of the chief growers of orchids, and we have been through his houses with him and learnt something, though orchids are to me more

TO MISS ARNOLD

curious than attractive. The fog hangs about, but is not so bad as it was ; however, it makes breathing a little more difficult to me when I walk, so this morning, instead of going with the walking party to Mickleham, I went with the carriage party, Flu and Lady Henderson, to Dorking. Dorking church is a fine one, and of a kind that I like ; I had not seen it since it was rebuilt. We had our reward : a man in tumbled Episcopal robes got into the pulpit ; I did not know him, but was struck with him at once. He preached a wonderfully good sermon on the text, ‘Take heed that ye despise not.’ One oratorical movement about the drunkard—not even the drunkard might be an object of contempt—was very fine indeed. A good deal of the actor, I thought, but the good actor, and plenty of thought, observation, and feeling. When we got out we met Mrs. Rate (Tait’s great friend), and found that it was the Bishop of Ripon (Boyd Carpenter) we had been hearing, and that he was staying with her. She wanted us to come with her to luncheon, and to be introduced to him, but we had the Lawrences’ carriage and horses, and could not. But I am glad to have heard him. I did not know that I had such a good preacher still to hear. My love to dearest K. and to Francis.—Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate

M. A.

TO C. E. NORTON

To C. E. Norton

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
December 22, 1886.

MY DEAR NORTON—I was very glad to get your long and kind letter, but when I got it I was hard pressed. A nephew of mine, who is starting a magazine for Murray, appealed to me for help in his first number, and I had also promised Knowles a political article before the meeting of Parliament. . . . As for me, I could not have believed that what they talk of 'native air' and its benefits could have come so true; but indeed I began to mend directly I got on board ship, and now am much as I was this time last year. If I go too quick, I am stopped by a warning in my chest, but I can go about as much as I like if I go leisurely, and I have no attacks of sharp pain. There were some nights in America when I thought that my 'grand climacteric'—an epoch in life which I used to hear a great deal of from my dear mother—would see the end of me; and I think, by the way you looked at me once or twice at Ashfield, you thought so too. However, here I still am, and what is more, I found myself able to answer to the spur, and to produce my two articles under pressure, without any bad effects, and I think the stuff produced is of about the same quality as usual

TO C. E. NORTON

—not worse. Opinion here is entirely with you in the Carlyle case, and Froude's fretful letter to the *Times* did him great harm ; unluckily, he *has* begotten a distaste for Carlyle which indisposes the public mind now to give him the attention which they eagerly gave him not long ago. The account of your Harvard celebration in the *Times* was too brief, but well done so far as it went ; only a few sentences were given to Lowell's address, but we shall get that entire in a volume which Macmillan is to publish. The solemnity seems to have had a thorough public importance, and it is just one of those to which it is so good for America to give public importance, and to be proud of giving it. I suppose you are now be-snowed and be-iced for the winter. We have had a characteristic week of an English December : three days ago, after open weather, a powdering of snow and a hard frost, the thermometer falling to 16 ; three days of this, the ice becoming strong enough to bear, and we all getting our skates out ; this morning at breakfast Nelly looks up and cries, ' Why, it's thawing ! ' and when we went to the window, so it was ; dripping everywhere, and the wind south-west and the thermometer 42. I have been out a long walk, and it is like a cold, stormy day in April. But I do enjoy this Surrey country and climate, and even this small old cottage ; we hope to show it to you some day, and do not let it be too long

TO MISS ARNOLD

hence. Love from all of us, and best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all your party.—Ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I am going to send you a new edition of my *St. Paul*, for the sake of a word of new preface.

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, December 27, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN—It was no use writing yesterday, for my letter would have stayed all day in London. I got yesterday, the 26th, your letter, and John's, and Jane's, written on the 23rd. Thank John for me, and give a kiss to my precious Susy. My love to Walter also, and tell him to cheer up. To-day we have no post at all, the mail cart has been waiting all day at Weybridge for the mail from the South. To London the line is open, and letters will be sent there to-night. How much farther they will get I know not, but Knowles will get the corrected proof of my article at his house in St. James's Park, and take it to the printer. I send you his note. That is being a good editor; to do everything to facilitate your contributor's task, instead of worrying him. Of course, it was an awkward circumstance, Lord Randolph's sudden resignation coming when my article¹

¹ 'The Zenith of Conservatism,' *Nineteenth Century*, January 1887.

TO MISS ARNOLD

was already in type. Then came Chamberlain's speech also, to change the posture of things still further. But I have made everything right, and think the article will do very well, and, I hope, be of use. I am told the pantomime people are in despair. All their jokes and allusions have gone wrong. They were full of Lord Randolph, as the rising and powerful Minister. On Christmas Day we skated at Pains Hill—beautiful ice. Yesterday the weather changed to thaw. But, my dear Fan, the havoc! the cork-tree is a wreck; it has lost great limbs at the top and at the side. The ivied firs in the shrubbery have snapped off in the middle, half a dozen of them, and lie all over the evergreens. We have had a busy day. Dick has been sawing off the shattered branches of the cork-tree. I have been getting rid of the snow which was breaking down the evergreens. The hollies are terribly split and twisted. The yews and laurels have resisted better. Pains Hill lawn is a desolation, with the great limbs of cedars lying upon it. Even the oaks in the park have suffered, besides a number of trees that are down altogether. To-night it is a hard frost, with snow on the ground six or eight inches deep. It being Lubbock's holiday, no help could be got; but Dick has been a tower of strength. We dined with the Leafs on Christmas Day, and it was pleasant. We were to have dined with the George Smiths at Walton to-night,

TO MISS ARNOLD

but can neither go nor telegraph. The roads are impassable and the telegraph wires broken. The Buxtons have theatricals to-morrow night, and how we are to get there I don't know. We dine out Wednesday and Thursday. A nice time for such pleasures! Susy ought to be at Cannes, but in the north of England their ideas of change do not go much beyond Blackpool. Goodbye, my dearest. I wish we were together at the top of Loughrigg in the snow, and had to get home as we could.—Your ever loving M. A.

You have sent me a very pretty little book. Burroughs is a good writer.

To the Same

COBHAM, *January 3, 1887.*

MY DEAREST FAN—A great disaster—a thaw has come on in the night, with wind. I suppose the frost has made the stems brittle, and on going out this morning I find the great head of the Souvenir de Malmaison rose-tree, of which I am particularly fond, blown right off and lying on the lawn. The cork-tree has suffered much, but can be trimmed into shape, and will still be an interesting object on the lawn. The Pains Hill cork-tree has not lost a branch, but a great cedar near it, which probably

TO MISS ARNOLD

you do not remember, has suffered more than any cedar in the place, and the ruin is really a grand sight to see, the trunk and boughs of big cedars are so vast and impressive. We have had very hard frost. I fancy you seldom have it so cold in Westmorland. It was at 12 on the lawn yesterday. Both that day and the day before the trees were more beautiful with rime than I have ever seen them. The Pains Hill lake and woods were a sight. I wished for you. The skating was good, and I still skate, though with a good deal of reluctance to try figures or skating backwards. Now we have a thaw, and I only hope it may continue, and not turn to snow. Travelling has been horrible, and I rejoice daily that I have not to go up and down to London. The Dicks leave us to-day; it has been very pleasant having them. The skating has been a great delight to him, and he is, and always has been, very fond of his home and its goings on. I send you the telegram we had from Lucy on Christmas Day, and one or two other letters. All may burn, unless you like to keep Goschen as an autograph. I declined the speech, and to-day have another letter from him urging me again. His last sentence makes me think he is going to take office; we shall know to-morrow.¹ I am sure Lord Hartington's taking it would have led to intrigues and to a wearing down of

¹ The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen succeeded Lord Randolph Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer, January 3, 1887.

TO MISS ARNOLD

the majority. I am inclined to think Goschen may join without inconvenience. He is isolated. And then on local government he will be a tower of strength to them. I am very much afraid of a weak Bill there, if Goschen does not intervene. Lord Hartington will exercise a very great influence on Chamberlain's section of Unionists by remaining as he is. Chamberlain himself is *remuant* and dangerous, but his followers will feel Lord Hartington's influence whether Chamberlain does or no—that is, they will feel it so long as he holds his present independent position. I think we shall go to London early in February. I hope Ted has been bestirring himself about his second number.¹ Now would be the time to get Lord Randolph Churchill. I read your Burroughs through yesterday. He is a naturalist of great merit, and a good critic of men too. What a pity he has the American disease of always bringing into comparison his country and its things! They all do it, however, except you get a man like Emerson. He much overpraises the song of the American (so-called) robin.—Ever, my dearest Fan, with all New Year wishes, your most affectionate

M. A.

¹ Of *Murray's Magazine*.

TO MRS. COATES

To Mrs. Coates

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,

January 29, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. COATES—I had been thinking of you and your husband this Christmas, and had sent off to you a republication of one of my books, which contains some new matter, and would, I thought, interest you. Now comes your letter, which I am glad to receive, though it tells me of your grandmother's death. I remember her perfectly. She was a woman of great vigour of mind, and it was a pleasure to me to make her acquaintance. One should try to bring oneself to regard death as a quite natural event, and surely in the case of the old it is not difficult to do this. For my part, since I was sixty I have regarded each year, as it ended, as something to the good beyond what I could naturally have expected. This summer in America I began to think that my time was really coming to an end, I had so much pain in my chest, the sign of a malady which had suddenly struck down in middle life, long before they came to my present age, both my father and grandfather. I feel sure that the Philadelphia lecture had nothing to do with it. I do not think I enjoyed any days in America more than those I spent with you at Germantown; the heat did not oppress me, and the beauty of

TO SYDNEY BUXTON

your vegetation was a perpetual pleasure. Shall I ever forget your Pennsylvania tulip-trees? But the American summer I found trying, and I cannot resist the conviction that the climate does not suit the heart-trouble which I undoubtedly have; the tendency to pain in the chest diminished as soon as I went on board ship to return home; and now, in the friendly air of this dear, stupid old country, it has almost entirely disappeared. I am not likely, therefore, to attempt America again, though I should like to have seen the South and West. Philadelphia and Germantown have already a secure place in my affections, and cannot lose it.—Always affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Sydney Buxton, M.P.

3 WILTON STREET, March 25, 1887.

MY DEAR SYDNEY—I am refusing every invitation to lecture and to make addresses this year, or I shall never establish my freedom. It is the duty of a public man to appear in public, and he has many compensations; but I am not a public man, and the ‘saying a few words,’ which to a public man seems the most natural thing in the world, is to me an artificial and unnatural performance, quite out of my line.—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO THE HON. C. K. TUCKERMAN

To the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
April 25, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. TUCKERMAN—Your verses touch with feeling a matter of real and sad concern.

We made acquaintance at Stockbridge with some relations of yours; one of them, Miss Emily Tuckerman, became quite a friend of mine, as we botanised together. I asked about you, and found you were abroad.

I have sometimes talked of ending my days in Florence, but somehow when it comes to uprooting myself from my cottage and garden here, I cannot do it. But I think Florence the most beautiful place I know, and I hope to see it again before long. You may be sure I shall not come there without endeavouring to see you and Mrs. Tuckerman.

The Delanos¹ are now in London, and I hope to call on them the first day I go up there.

Lucy is not quite well informed as to the American rules for sending cards, but I am sure she has retained, as have we all, the pleasantest remembrances of our meeting with

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Delano, at whose house on the banks of the Hudson he passed several days.

TO GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

you, and would much like to meet you again.
—Believe me, most truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George W. E. Russell

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
April 28, 1887.

MY DEAR GEORGE—I am going to Aston Clinton on Wednesday 4th, and must return to my forsaken ones here on Friday 6th. Besides, ——— would certainly say, if I dined with you again, that it was because not a bone was left in the cupboard in Grub Street.¹

We have designs on you for a Sunday here, but Mrs. Arnold will write.—Ever yours affectionately,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster

COBHAM, *May 12, 1887.*

MY DEAREST K.—I do wish you were more within reach, but I will certainly try to have two or three days with you before you leave Fox How. I was always fond of Tilberthwaite and Yewdale, and now I shall be fonder of them than ever because you found abundance of flowers

¹ M. A.'s letters in *Friendship's Garland* purport to be written from Grub Street.

TO MRS. FORSTER

there. I have just ordered a fly, that we may take Fan to see a thoroughly good cowslip field, which I know she likes. It is a beautiful moment, the pear and cherry blossom are abundant, and so will the lilac and laburnum blossom be in another week. But I wish it were brighter, or that we could have a few hours' rain. It is dull, and the wind is in the north. However, we had some rain on Saturday night, and we get so little in May generally that we may be thankful for that. We are going on a road to-day where the nightingales sing continually. You do not know what you lose by living out of the hearing of nightingales. I got a chill in going to Aston Clinton on Saturday, and have had a troublesome swelled face ; however, it is better now, but it spoiled my enjoyment of one of the most beautiful days I ever saw, which was last Sunday. We drove to Chequers, a place in the midst of the Chilterns—hills crowned with beech woods, with combes full of box, and pure green spaces here and there among the box ; one of these, Velvet Lawn, belongs to Chequers, and is so beautiful that people come from a distance to visit it. The owner, a young Mr. Astley, is seventh in direct descent from Cromwell, his ancestor having married one of Cromwell's daughters, and they have many memorials of the Protector—his sword, his christening clothes, and the only authentic miniature of him, done by Cooper for his daughter. In spite of my swelled face I

TO MRS. FORSTER

enjoyed Chequers. Cyril Flower, who married Constance Rothschild, was full of politics. He is one of the Gladstonian whips, the other being Arnold Morley. He has kept friends with Chamberlain, but says that the feeling against him on their side of the House is intense, and that his following is very small, the strong man being Lord Hartington. This is, of course, true, but I think the man with a future is Chamberlain. I have promised to go to the House one night with Cyril Flower, to dine there with him, and go through the whole thing. He says he can probably get me into the diplomatic gallery, where one is in comfort. It is years since I was in the House, and I should like to see the corps of Irish members as they now are. I hope they will not be always what they are now. Of course, you are quite right in saying that local government with these men to administer it is no pleasant prospect. But I think if their violence and disorder were fairly confronted and broken, and at the same time good measures were introduced, there would be a change in them. However, very cautious proceeding is requisite. But the Castle and its system are as surely doomed as Protestant ascendancy. Lord Emly has been greatly pleased with my article.¹ He says the Pope is ready and willing to be dealt with, but the Government must frankly deal with him. Now I must get

¹ 'Up to Easter,' *Nineteenth Century*, May 1887.

TO C. E. NORTON

ready for going out. My love to Francie, and
congratulations on the success of *St. Ignatius*.—
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To C. E. Norton

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
August 31, 1887.

MY DEAR NORTON—You will have received a little note from me, written to introduce a certain Perry, a devotee of casts from the antique; but that is no reason why I should not answer your letter just arrived. I am going to take Fred Whitridge a turn upon Loughrigg. I wonder if you remember the Fell behind this house; it stretches for several miles, and is the most delightful walking imaginable. The country is full of tourists—how many years is it since you came over here from Lowood?—but they keep on the roads and lakes, and you may wander over Loughrigg without meeting a soul. Ashfield is very pleasant to remember, and the newly bought hill where we found the ‘Creeping shallon’ and learnt the name of the Roman wormwood; also the long drive afterwards, when the *Trillium* was found. I had some bad attacks of pain while I was with you, the worst I had in America, the worst I have ever had; but when they were not on I enjoyed myself, and your country, greatly. The streams I saw in that long drive with the Curtises (remember

TO C. E. NORTON

me affectionately to them) were the most satisfactory and natural I saw in America ; that drive was altogether beautiful. And how is your poor invalid, Mr. Field? remember me most kindly to him and his wife. We have had a long dry summer, but this county is as green as emerald and never too hot. I have been for a week in Yorkshire, in Wensleydale—a county of purple moors and great castles—Richmond, Bolton, Middleham. Why do you not come over more, and Curtis too? It is as you get older that you feel more and more the charm of this old civilisation and history. I heard of your eldest boy in Switzerland, but young America does very well at home, and is sufficient to itself ; it is men like you, and Curtis, and MacVeagh (what a charming fellow he is !), who should come over. I am very much better, but have to be careful in going up-hill ; but directly I got on board the steamer and snuffed the Atlantic breezes I seemed to begin to mend, and have been mending ever since. I do not know whether I shall do any more poetry, but it is something to be of use in prose, and by coming out from time to time as the organ of ‘the body of quiet, reasonable people,’ I believe I do some good. You will probably see the *Nineteenth Century* when you get back to Boston, and my remarks¹ on Godkin’s

¹ ‘From Easter to August,’ *Nineteenth Century*, September 1887 ; in reply to ‘American Opinion on the Irish Question,’ by E. L. Godkin, *Nineteenth Century*, August 1887.

TO GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

testimony. MacVeagh astonished Sir Charles Russell, Gladstone's Attorney-General, and a very able Irishman, by boldly maintaining at a dinner-party in London that nine out of ten of the men he himself habitually lived with thought Gladstone's policy wrong. Russell was at once astonished and furious. And now, you see, one of the Bunsens is speaking to the like effect from Germany.

Every one agrees with you as to Froude and Carlyle, but there is no doubt that one of the bad effects of Froude's extraordinary proceedings has been to tire people of Carlyle, and disincline them from occupying themselves any more with him, for the present at any rate. We all send love to you, Sally, and the dear boys. My sister wishes to be most kindly remembered to you, and would be glad to see you here again. Lucy sails for New York at the beginning of October ; do not be in New York without going to see her.—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George W. E. Russell

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
November 10, 1887.

MY DEAR GEORGE—Only imagine poor Sichel¹ writing the whole Christmas number

¹ Walter Sydney Sichel, editor of *Time*.

TO GEORGE DE BUNSEN

of the *World*; well indeed may he desire a change! I would sooner be body-servant to the Hyrcanian tiger. I remember Sichel perfectly, and wish him very well, but to get him into partnership with a publisher is a pure business matter in which I can be of no use at all; his lawyer or a business friend are the people to go to. A man called Butler has just left the Education Department to join Rivington, and my nephew was with Bentley—but how they managed it, I have no notion. Introduce Sichel to this and that publisher I can, but for the purpose of getting a book brought out, not of getting taken into the house.—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George de Bunsen

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
Christmas Eve, 1887.

MY DEAR GEORGE BUNSEN—I know by experience how trustworthy your information is, and I want to fortify myself with it in a matter where I am rather vague. The editor of one of the Conservative reviews has begged me to give him an article on Disestablishment in Wales.¹ A number of the Conservatives are becoming very reasonable, and this editor thinks they will be willing to hear reason about the Establishment

¹ In the *National Review*, March 1888.

TO GEORGE DE BUNSEN

in Wales from me. The Liberal party has no idea beyond that of disestablishing the Church and secularising its funds, the old-fashioned Tories have no idea beyond that of keeping things as they are. I am anxious that the endowments should remain for religion, that the Episcopalians should keep the cathedrals, since in the cathedral towns the Episcopalians are in a majority, but that the Nonconformists, who are all of the Presbyterian form of worship, should have the churches and endowments, for that Presbyterian form, where they are in majority, as in many of the country districts. I know what is done in France, but this will not weigh much with people here. But I feel sure that in Protestant Germany, Establishment follows population, if I may so speak—that is, when you come in Saxony, for instance, to a town which is Catholic, the Catholics have the churches and are salaried by the State, just as, also, they have the public schools. What I am not sure of is the manner in which this is accomplished ; who decides that the Catholics shall have the churches and the stipends, and who satisfies this deciding authority that the Catholics are the majority ? Tell me this, and you will do me a service.

As to appointment, I think I remember that the locality presents two or three names, and that one of these names is chosen by the Church authority—in Protestant parishes, at any rate. But who appoints where there are endowments

TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

left to trustees—or are there no such endowments?

Forgive my troubling you with these questions. Remember me most kindly to your wife, and to the daughter whom we have the pleasure to know, and believe me, dear George Bunsen, ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A happy Christmas to you all.

To Lady de Rothschild

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
January 4, 1888.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I ought not to come, for I have engaged to make a discourse at Hull on the 31st inst., concerning Life in America—a very ticklish subject—and I meant to compose my discourse¹ during the week of the 27th. But I *cannot* refuse you twice, so Mrs. Arnold and I, who were going to Dick at Manchester on the 30th, from whence I shall go on to Hull on the 31st, will come to you on the 27th, and go on from you to Manchester on Monday the 30th, if you will keep us till that day.

You know how I like to think of your reading what I write. In this article on Shelley² I have

¹ 'Civilisation in the United States,' *Nineteenth Century*, April 1888.

² 'Shelley,' *Nineteenth Century*, January 1888.

TO GEORGE DE BUNSEN

spoken of his life, not his poetry. Professor Dowden was too much for my patience.¹

My love to Constance and Cyril, and believe me, affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George de Bunsen

COBHAM, SURREY, *January 8, 1888.*

MY DEAR GEORGE BUNSEN—What you have told me is very valuable. But, as you kindly give me leave, I shall add a question or two. Did the settlement at the Peace of Münster give the Church property to Lutherans and Catholics only—to Lutherans in the Protestant regions, and to Catholics in the Catholic? Was there no recognition of the Calvinist Church? And cannot the United Church, in which the late King and his father took so much interest, enjoy stipends which, until the new form arose, were belonging to the Lutheran Church only?

Did the settlement after the Thirty Years' War recognise provinces only as generally Protestant or Catholic, and make no provision for isolated localities when the religion was not that of the province generally? For instance, I think some one told me, as we passed Bautzen in the train, that it was a Catholic place, and that the Catholic Church was rich there; but it

¹ *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, by Edward Dowden, LL.D. 1886.

TO GEORGE DE BUNSEN

is in a Protestant province. Have its Catholics, then, no endowments or stipends from the State ?

I understand you to say that the State has taken possession of the Church property generally and pays stipends in lieu of it. But does not the Church, Catholic or Protestant, retain its property in some parts of Germany ?

I was taken by Baron von Canitz near Görlitz, to visit the pastor of his village, whom I had heard in church previously. How is such a pastor appointed ? I know how a schoolmaster is, but am not sure whether the *Gemeinde* has any voice in the appointment of a *Pfarrer*.

You say that the existing religions were recognised after the Peace of Münster, although the majority cannot now alter the dispositions then made of endowments. But, at any rate the majority, the facts, determined those original dispositions. In England they never did ; but the State devised a form supposed to be one in which all reasonable people could meet, and gave the endowments to that form only.

I am much interested in the reappearance of the name of Arnold in your son's family. You must make me acquainted with that son when you next come to London,—and from London, I hope, to Cobham. Come soon, and believe me, with kindest regards to your wife and daughter, and with cordial thanks to you for letting me learn of you, ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

TO GEORGE DE BUNSEN

To the Same

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
January 19, 1888.

MY DEAR GEORGE BUNSEN—I cannot enough thank you for the trouble you have taken and for the information which you have given me, and I promise that the two questions I am now going to ask shall be my last.

1. I find ‘es sollte der Besiz der kirchlichen Stiftungen, Kirchen, etc., der Religionspartei bleiben welche sich 1 Jan. 1624 im Besiz befunden.’

But you say that the majority’s faith did not determine the disposition, but the ruler’s faith. Surely the German words I have quoted seem to show that the *community* using the Churches was to keep them.

2. On the principle *cujus regio, ejus religio*—how is it that the Protestants in Saxony have the endowments when the King is Catholic?

A postcard to your brother Ernest was put up with your letter to me, and I posted it to Ernest.—Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S.—You see the point at which I drive is this: In Germany the persuasion of the community governs the disposition of the endowments. In Wales, or in a great part of Wales, it does not.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

To his Elder Daughter

COBHAM, *February 12, 1888.*

MY DARLING LUCY—I had thought of giving up my letter for this week, I am so busy with an article promised to the Tory review, the *National*, but I told mamma that I found it would do me good to scratch a line to you, only it must be a short one. Well, my darling, and so we are to see you in April, and the Midget too; how delightful! I love to hear of the sayings and doings of my Midget; I pity Fred for losing her, hardly less than for losing you; but he will know that you are both of you in a climate better for you than that of New York. It was very kind of Fred to telegraph to me about the Milton address¹; I will send it straight to Gilder to-morrow, after I have delivered it. I hate delivering things, and I hate to have a subject found for me instead of occurring of itself to my mind; still, I think the Milton will read pretty well in print. Nelly is in London, with the Deacons; I shall see her at the function at St. Margaret's Church to-morrow, where mamma is going up with me. How I wish my Lulu was to be there too; my faithful follower at Brooklyn, the first time I succeeded in making myself heard. I have just

¹ At the unveiling of a memorial window to Milton, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, February 13, 1888.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

finished reading the *Pioneers* aloud to mamma and Nelly; a good deal of it is boring, but it is wonderful how the topography and manners gain in interest by having been in the country; the country described in the novel is round the Owego lake, in western New York; I cannot find it in the map, but it must be near Binghamton, where I have lectured, and where I insisted, though they thought me mad, in going out in the awful cold, when I arrived just before dark, in order to see the youthful Susquehanna. I am reading to myself the latter volumes of G. Sand's correspondence, and find them so interesting that I shall write an article on 'the old age of George Sand.' We have regular March weather here; cold north and north-east wind, and sometimes a sprinkle of snow, but the thermometer never below 30, and up to 35 in the daytime. In the north of England they have had heavy snow and severe cold; thermometer at Fox How down to 6, the lowest I ever heard of there. Now I must stop, and if you knew how my article pressed me you would say, 'Poor old papa, it was not bad of him to write me even this stupid scrap of a letter!'

Love to Fred.—Always your own PAPA.

I send you two notes, one of Froude, one of Millais, because they may be useful to you as autographs, if you have autograph-collecting friends.

TO MRS. COATES

To Mrs. Coates

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
February 24, 1888.

DEAR MRS. COATES—We were all glad to hear of you. The weather here reminds me of our first visit to America, we are so wintry ; not that we have more than two or three degrees of frost, but we have that day after day, and driving showers of sleet, though it does not lie, and a north-east wind which dries one up. How kind you were to us both in winter and summer ! My remembrance of our last visit and of your tulip-trees and maples I shall never lose.

I had a special reason for writing about Tolstoi,¹ because of his religious ideas ; in general I do not write about the literary performances of living contemporaries or contemporaries only recently dead. Therefore I am not likely to write about Tourguenieff, though I admire him greatly, and am going to read two of his novels this very year.

I think you will have been interested by a review I lately wrote of the *Life of Shelley*. I believe you get sight of the contents of the English periodicals not unfrequently, although my daughter in New York writes me word that there is difficulty about it, and begs me to send her any periodical I want her to see direct from

¹ 'Count Leo Tolstoi,' *Fortnightly Review*, December 1887.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

England. And when are you coming over here ? We are not likely to go again to America, the climate tried my heart too much the last time, so we are the more desirous that our friends should come over here.

We all three, Mrs. Arnold, Nelly, and I, send affectionate remembrances to Mr. Coates, Alice, and yourself ; think of me when the tulip-tree comes into blossom in June, and believe me, dear Mrs. Coates, your affectionate friend,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Elder Daughter

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
March 3, 1888.

MY DARLING LUCY—We have had your charming long letter this morning. I like to have you pleased with your warm house, but I wish you had not to write your pleasure in it from your bed, to which you are confined with a cold. I went over the other day to dine and sleep at the Durdans, Lord Rosebery's, and very pleasant it was—the house the warmest I have found in England. But they all had colds, and that pretty little Peggy,¹ whom Millais painted, has inflammation of the lungs. Lady Rosebery says she doubts whether the warm houses are

¹ Afterwards Lady Crewe.

TO HIS ELDER DAUGHTER

expedient in this climate, and Lord Rosebery declares that he has ascertained that furs are not. But it is a delightful house, and I found him very pleasant company—so pleasant that I did not regret having driven the five miles into Leatherhead in the teeth of a bitter east wind. We have none of us had a cold, so we can match you. We have Alice Benson¹ with us, which is very pleasant; and Nelly's London friends invite her so faithfully that she need never be at home if she did not like; but she is a very good girl; I don't think any father ever had two girls who were quite so good in going out walks with him as you and Nelly; you both do it as if you liked it. We have quite fallen back into our old way of using the park as if it were our own; we took Ally there yesterday, and she was perfectly delighted; the lake is all frozen, but the ice is rotten. The weather has been curious; no rain, and only a slight occasional flurry of snow which does not lie; the thermometer at about 30 in the night and 34 in the daytime; but a persistent north-east wind. However, the glass is falling at last. I long to have the Midget here; I am quite sure the moderate cold will do her no harm—nay, will do her good if she is warmly clothed. I sent you an absurd newspaper which sells much at railway stations, because I thought the Midget might be interested in the picture of

¹ His wife's niece.

TO MISS ARNOLD

me ; mamma thinks it very *weak*-looking, but upon my part I am well pleased to be made to look amiable.—Your ever loving

PAPA.

To Miss Arnold

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, *April 10, 1888.*

MY DEAREST FAN— . . . We have since had a telegram from Fred to say they all went off by the *Aurania* safe and well on Saturday afternoon. They can hardly be at Liverpool before next Sunday evening. Both of them say the baby is more fascinating than ever. We have a flock of sheep—Southdowns, with fine black-faced lambs—in the paddock ; what a sight for the Midget !

I had a pleasant visit at Wilton,¹ which is a place of immense interest and beauty. Goschen was in good spirits, as one might expect. I found Lady Charles Beresford enthralled by *Robert Elsmere*, tell Mary ; and Lady Hilda Brodrick has promised to introduce her to Mary. Goschen had read only one volume yet. The rest at Wilton had not begun it, but were all meaning to read it. George Russell was here a day or two ago ; he was staying at Aston Clinton with Gladstone, and says it is all true about his interest in the book : he talked of it

¹ Lord Pembroke's house near Salisbury.

DEATH OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

incessantly, and said he thought he should review it for Knowles. They had it at Wilton that the book was by a sister of mine; by *you*, that is!

Now I must stop. The Bishop of Salisbury and Mrs. Wordsworth dined at Wilton, and I had Mrs. W. on one side of me; she spoke with warm affection of Lucy Selwyn—indeed of Mary too—but Lucy Selwyn in particular.—
Your ever affectionate M. A.

On the 14th of April Matthew Arnold left Cobham and went to Liverpool, where he hoped next day to meet his elder daughter on her arrival from America. That meeting never took place. He died suddenly on Sunday afternoon, April 15, 1888, having lived sixty-five years and three months.

To have known him, to have loved him, to have had a place in his regard, is

Part of our life's unalterable good.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY

PART I.—POETICAL WORKS

1. *Alaric at Rome*. | A Prize Poem, | recited in Rugby School, | June XII, MDCCCXL. | [*Arms of the School*.] | Rugby : Combe and Crossley. | MDCCCXL.

Post octavo, pp. 11. Imprint:—‘Combe and Crossley, Printers, Rugby.’ Issued in pink paper wrappers, with the title-page reproduced upon the front cover. The published price was Sixpence.

This pamphlet, one much sought after by collectors of rare editions, is of great scarcity. Probably not more than a dozen copies have been preserved to the present day. Of the known copies only four still possess their pink wrappers, the others having been stripped and bound. In *December*, 1893, a type-facsimile reprint of the original edition of *Alaric at Rome* was prepared for private circulation with the sanction of Mrs. Arnold. This edition, limited to a few copies, was edited by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, who also contributed a Preface.

2. *Cromwell* : | a prize poem, | recited¹ in the Theatre, Oxford ; | June 28, 1843. | By | Matthew Arnold, | Balliol College. | [*Arms of the University*.] | Oxford : | Printed and published by J. Vincent. | MDCCCXLIII.

Duodecimo, pp. 15. Issued in paper wrappers of a cold drab colour, with the title-page reproduced upon the front cover. The published price was One Shilling and Sixpence.

For the Copyright of *Cromwell* the Author received Ten Pounds. The first edition is now rather scarce ; seven hundred and fifty copies were printed and were all sold within a few days of publication.

¹ ‘Commemoration Day in that year (1843) was so uproarious that the poem was never delivered aloud.’—*University Magazine*, *January*, 1878.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

3. Cromwell : | a prize poem, | recited in the Theatre, Oxford ; | June 28, 1843. | By | Matthew Arnold, | Balliol College. | Second Edition. | [*Arms of the University.*] | Oxford : | T. & G. Shrimpton, Broad Street, | MDCCCLXIII.

Crown octavo, pp. 15. Imprint :—‘Printed by H. Alden, Corn Market Street.’ Issued in green paper wrappers. The price was again One Shilling and Sixpence. This edition consisted of five hundred copies.

4. Cromwell : | a prize poem, | recited in the Theatre, Oxford, | June 28, 1843. | By | Matthew Arnold, | Balliol College. | Third Edition. | [*Arms of the University.*] | Oxford : | A. Thomas Shrimpton & Son, Broad Street, | 1891.

Crown octavo, pp. 15. Issued (*November*, 1890) in pale blue paper wrappers. Five hundred copies were printed. The price was unaltered.

5. Oxford Prize Poems : | being | a Collection | of such | English Poems | as have | at various times obtained Prizes | in the | University of Oxford. | [*Arms of the University.*] | Oxford : | Printed for J. H. Parker, J. Vincent, | and H. Slatter. | MDCCCLVI.

Crown octavo, pp. iv. 427. Imprint :—‘Vincent, Printer, Oxford.’ Issued in cloth boards.

This edition of *Oxford Prize Poems* was the first in which *Cromwell* was included (pp. 393-404). It is not stated anywhere in the volume that the poem was by Matthew Arnold.

6. The | Strayed Reveller, | and | Other Poems. | By A. | London : | B. Fellowes, Ludgate Street. | 1849.

Foolscap octavo, pp. viii. 128. Imprint :—‘London : R. Clay, Printer, Bread Street Hill.’ Issued in dark green cloth boards. The published price was Four Shillings and Sixpence. Five hundred copies were printed, *February*, 1849.

This volume is exceedingly scarce ; it was withdrawn from circulation before many copies were sold.

CONTENTS.—Sonnet.¹ Mycerinus. Sonnet : To a Friend. The Strayed Reveller. Fragment of an ‘Antigone.’ The Sick King in Bokhara.

Sonnets :—Shakspeare. To the Duke of Wellington. Written in Butler’s Sermons. Written in Emerson’s Essays. To an Independent Preacher. To George Cruikshank. To a Republican Friend. *Continued.* Religious Isolation.

To my Friends. A Modern Sappho. The New Sirens. The Voice. To Fausta. Stagyrsus. To a Gipsy Child. The Hayswater Boat. The

¹ In subsequent volumes this Sonnet was entitled *Quiet Work*.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Forsaken Merman. The World and the Quietist. In Utrumque Paratus. Resignation.

The Hayswater Boat is the only poem in this volume which has not been reprinted.

7. Empedocles on Etna, | and | Other Poems. | By A. | London : | B. Fellowes, Ludgate Street. | 1852.

Foolscap octavo, pp. viii. 236. Imprint :—'London : R. Clay, Printy, Bread Street Hill.' Issued in dark green cloth boards. The published price was Six Shillings. Five hundred copies were printed, *October*, 1852.

This volume is very scarce. It was withdrawn from circulation before fifty copies were sold.

CONTENTS.—Empedocles on Etna. The River. Excuse. Indifference. Too Late. On the Rhine. Longing. The Lake. Parting. Absence. Destiny. To Marguerite. Human Life. Despondency. Sonnet.¹ Self-Deception. Lines written by a Death-Bed. Tristram and Iseult. Memorial Verses. Courage. Self-Dependence. A Summer Night. The Buried Life. A Farewell. Stanzas in memory of the Author of 'Obermann.' Consolation. Lines written in Kensington Gardens. Sonnet.² The Second Best. Revolutions. The Youth of Nature. The Youth of Man. Morality. Progress. The Future.

Two Poems in this volume, *Destiny* and *Courage*, have not been reprinted.

Lines written by a Death-Bed.—The second stanza of this Poem was printed in *New Poems* : 1867, under the title 'Youth and Calm' ; the first stanza (sixteen lines beginning, 'Yes, now the longing is o'erpast,') was, in *Poems* : 1869, embodied in *Iseult of Ireland*.

Memorial Verses.—Previously printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, *June*, 1850.

8. Poems. | By | Matthew Arnold. | A New Edition. | London : | Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. | MDCCCLIII.

Foolscap octavo, pp. xxxvi. 248. Imprint :—'London : Spottiswoodes and Shaw, New-street Square.' Issued in green cloth boards. The published price was Five Shillings and Sixpence.

This volume became known as the *First Series* after the issue of *Poems, Second Series* : 1855.

CONTENTS.—Preface (dated *Fox How, Ambleside, October 1, 1853*), pp. v.-xxxi. Reprinted in *Irish Essays* : 1882. Sonnet (Quiet Work). Sohrab and Rustum. Mycerinus. Cadmus and Harmonia (a fragment of 'Empedocles on Etna'). Philomela. The Strayed Reveller. Thekla's Answer. Tristram and Iseult. The Church of Brou. The Neckan. The Forsaken Merman. Switzerland :—1. To my Friends. 2. The Lake.

¹ In subsequent volumes this *Sonnet* was entitled *Youth's Agitations*.

² In subsequent volumes this *Sonnet* was entitled *The World's Triumphs*.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

3. A Dream. 4. Parting. 5. To Marguerite. 6. Absence. Richmond Hill (a fragment of 'The Youth of Man'). A Modern Sappho. Requiescat. The Scholar Gipsy.

Sonnets:—1. To a Friend. 2. Shakspeare. 3. Written in Emerson's Essays. 4. To George Cruikshank. 5. To a Republican Friend. 6. *Continued*. 7. Religious Isolation. 8. The World's Triumphs.

Stanzas in Memory of the late Edward Quillinan. Power of Youth (a fragment of 'The Youth of Man'). Morality. Self-Dependence. Consolation. The Future.

The new Poems in this volume are *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Philomela*, *Thekla's Answer*, *The Church of Brou*, *The Neckan*, *A Dream*, *Requiescat*, *The Scholar Gipsy*, and *Stanzas in Memory of Edward Quillinan*.

Thekla's Answer is printed in this volume only.

9. Poems. | By | Matthew Arnold. | Second Edition. | London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. | MDCCCLIV.

Foolscap octavo, pp. xl. 255. Imprint:—'London: A. and G. A. Spottiswoode, New-street Square.' Issued in cloth boards similar to those of the first edition. 'First Series' is added to the lettering on the back of copies put up after the issue of *Poems*, *Second Series*: 1855. The price was again Five Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS.—Preface (dated London, June 1, 1854), pp. v.-viii. Reprinted in *Irish Essays*: 1882. Preface to the First Edition, pp. ix.-xxxv.

Five poems, printed in the first edition, are omitted from this volume, viz.: *Thekla's Answer*, *Richmond Hill*, *Power of Youth*, *A Modern Sappho*, and the *Sonnet written in Emerson's Essays*.

This edition contains one poem, *A Farewell*, which was not included in the first edition.

The greater part of the *Note to Sohrab and Rustum* (pp. 51-59) appears in this volume only.

10. Poems. | By | Matthew Arnold. | Third Edition. | London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, & Roberts. | 1857.

Foolscap octavo, pp. xl. 252. Imprint:—'London: Printed by Spottiswoode & Co., New-street Square.' Issued in green cloth boards, at the price of Five Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS.—This edition contains one new poem, *To Marguerite*; the poem so named in the second edition appearing here under the title *Isolation*.

Tristram and Iseult is, in this volume only, entitled *Tristan and Iseult*.

11. Poems. | By | Matthew Arnold. | Second Series. | London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. | MDCCCLV.

Foolscap octavo, pp. viii. 210. Imprint:—'London: A. and

BIBLIOGRAPHY

G. A. Spottiswoode, New-street Square.' Issued (*December*, 1854) in green cloth boards. The published price was Five Shillings.

CONTENTS.—Balder Dead. The Sick King in Bokhara. The Harp-Player on Etna :—1. The Last Glen. 2. Typho. 3. Marsyas. 4. Apollo. Fragment of an 'Antigone.' Memorial Verses. Revolutions. The World and the Quietist. Faded Leaves :—1. The River. 2. Too Late. 3. Separation. 4. On the Rhine. 5. Longing. Self-Deception. Excuse. Indifference. Resignation. Despondency. The Philosopher and the Stars (a fragment of 'Empedocles on Etna'). Desire. To a Gipsy Child. Obermann. The Buried Life. The Youth of Nature. The Youth of Man. A Summer Night.

Balder Dead and *Separation* are the only new poems in this volume.

The Harp-Player on Etna.—Four of Callicles' songs from *Empedocles on Etna*.

Desire.—In other volumes entitled *Stagirius*.

12. Merope. | A Tragedy. | By | Matthew Arnold. | London : | Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, & Roberts. | MDCCCLVIII.

Foolscap octavo, pp. lii. 138. Imprint :—'London : Printed by Spottiswoode & Co., New-street Square.' Issued (*December*, 1857) in green cloth boards. 'Remainder' copies (transferred to Macmillan & Co. in 1883) were put up in blue cloth. The published price was Five Shillings.

The Preface (dated 'London : December, 1857') occupies pp. vii.-xlviii. ; it has not been reprinted.

Merope was not reprinted till it appeared in *Poems* : 1885.

13. New Poems | by | Matthew Arnold | London | Macmillan and Co. | MDCCCLXVII.

Foolscap octavo, pp. viii. 244. Imprint :—'Oxford : by T. Combe, M.A., E. B. Gardner, E. P. Hall, and H. Latham, M.A., Printers to the University.' Issued (*July*, 1867) in bright green cloth boards. The published price was Six Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS :—*Prefatory Stanza*. Empedocles on Etna. Thyrsis. Saint Brandan.

Sonnets :—A Picture at Newstead. Rachel (*Three Sonnets*). East London. West London. Anti-Desperation. Immortality. Worldly Place. The Divinity. The Good Shepherd with the Kid. Austerity of Poetry. East and West. Monica's Last Prayer.

Calais Sands. Dover Beach. The Terrace at Berne. Stanzas Composed at Carnac. A Southern Night. Fragment of Chorus of a Dejanaira. Palladium. Human Life. Early Death and Fame. Youth and Calm. Youth's Agitations. Growing Old. The Progress of Poesy. A Nameless Epitaph. *Another*. The Last Word. A Wish. Lines written in Kensington Gardens. The Second Best. A Caution to Poets. Pis-Aller. Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön. Bacchanalia. Progress. Rugby Chapel.

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Heine's Grave. Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse. Obermann Once More.

All these Poems are *New*, except seven reprinted from *Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems*: 1852, viz.:—*Empedocles on Etna, Human Life, Youth and Calm, Youth's Agitations, Lines written in Kensington Gardens, The Second Best, and Progress.*

Prefatory Stanza.—In subsequent volumes these lines were entitled *Persistency of Poetry.*

Empedocles on Etna. ['I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying that I reprint (I cannot say *republish*, for it was withdrawn from circulation before fifty copies were sold) this poem at the request of a man of genius, whom it had the honour and the good fortune to interest,—Mr. Robert Browning.'—*Author's Note.*]

Thyrsis.—Previously printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1866.

Saint Brandan.—Previously printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1860.

A Southern Night.—Previously printed in *The Victoria Regia*, 1861.

Early Death and Fame.—Two stanzas from *Haworth Churchyard*, previously printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1855.

Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse.—Previously printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1855.

14. New Poems | by | Matthew Arnold | Second Edition | London | Macmillan and Co. | MDCCCLXVIII.

Foolscap octavo, pp. viii. 246. The two extra pages in this edition are occasioned by additional stanzas and notes to *Obermann Once More*; in other particulars the second edition agrees with the first. In 1869 the published price was reduced to Six Shillings.

15. Poems | by | Matthew Arnold | the First Volume | Narrative and Elegiac Poems | London | Macmillan and Co. | MDCCCLXIX | [*All rights reserved*].

Poems | by | Matthew Arnold | the Second Volume | Dramatic and Lyric Poems | [*Etc., as above*].

Foolscap octavo, Vol. I. pp. viii. 276; Vol. II. pp. viii. 267. Imprint:—'Oxford: by T. Combe, M.A., E. B. Gardner, E. P. Hall, and H. Latham, M.A., Printers to the University.' Issued (June, 1869) in green cloth boards. The published price of each volume was Six Shillings.

Known as the *First Collected Edition*.

CONTENTS: Vol. I.—*Prefatory Stanza.* (In other volumes entitled 'A Caution to Poets.') *Sohrab and Rustum. The Sick King in Bokhara. Mycerinus. Balder Dead. The Strayed Reveller. Tristram and Iseult. The Church of Brou. The Neckan. The Forsaken Merman. Saint Brandan. A Modern Sappho.*

Sonnets:—A Picture at Newstead. Shakspeare. Rachel (*Three Sonnets*).

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Memorial Verses. Stanzas in Memory of the late Edward Quillinan. Stanzas composed at Carnac. A Summer Night. A Southern Night. Rugby Chapel. To a Gipsy Child. Requiescat. Faded Leaves:—1. The River. 2. Too Late. 3. Separation. 4. On the Rhine. 5. Longing. The Scholar Gipsy. Thyrsis.

Vol. II.—*Prefatory Stanza*. (In subsequent volumes entitled 'Persistency of Poetry.') Empedocles on Etna. Fragment of an 'Antigone.' Fragment of Chorus of a Dejanaira. Philomela. Early Death and Fame. Bacchanalia. Switzerland:—1. A Memory Picture. (In *First Series*, entitled 'To My Friends.') 2. Meeting. (In *First Series*, entitled 'The Lake.') 3. Parting. 4. A Farewell. 5. Absence. 6. Isolation: To Marguerite. (In *First Series*: 1857, entitled 'To Marguerite.') 7. To Marguerite: *continued*. (In *First Series*: 1857, entitled 'Isolation.') 8. The Terrace at Berne. Urania. (In *Second Series*, entitled 'Excuse.') Euphrosyne. (In *Second Series*, entitled 'Indifference.') Calais Sands. Dover Beach. The Buried Life.

Sonnets:—Quiet Work. To a Friend. Human Limits. (In *First Series*, entitled 'To George Cruikshank.') To a Republican Friend. *Continued*. East London. West London. Worldly Place. Austerity of Poetry. Religious Isolation. East and West. The Better Part. (In *New Poems*, entitled 'Anti-Desperation.') The Good Shepherd with the Kid. The Divinity. Immortality. Monica's Last Prayer. Human Life. Resignation. Epilogue to Lessing's Laocœn. The Youth of Nature. The Youth of Man. Youth and Calm. Youth's Agitations. The World's Triumphs. Growing Old. Despondency. Self-Deception. Progress of Poesy. The Last Word. A Nameless Epitaph. The Second Best. Pis-Aller. In Utrumque Paratus. Lines written in Kensington Gardens. Palladium. A Wish. Consolation. Self-Dependence. Morality. Heine's Grave. Revolutions. Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse. Progress. Stanzas in Memory of the Author of 'Obermann.' Obermann Once More. The Future.

These two volumes, 'published simultaneously and uniformly, comprehend the First and Second Series of the Author's Poems, and the New Poems.'—*Publishers' Advertisement*. (On p. ii. of each volume.)

The following Poems, printed in one or other of the Volumes mentioned in the *Advertisement* quoted above, are omitted from this edition, viz.:—*Sonnet written in Emerson's Essays*. *Thekla's Answer*. *A Dream*. *The World and the Quietist*. *Desire (Stagirius)*. *A Nameless Epitaph*.¹

In Utrumque Paratus is reprinted from *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems*: 1849.

16. Poems | by | Matthew Arnold | the First Volume | Early Poems, Narrative Poems, | and Sonnets | New and Complete Edition | London | Macmillan and Co. | MDCCLXXVII.

Poems | by | Matthew Arnold, | the Second Volume | Lyric, Dramatic, and Elegiac Poems | [*Etc., as above*].

¹ Commencing, 'This sentence have I left behind.'

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Crown octavo, Vol. I. pp. viii. 272 ; Vol. II. pp. viii. 312. Imprint :—‘Oxford : by E. Pickard Hall, M.A., and J. H. Stacy, Printers to the University.’ Issued in green cloth boards. The published price of each volume was Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS.—All the Poems contained in the two volumes dated 1869 appear in this edition, with the exception of *The Church of Brou* ; of that Poem the third division only is reprinted, under the title *A Tomb among the Mountains*.

The following Poems (omitted from the edition of 1869) are reprinted from the earlier volumes :—*To the Duke of Wellington. Written in Butler’s Sermons. In Harmony with Nature : (To an Independent Preacher). The Voice. A Question : To Fausta. The New Sirens. Written in Emerson’s Essays. Stagirius. The World and the Quietist.*

This edition contains also one new Poem—*Harworth Churchyard*, with *Epilogue*. Previously printed in *Fraser’s Magazine*, May, 1855, without the *Epilogue*.

17. In 1881 a new edition of the *Poems* (in two volumes) was issued.

This edition agrees in the main, both in contents and in appearance, with its immediate predecessor dated 1877 ; the following alterations, however, have to be noted :—

The date on the title-page reads ‘MDCCCLXXXI.’

The pagination of Vol. I. is viii. 278 ; of Vol. II. viii. 320.

Issued in blue cloth boards ; a few copies, however, were put up in green cloth.

CONTENTS.—*A Tomb among the Mountains* (a portion of ‘*The Church of Brou*’) is omitted. *The Church of Brou* and *A Dream* are reprinted from the earlier volumes.

Three new Poems are added, viz. :—*New Rome*. (Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, June, 1873). *The Lord’s Messengers*. (Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1860, where the Poem was entitled ‘Men of Genius.’) *Geist’s Grave*. (Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, January, 1881.)

18. Selected Poems | of | Matthew Arnold | [*Vignette*] | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1878.

Pott octavo, pp. viii. 235. Imprint :—‘Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.’ Issued in blue cloth boards, as a volume of the *Golden Treasury Series*. The *Vignette* is reproduced in gilt on the front cover. The published price was Four Shillings and Sixpence.

A Large Paper Edition (post octavo) was issued in blue cloth boards. The published price was Twelve Shillings and Sixpence.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Two hundred and fifty copies were printed *June 3rd*, 1878. In these copies the *Vignette* on the Title-page is on India paper.

The Poems in this volume were selected by the author himself.

CONTENTS.—*Early Poems*.—Sonnets :—Quiet Work. To a Friend. Shakspeare. To George Cruikshank. To a Republican Friend. *Continued*.

Requiescat. Youth and Calm. A Memory Picture. Youth's Agitations. The World's Triumphs. Stagirus. To a Gipsy Child.

Narrative Poems.—Sohrab and Rustum. Tristram and Iseult. Saint Brandan. The Neckan. The Forsaken Merman.

Sonnets.—Austerity of Poetry. East and West. East London. West London. The Divinity. Immortality. The Good Shepherd with the Kid. Monica's Last Prayer.

Lyric and Elegiac Poems.—Switzerland : 1. Meeting. 2. Parting. 3. A Farewell. 4. Isolation : To Marguerite. 5. To Marguerite (*continued*). 6. Absence. 7. The Terrace at Berne. The Strayed Reveller. Cadmus and Harmonia (a Fragment of 'Empedocles on Etna'). Apollo Musagetes (a Fragment of 'Empedocles on Etna'). Urania. Euphrosyne. Calais Sands. Dover Beach. Progress. Revolutions. Self-Dependence. Morality. A Summer Night. Lines written in Kensington Gardens. The Scholar-Gipsy. Thyrasis. Memorial Verses. Stanzas from Carnac. A Southern Night. Rugby Chapel. The Future.

A new edition of the *Selected Poems* was printed *October*, 1878, from which the *Sonnet to George Cruikshank* was omitted ; *A Question : To Fausta* taking its place.

Reprinted 1880, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, *May and September*, 1888, 1889, and 1890.

In *March*, 1893, this volume was included in the re-issue of the *Golden Treasury Series*, published at the price of Two Shillings and Sixpence net each volume.

19. The | Matthew Arnold Birthday Book | arranged by his Daughter | Eleanor Arnold. | With a Portrait. | London : | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. | 1883.

'Small quarto. Printed at the 'Directory Office, Torquay.' Issued in grey cloth boards, ornamented. The published price was Ten Shillings and Sixpence.

The *Mottoes* for each day and month are selected from the *Poems of Matthew Arnold*.

A cabinet photograph of Mr. Matthew Arnold (seated with his dog *Max* in his arms) is given as *Frontispiece*. The portrait is reproduced by Woodbury-type, and is subscribed in facsimile 'Matthew Arnold. 1883.'

20. Library Edition. Three volumes ; crown octavo. Imprint :—'Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.' Issued in blue cloth boards. The volumes were sold separately, the published price of each being Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Vol. I. Early Poems, Narrative Poems and Sonnets, pp. x. 272.
 „ II. Lyric and Elegiac Poems, pp. x. 256.
 „ III. Dramatic and Later Poems, pp. viii. 209.

VOL. I.

Poems | by | Matthew Arnold | Early Poems, Narrative Poems |
 and Sonnets | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1885.

CONTENTS.—*Early Poems*.—Sonnets:—Quiet Work. To a Friend. Shakespeare. Written in Emerson's Essays. Written in Butler's Sermons. To the Duke of Wellington. In Harmony with Nature. To George Cruikshank. To a Republican Friend. *Continued*. Religious Isolation.

Mycerinus. The Church of Brou. A Modern Sappho. Requiescat. Youth and Calm. A Memory Picture. A Dream. The New Sirens. The Voice. Youth's Agitations. The World's Triumphs. Stagirus. Human Life. To a Gipsy Child. A Question. In Utrumque Paratus. The World and the Quietist. The Second Best. Consolation. Resignation.

Narrative Poems.—Sohrab and Rustum. The Sick King in Bokhara. Balder Dead. Tristram and Iseult. Saint Brandan. The Neckan. The Forsaken Merman.

Sonnets.—Austerity of Poetry. A Picture at Newstead. Rachel (*Three Sonnets*). Worldly Place. East London. West London. East and West. The Better Part. The Divinity. Immortality. The Good Shepherd with the Kid. Monica's Last Prayer.

VOL. II.

Poems | by | Matthew Arnold | Lyric and Elegiac Poems |
 London | Macmillan and Co. | 1885.

CONTENTS.—*Lyric Poems*.—Switzerland: 1. Meeting. 2. Parting. 3. A Farewell. 4. Isolation: To Marguerite. 5. To Marguerite (*continued*). 6. Absence. 7. The Terrace at Berne. The Strayed Reveller. Fragment of an 'Antigone.' Fragment of Chorus of a 'Dejaneira.' Early Death and Fame. Philomela. Urania. Euphrosyne. Calais Sands. Faded Leaves: 1. The River. 2. Too Late. 3. Separation. 4. On the Rhine. 5. Longing. Despondency. Self-Deception. Dover Beach. Growing Old. The Progress of Poesy. New Rome. Pis-Aller. The Last Word. The Lord's Messengers. A Nameless Epitaph. Bacchanalia. Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön. Persistency of Poetry. A Caution to Poets. The Youth of Nature. The Youth of Man. Palladium. Progress. Revolutions. Self-Dependence. Morality. A Summer Night. The Buried Life. Lines written in Kensington Gardens. A Wish. The Future.

Elegiac Poems.—The Scholar-Gipsy. Thyrsis. Memorial Verses. Stanzas in Memory of Edward Quillinan. Stanzas from Carnac. A Southern Night. Haworth Churchyard. Epilogue. Rugby Chapel. Heine's Grave. Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse. Stanzas in Memory of the Author of 'Obermann.' Obermann Once More.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

VOL. III.

Poems | by | Matthew Arnold | Dramatic and Later Poems |
London | Macmillan and Co. | 1885.

CONTENTS.—*Dramatic Poems*.—Merope. Empedocles on Etna.

Later Poems.—Westminster Abbey (previously printed in *The Nineteenth Century*, January, 1882). Geist's Grave. Poor Matthias (previously printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, December, 1882).

This edition contains two new Poems: *Westminster Abbey* and *Poor Matthias*.

The only previous appearance of *Merope* was in 1858, when it was published as a separate volume.

A reprint of this edition was issued in 1888. In 1895 the three volumes were included in Macmillan's *Eversley Series*, *Horatian Echo* and *Kaiser Dead* being added to the *Contents*. These volumes were issued at the price of Five Shillings each.

21. Poetical Works | of | Matthew Arnold | London | Macmillan and Co. | and New York | 1890 | *All rights reserved*.

Crown octavo, pp. xiv. 510. Imprint :—'Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.' Issued (*November*, 1890) in green cloth boards, at the price of Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

A Portrait¹ of the Author is given as *Frontispiece* to this, the *Popular Edition*, of Matthew Arnold's Poems.

CONTENTS.—This volume contains all the Poems printed in the *Library Edition*, 1885, and two new Poems, viz. :—*Horatian Echo* (previously printed in *The Century Guild Hobby Horse*, July, 1887). *Kaiser Dead* (previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, July, 1887).

The following is a list of the published Poems which are not included in this volume :—

Alaric at Rome. (*Rugby Prize Poem*; 1840.)

Cromwell. (*Oxford Prize Poem*; 1843.)

Sonnet to the Hungarian Nation. (Printed only in *The Examiner*, July 21, 1849.)

The Hayswater Boat. (Printed only in *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems*; 1849.)

Destiny. (Printed only in *Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems*; 1852.)

Courage. (Printed only in *Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems*; 1852.)

Thekla's Answer. (Printed only in *Poems*; 1853.)

A Nameless Epitaph.² (Printed only in *New Poems*; 1867 and 1868.)

Rome-Sickness. (Printed only in *A Wreath of Stray Leaves*; Rome, 1875.)

S.S. Lusitania. (Printed only in *The Nineteenth Century*, January, 1879.)

¹ From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

² Commencing, 'This sentence have I left behind.'

BIBLIOGRAPHY

NOTE.—A selection of Matthew Arnold's poems, chosen and edited by G. C. Macaulay, was issued, in 1896, as a volume of *Macmillan's English Classics*. Globe octavo, pp. xviii. 161, including *Preface*, *Introduction*, and fifty-one pages of *Notes*.

A LIST OF POEMS CONTRIBUTED TO PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, ETC.

22. SONNET TO THE HUNGARIAN NATION.

The Examiner, July 21, 1849, No. 2164, p. 453.
Signed 'A.' Not reprinted.

23. MEMORIAL VERSES.

Fraser's Magazine, June, 1850, Vol. XLI. p. 630.
Signed 'A.'; dated April 27, 1850.
Reprinted in *Empedocles on Etna and Other Poems*; 1852.

24. STANZAS FROM THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

Fraser's Magazine, April, 1855, Vol. LI. pp. 437-440.
Reprinted in *New Poems*; 1867.

25. HAWORTH CHURCHYARD.

Fraser's Magazine, May, 1855, Vol. LI. pp. 527-530.
Signed 'A.'; dated April, 1855.
Reprinted (much revised) in *Poems*; 1877.

26. SAINT BRANDAN.

Fraser's Magazine, July, 1860, Vol. LXII. pp. 133-134.
Reprinted in *New Poems*; 1867.

27. MEN OF GENIUS.

The Cornhill Magazine, July, 1860, Vol. II. p. 33.
Reprinted in *Poems*; 1881, under the title *The Lord's Messengers*.

28. A SOUTHERN NIGHT.

The Victoria Regia;¹ 1861, pp. 177-183.
Reprinted in *New Poems*; 1867.

29. THYRSIS.

Macmillan's Magazine, April, 1866, Vol. XIII. pp. 449-454.
Reprinted in *New Poems*; 1867.

30. NEW ROME.

The Cornhill Magazine, June, 1873, Vol. XXVII. p. 687.
Reprinted in *Poems*; 1881.

¹ A Volume of Original Contributions in Poetry and Prose. Edited by Adelaide A. Proctor.

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31. ROME-SICKNESS.

A Wreath of Stray Leaves.¹ Rome ; 1875, pp. 49-51.
Not reprinted.

32. THE NEW SIRENS : A PALINODE. (*With a Prefatory Note*.²)

Macmillan's Magazine, December, 1876, Vol. XXXV. pp. 132-138.
Previously published in *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems* ; 1849.
Reprinted in *Poems* ; 1877.

33. S.S. 'LUSITANIA.' (*A Sonnet*.)

The Nineteenth Century, January, 1879, Vol. V. p. 1.
Not reprinted.

34. GEIST'S GRAVE.

The Fortnightly Review, January, 1881, Vol. XXIX., N.S., pp. 1-3.
Reprinted in *Poems* ; 1881.

35. WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Nineteenth Century, January, 1882, Vol. XI. pp. 1-8.
Reprinted in *Poems* ; 1885.

36. POOR MATTHIAS.

Macmillan's Magazine, December, 1882, Vol. XLVII. pp. 81-85.
Reprinted in *Poems* ; 1885.

37. KAISER DEAD.

The Fortnightly Review, July, 1887, Vol. XLII., N.S., pp. 1-3.
Reprinted in *Poetical Works* ; 1890.

38. HORATIAN ECHO. (Dated 1847.)

The Century Guild Hobby Horse, July, 1887, No. 7, pp. 81-82.
Reprinted in *Poetical Works* ; 1890.

NOTE.—All these *Poems* are signed 'Matthew Arnold,' except in cases where it is stated otherwise.

¹ In Memoriam | A Wreath of Stray Leaves | To the Memory | of | Emily Bliss Gould | ob. 31st Aug. 1875. | Rome : | Italo-American School Press, 106 Via in Arcione. | MDCCCLXXV.

² ['The following poem . . . was published in 1849, in a small volume without my name, was withdrawn along with that volume, and until now has never been reprinted. But the departed poem had the honour of being followed by the regrets of a most distinguished mourner, Mr. Swinburne, who has more than once revived its memory, and asked for its republication. . . . To a work of his youth, a work produced in long-past days of ardour and emotion, an author can never be very hard-hearted ; and, after a disappearance of more than twenty-five years, *The New Sirens*, therefore, is here reprinted.'—*Prefatory Note*.]

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PART II.—PROSE WORKS

39. England and the Italian Question. | By | Matthew Arnold. | 'Sed nondum est finis.' | *S. Matt.* xxiv. 6. | London | Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. | 1859.

Octavo, pp. 45. Imprint :—'London Printed by Spottiswoode and Co. New-street Square.' Issued (*July*, 1859) 'stabbed,' and without wrappers. The published price was One Shilling.

This pamphlet is very scarce.

40. *Strictly confidential.* | Education Commission. | Report | of | Matthew Arnold, Esq., | Foreign Assistant Commissioner. | [*The Royal Arms.*] | London : | Printed by George E. Eyre and William Spottiswoode, | Printers to the Queen's most Excellent Majesty. | For Her Majesty's Stationery Office. | 1860.

Octavo, pp. 154. Issued in blue paper wrappers. Reprinted and issued, with the text revised, in 1861. (See Nos. 41 and 42.)

41. Education Commission. Reports of the Assistant Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State of Popular Education in England. 1861. Vol. IV. London. Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1861.

Report of Assistant Commissioner Matthew Arnold, Esq., M.A., on the Systems of Popular Education in use in France, Holland, and the French Cantons of Switzerland, pp. 13-160; dated London, June 1860.

Previously printed, in a strictly confidential edition, in 1860.

Reprinted in *Popular Education in France*, 1861.

42. The | Popular Education of France | with Notices of that of | Holland and Switzerland | by | Matthew Arnold, M.A. | Foreign Assistant-Commissioner to the Commissioners appointed to inquire into | the state of Popular Education in England : | Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford : | One of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. | London | Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts | 1861 | *The right of translation is reserved.*

Octavo, pp. lii. 294. Imprint :—'London Printed by Spottiswoode and Co. New-street Square.' Issued in green cloth boards, at the price of Ten Shillings and Sixpence. Transferred to Macmillan and Co. in 1883.

Previously printed for the use of the Education Commission in 1860. Published, in 1861, in Vol. IV. of the Reports of the Assistant Commissioners.

The *Introduction* (written for this edition) is reprinted in *Mixed Essays*, 1879, under the title of *Democracy*.

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43. On Translating Homer | Three Lectures | given at Oxford | by | Matthew Arnold, M.A. | Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and | formerly Fellow of Oriel College | London | Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts | 1861.

Crown octavo, pp. iv. 104. Imprint :—‘London Printed by Spottiswoode and Co. New-street Square.’ Issued in green cloth boards. The published price was Three Shillings and Sixpence. (See No. 45.)

44. On Translating Homer | Last Words | a Lecture given at Oxford | by | Matthew Arnold, M.A. | Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and | formerly Fellow of Oriel College | London | Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts | 1862.

Crown octavo, pp. vi. 69. Imprint :—‘London Printed by Spottiswoode and Co. New-street Square.’ Issued (*April*, 1862) in green cloth boards, at the price of Three Shillings and Sixpence. (See No. 45.)

In *April*, 1891, a number of copies, which had lain by in the sheets, were put up in green cloth by Messrs. Longmans, and sold by them. The cases of these copies are of a darker shade than the original covers, and are differently stamped. The early copies are lettered *up* the back, ‘Last Words on Translating Homer’; while those issued subsequently are lettered *across* the back, ‘Lecture | on | Homer | Last | Words | Arnold.’ Copies in the original cloth are difficult to procure.

45. On | Translating Homer | by | Matthew Arnold | Popular Edition | London | Smith, Elder, and Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1896 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. iv. 178. Imprint :—‘Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square, London.’ Issued (*January*, 1896) in brown cloth boards, at the price of Half-a-Crown.

This volume comprises the two works *On Translating Homer*, issued in 1861 and 1862; it forms the second edition of both works. This edition is kept in print, the date upon the title-page being altered according to the year in which the volume is reprinted.

46. Oratio Anniversaria | in memoriam | publicorum benefactorum | Academiæ Oxoniensis | ex instituta | honoratissimi domini et patris admodum reverendi | Nathanielis Domini Crewe | olim Baronis de Stene et Episcopi Dunelmensis | habita in Theatro Sheldoniano | VI Nonas Julii A.D. MDCCCLXII. | a Matthæo Arnold | A. M. e Coll. Oriel. | Poeticæ Prælectore.

Octavo, pp. 8. Printed by Spottiswoode & Co., London.

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47. A | French Eton ; | or, | Middle Class Education | and the State. | By | Matthew Arnold, | Lately Foreign Assistant Commissioner to the Commissioners appointed to inquire | into the State of Popular Education in England. | London and Cambridge : | Macmillan and Co. | 1864. | *The right of Translation and Reproduction is reserved.*

Foolscap octavo, pp. 122. Imprint :—‘London : R. Clay, Son, and Taylor, Printers, Bread Street Hill.’ Issued in maroon cloth boards, at the price of Half-a-Crown.

Previously printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* :—

September, 1863, Vol. VIII. pp. 353-362.

February, 1864, „ IX. „ 343-355.

May, 1864, „ X. „ 83-96.

See No. 58.

48. *Essays in Criticism.* | By | Matthew Arnold, | Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. | London and Cambridge : | Macmillan and Co. | 1865.

Foolscap octavo, pp. xx. 302. Imprint :—‘London : R. Clay, Son, and Taylor, Printers, Bread Street Hill.’ Issued (*January*, 1865) in brown cloth boards. The published price was Six Shillings.

This work became known as *Essays in Criticism, First Series*, after the issue of the *Second Series* in 1888.

CONTENTS

Preface (pp. vii.-xix.)

The Function of Criticism at the Present Time.

Previously printed in *The National Review*, November, 1864, No. 1, N.S., pp. 230-251.

The Literary Influence of Academies.

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1864, Vol. X. pp. 154-172.

Maurice de Guérin.

Previously printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1863, Vol. LXVII. pp. 47-61.

Eugénie de Guérin.

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, June, 1863, Vol. VII. pp. 784-800.

Heinrich Heine.

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1863, Vol. VIII. pp. 233-249.

Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment.

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1864, Vol. IX. pp. 422-435, under the title *Pagan and Christian Religious Sentiment*.

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Joubert.

Previously printed in *The National Review*, January, 1864, Vol. XVIII. pp. 168-190, under the title *Joubert; or, a French Coleridge*.

Spinoza.

Previously printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, December, 1863, Vol. IX. pp. 136-142, under the title *A word more about Spinoza*.

Marcus Aurelius.

Previously printed in *The Victoria Magazine*, November, 1863, Vol. II. pp. 1-19.

49. Essays in Criticism. | By | Matthew Arnold, | Second Edition. | London : | Macmillan and Co. | 1869. | [*The Right of Translation is reserved*].

Foolscap octavo, pp. xvi. 317. Imprint: 'London : R. Clay, Sons, and Taylor, Printers, Bread Street Hill.' Issued (December, 1868) in brown cloth boards, at the price of Six Shillings.

TEXT.—The *Preface* is condensed. Into the Essay on *Spinoza*, now entitled *Spinoza and the Bible*, much additional matter is introduced, taken from *The Bishop and the Philosopher*, contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine*, January, 1863, Vol. VII. pp. 241-256.

50. Essays in Criticism | by | Matthew Arnold | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | Third Edition | Revised and Enlarged | London | Macmillan and Co | 1875 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. xvi. 440. Imprint:—'Oxford : E. Pickard Hall and J. H. Stacy, Printers to the University.' Issued in brown cloth boards. The published price was Nine Shillings.

This and all subsequent editions contain an additional Essay, viz. :—A Persian Passion Play (inserted after the Essay on Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment).

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, December, 1871, Vol. XXIV. pp. 668-687.

51. Essays in Criticism | by | Matthew Arnold | New Edition | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1884.

Crown octavo, pp. xiv. 379. Imprint:—'Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.' Issued in blue cloth boards, at the price of Nine Shillings.

Reprints of this edition were issued in 1886, 1889, 1891 and 1894.

In October, 1895, *Essays in Criticism, First Series*, was included in Macmillan's *Eversley Series*. Also issued, in 1887, in Macmillan's *Colonial Library*.

52. On | the Study | of | Celtic Literature. | By | Matthew Arnold, | Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. | London : | Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. | 1867.

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Octavo, pp. xx.¹ 181. Imprint:—‘London: Printed by Smith, Elder and Co., Old Bailey, E.C.’ Issued (*June*, 1867) in brown cloth boards, at the price of Eight Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS

Introduction (pp. i.-xviii.)

Text of *On the Study of Celtic Literature*.

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*:—

<i>March</i> , 1866, Vol. XIII. pp. 282-296. <i>April</i> , " " " " 469-483.	<i>May</i> , 1866, Vol. XIII. pp. 538-555. <i>July</i> , " " " " 110-128.
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[‘The following remarks on the study of Celtic Literature formed the substance of four lectures given by me last year and the year before in the chair of poetry at Oxford.’—*Introduction*, p. i.]

53. The Study | of | Celtic Literature | by | Matthew Arnold |
 Popular Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place |
 1891 | [*All rights reserved.*]

Crown octavo, pp. xx. 152. Imprint:—‘Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square London.’ Issued (*January*, 1891) in brown cloth boards, at the price of Half-a-Crown.

The *Popular Edition* of *The Study of Celtic Literature* is kept in print; the date upon the title-page being altered according to the year in which the volume is reprinted.

54. Schools Inquiry Commission. Vol. VI. General Reports of Assistant Commissioners. London. Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1868.

Report by Mr. Matthew Arnold on Secondary Education in Foreign Countries, pp. 441-712; dated 1866.

Reprinted in *Schools and Universities on the Continent*, 1868.

55. Schools and Universities | on the Continent | by | Matthew Arnold, M.A. | Foreign Assistant Commissioner to the Schools Enquiry Commission; One of Her | Majesty’s Inspectors of Schools; formerly Foreign Assistant Commissioner | to the Commission for enquiring into the state of Popular Education | in England, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1868 | (*Right of translation reserved.*)

Octavo, pp. xxviii. 311. Imprint:—‘London Printed by Spottiswoode and Co. New-street Square.’ Issued in magenta cloth boards. The published price was Ten Shillings and Sixpence.

¹ Four pages occupied by the *Half-title* and *Title* are not enumerated.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

['I was in 1865 charged by the Schools Enquiry Commissioners with the task of investigating the system of education for the middle and upper classes which prevails in France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland. . . . The present volume contains the report which I made to them. I have here adapted it to the general reader's use, and divested it of some details which for his use were unnecessary.'—*Preface*, p. v.]

The *Preface*, written for this volume, occupies pp. v.-xxii.
See Nos. 56-58.

56. Higher Schools and | Universities in | Germany | by | Matthew Arnold, D.C.L. | Formerly Foreign Assistant Commissioner to the Schools Enquiry Commission | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1874 | *All rights reserved.*

Crown octavo, pp. lxxxviii. 270. Imprint : — ' London : Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square and Parliament Street.' Issued in brown cloth boards. The published price was Six Shillings.

['The Book on "Schools and Universities on the Continent," which I published in 1868, has long been out of print, I now republish that part of it which relates to Germany.'—*Preface to the Second Edition*, p. v.]

The *Preface to the Second Edition* occupies pp. v.-lxx.

The *Preface*¹ to the *First Edition*, 1868, occupies pp. lxxi.-lxxx.

The *Text* of this edition is a reprint of Chapters xiv.-xx., and xxii.-xxiii. of the Work published in 1868.

See Nos. 57-58.

57. Higher | Schools & Universities | in Germany | by | Matthew Arnold, D.C.L. | formerly Foreign Assistant Commissioner to the Schools | Enquiry Commission | London | Macmillan & Co. | 1882 | *All rights reserved.*

Crown octavo, pp. xxviii. 245. Imprint : — ' Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.' Issued in blue cloth boards, at the price of Six Shillings.

'Second Edition' is on the reverse of the Half-title.

The *Preface*, dated *February 1*, 1882, occupies pp. v.-vii.

The *Preface to the First Edition*, 1868, occupies pp. ix.-xxi.

The long *Preface* to the edition of 1874 is omitted from this issue.

See No. 58.

58. A French Eton | or | Middle-class Education and the State | to which is added | Schools and Universities in France | being part of a volume on 'Schools and Universities | on the Continent' published in 1868 | by | Matthew Arnold | London | Macmillan and Co. | and New York | 1892 | *All rights reserved.*

¹ The latter portion only of this *Preface* is here reprinted.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Crown octavo, pp. iv. 416. Imprint :—‘Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.’ Issued (*July*, 1892) in blue cloth boards, at the price of Six Shillings.

[‘The first part of the present volume consists of a reprint of *A French Eton*, originally published in 1864. This is followed by that portion¹ of the book on *Schools and Universities on the Continent* (1868) which deals with secondary Education in France. A *Preface*, which Mr. Arnold wrote in 1874, when the German portion of the latter book was published separately, but which was afterwards omitted, has also been reprinted.’²—*Publisher’s note on reverse of title-page.*]

59. Culture and Anarchy : | an Essay | in | Political and Social Criticism. | By | Matthew Arnold. | London : | Smith, Elder and Co., 15, Waterloo Place. | 1869. | [*The right of Translation is reserved.*]

Octavo, pp. lx. 272. Imprint :—‘London : Printed by Smith, Elder and Co., Old Bailey, E.C.’ Issued (*January*, 1869) in brown cloth boards. The published price was Ten Shillings and Sixpence.

In the first edition of *Culture and Anarchy* the chapters are without the Titles given in all subsequent editions of the Work.

CONTENTS

Preface (pp. iii.-lx.)

Text of *Culture and Anarchy*.

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine* :—

<i>July</i> , 1867, Vol. XVI. pp. 36-53. <i>January</i> , 1868, „ XVII. „ 30-47. <i>February</i> , „ „ „ „ 239-256.	<i>June</i> , 1868, Vol. XVII. pp. 745-760. <i>July</i> , „ „ XVIII. „ 91-107. <i>August</i> , „ „ „ „ 239-256.
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The first of these Magazine Articles was entitled *Culture and its Enemies*; the others were headed *Anarchy and Authority*.

Chapter I. of *Culture and Anarchy* (entitled *Sweetness and Light*) was reprinted, with a photographic portrait of the author, in *Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists*; London : Bickers and Son, 1886 ; pp. 82-113.

60. Culture and Anarchy | an Essay | in | Political and Social Criticism | by | Matthew Arnold | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | Second Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1875 | [*The right of translation is reserved.*]

Crown octavo, pp. lii. 239. Imprint :—‘London : Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square and Parliament Street.’ Issued in brown cloth boards, at the price of Seven Shillings.

¹ Chapters i. to viii. of the Work published in 1868.

² As *Preface to Schools and Universities in France*.

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61. Culture and Anarchy | an Essay | in | Political and Social Criticism | by | Matthew Arnold | Third Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1882 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. lii. 239. The Imprint reads as in the second edition. No change was made in the appearance of the covers or in the price of the volume.

The half-title, though not supplied with this edition, is reckoned in the pagination.

62. Culture and Anarchy | an Essay | in | Political and Social Criticism | by | Matthew Arnold | Popular Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1889 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. xl. 166. Imprint :—‘Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square, London.’ Issued in brown cloth boards, at the price of Half-a-Crown.

The *Popular Edition* of *Culture and Anarchy* is kept in print ; the date upon the title-page being altered according to the year in which the volume is reprinted.

63. St. Paul | and | Protestantism ; | with an Introduction on | Puritanism and the Church of England. | By | Matthew Arnold, M.A., LL.D. | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College. | London : | Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place. | 1870. | [The right of translation is reserved.]

Crown octavo, pp. xl. 176. Imprint :—‘London : Printed by Smith, Elder and Co., Old Bailey, E.C.’ Issued in brown cloth boards. The published price was Four Shillings and Sixpence.

[‘This work originally appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*, and has since been revised, with Additions and a Preface, by the Author.’—*Publishers’ Note on reverse of Title-page.*]

CONTENTS

Preface (pp. v.-xxxix.)

Puritanism and the Church of England.

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, February, 1870, Vol. XXI. pp. 180-203.

St. Paul and Protestantism.

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine* :—
October, 1869, Vol. XX. pp. 432-451. | November, 1869, Vol. XX. pp. 598-620.
In *St. Paul and Protestantism*, Part II., are five lines of original verse.

64. St. Paul | and | Protestantism ; | with an Essay on | Puritanism and the Church of England. | By | Matthew Arnold, D.C.L., LL.D. | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford |

BIBLIOGRAPHY

and Fellow of Oriel College. | Second Edition. | London : | Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place. | 1870. | [The right of translation is reserved.]

Crown octavo, pp. xl. 182. Issued in cloth boards similar to those of the first edition, and at the same price.

The *Text* was slightly revised.

The Essay on *Puritanism and the Church of England*, which in the first edition preceded *St. Paul and Protestantism*, is here printed after it.

65. St. Paul | and | Protestantism | with an Essay on Puritanism and | the Church of England | by | Matthew Arnold | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | Third Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1875 | [*The right of translation is reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. xlii. 182. Imprint :—‘London : Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square and Parliament Street.’ Issued in brown cloth boards. The price was again Four Shillings and Sixpence.

66. St. Paul | and | Protestantism | with Other Essays | by | Matthew Arnold | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | Popular Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1887 | [*The right of translation is reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. viii. 171. Imprint :—‘Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square, London.’ Issued (*December*, 1886) in brown cloth boards, at the price of Half-a-Crown.

CONTENTS

New Preface (pp. v.-vi.)

St. Paul and Protestantism.

Puritanism and the Church of England.

Modern Dissent.

Previously printed as *Preface to St. Paul and Protestantism*.

A Comment on Christmas.

Previously printed in *The Contemporary Review*, April, 1885, Vol. XLVII. pp. 457-472.

The *Popular Edition* of *St. Paul and Protestantism* is kept in print ; the date upon the title-page being altered according to the year in which the volume is reprinted.

67. Friendship's Garland : | being the | Conversations, Letters, and Opinions | of the late | Arminius, | Baron von Thunder-ten-Tronckh. | Collected and Edited, | with a Dedicatory Letter to Adolescens Leo, Esq., | of 'The Daily Telegraph,' | by Matthew

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Arnold. | . . . *manibus date lilia plenis.* | London : | Smith, Elder and Co., 15, Waterloo Place. | 1871. | [All rights reserved.]

Small crown octavo, pp. xvi. 172. No Imprint; but printed by Smith, Elder, & Co., Little Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, E.C. Issued in white ribbed cloth boards (some copies in reddish brown, others in lavender coloured cases), stamped with a mourning band, and with a gilt wreath impressed on the front cover. The published price was Four Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS

Dedicatory Letter.

Letters I.-XII.

Previously printed in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, as follows :—

Letter I. <i>July</i> 21, 1866.	Letter VII. <i>April</i> 22, 1867.
“ II. <i>August</i> 4, “	“ VIII. <i>June</i> 8, 1869.
“ III. “ 7, “	“ IX. <i>August</i> 9, 1870.
“ IV. “ 15, “	“ X. <i>Novr.</i> 21, “
“ V. <i>Novr.</i> 8, “	“ XI. “ 25, “
“ VI. <i>April</i> 20, 1867.	“ XII. “ 29, “

My Countrymen.

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, February, 1866, Vol. XIII. pp. 153-172.

A Courteous Explanation.¹

Previously printed in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, March 20, 1866.

The volume is interspersed with notes and comments by the Author. *Friendship's Garland*, now very scarce, is highly prized by 'collectors.'

68. In *November* 1897, a page for page reprint of *Friendship's Garland*, from freshly set type, was issued by Smith, Elder and Co., with the Imprint :—‘Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London.’ The published price was again Four Shillings and Sixpence. This, the second edition of *Friendship's Garland*, was issued in white cloth boards only, stamped and ornamented as in the first edition. The lettering across the back, however, reads :—‘*Friendship's | Garland | Smith | Elder & Co.*’; whereas the first edition was lettered :—‘*Friendship's | Garland. | London | Smith, Elder & Co.*’ The half-title occupies pp. xv.-xvi. in the first edition; pp. i.-ii. in the second, with advertisements on the reverse. ‘Second Edition’ is on the title-page, with the date ‘1897.’

69. *Friendship's Garland* | being the | Conversations, Letters, and Opinions | of the late | Arminius | Baron von Thunder-ten-Tronckh | Collected and Edited | with a Dedicatory Letter to

¹ Two letters, signed ‘Horace,’ to which *A Courteous Explanation* is an answer, had appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, March 14th and 17th, 1866.

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Adolescens Leo, Esq. | of 'The Daily Telegraph' | by Matthew Arnold | . . . *manibus date lilia plenis* | Popular Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1903 | [All rights reserved].

Crown octavo, pp. xvi. 166. Imprint :—'Spottiswoode & Co. Ltd., Printers, New-street Square, London.' Issued, *November* 1903, in crimson ribbed cloth boards, at the price of Two Shillings and Sixpence.

This edition is kept in print ; the date upon the title-page being altered according to the year in which the volume is reprinted.

70. Literature & Dogma | an Essay | towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible | by | Matthew Arnold, D.C.L. | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1873 | [*The right of translation is reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. xxxvi. 388. Imprint :—'London : Printed by Spottiswoode & Co., New-street Square and Parliament Street.' Issued (*February*, 1873) in brown cloth boards, at the price of Nine Shillings.

The *Preface* occupies pp. v.-xxxiv.

A slip inserted before p. v. bears the Notice :—*A small portion of this work has appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine.'*¹

71. A Second Edition of *Literature and Dogma* was issued in 1873.

A few alterations (not affecting the total pagination) were made in the *Text*; and 'Second Edition' was inserted upon the title-page.

72. The Third Edition of *Literature and Dogma*, also issued in 1873, is a verbatim reprint of the second edition, with 'Third Edition' upon the title-page.

The *Notice* (mentioned under the first edition) is omitted from the third and subsequent editions.

73. The Fourth Edition of *Literature and Dogma* is dated '1874'; 'D.C.L.' is omitted from the title-page.

Slight emendations in the *Text* occasion two additional pages in this volume ; the collation being xxxvi. 390.

¹ Introduction and Chap. I., *July*, 1871, Vol. XXIV., pp. 25-47.

Chaps. II.-IV., *October*, " " " " 471-492.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

74. The Fifth Edition of *Literature and Dogma* was issued in 1876.

The references to all the Bible quotations are, in this edition, given for the first time; owing to this and to further revision of the *Text*, the number of pages was again increased, being now xxxvi. 404.

75. *Literature & Dogma* | an Essay towards | a Better Apprehension of the Bible | by | Matthew Arnold | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | Popular Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1883 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. xxx. 232. Imprint :—'London : Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square and Parliament Street.' Issued (*October*, 1883) in brown cloth boards, at the price of Half-a-Crown.

The *Preface to this Edition* occupies pp. v.-xii.

The *Text* is considerably condensed.

The *Popular Edition* of *Literature and Dogma* is kept in print; the date upon the title-page being altered according to the year in which the volume is reprinted.

76. *Literature & Dogma* | An Essay towards | a better apprehension of the Bible | By | Matthew Arnold | Formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | [Published for the Rationalist Press Association, Limited] | London | Watts & Co. | 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street | 1902 | [*All rights reserved*].

Demy octavo, pp. 120. Imprint :—'Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., Ltd., New-street Square, London.' Issued, *October*, 1902, in blue paper wrappers, with a title and portrait on the front cover. The published price was Sixpence.

77. *God & the Bible* | a Review of | Objections to 'Literature and Dogma' | by | Matthew Arnold | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1875 | [*The right of translation is reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. lii. 394. Imprint :—'London : Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square and Parliament Street.' Issued in brown cloth boards. The published price was Nine Shillings.

CONTENTS

Preface (pp. vii.-1.)

Text of *God and the Bible*.

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Previously printed (under the title *Review of Objections to 'Literature and Dogma'*) in *The Contemporary Review* :—

October,	1874,	Vol. XXIV.	pp. 794-818.
November,	"	"	" 981-1003.
January,	1875,	" XXV.	" 279-304.
March,	"	"	" 499-526.
May,	"	"	" 963-988.
July,	"	" XXVI.	" 326-351.
September,	"	"	" 676-702.

78. God and the Bible | a Sequel to 'Literature and Dogma' | by | Matthew Arnold | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | Popular Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1884 | [*The right of translation is reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. xxxii. 239. Imprint :—'London : Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square and Parliament Street.' Issued in brown cloth boards, at the price of Half-a-Crown.

The *Text* of the work is, in this edition, 'somewhat condensed.'

The *Popular Edition* of *God and the Bible* is kept in print ; the date upon the title-page being altered according to the year in which the volume is reprinted.

79. Last Essays | on | Church and Religion | by | Matthew Arnold | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1877 | *All rights reserved*.

Crown octavo, pp. xxxiv. 228. Imprint :—'London : Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square and Parliament Street.' Issued in brown cloth boards, at the price of Seven Shillings.

CONTENTS

Preface (pp. v.-xxxii.)

A Psychological Parallel.

Previously printed in *The Contemporary Review*, November, 1876, Vol. XXVIII. pp. 892-919.

Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist. I.

Previously printed in *The Contemporary Review*, February, 1876, Vol. XXVII. pp. 377-395.

Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist. II.

Previously printed in *The Contemporary Review*, March, 1876, Vol. XXVII. pp. 571-592.

The Church of England.

Previously printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1876, Vol. XXXIII. pp. 481-494.

A Last Word on the Burials Bill.

Previously printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1876, Vol. XXXIV. pp. 276-288.

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80. Last Essays | on | Church and Religion | by | Matthew Arnold | Popular Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1903 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. xxvi. 164. Imprint :—‘Spottiswoode & Co., Ltd., Printers, New-street Square, London.’ Issued, *November*, 1903, in crimson ribbed cloth boards, at the price of Two Shillings and Sixpence.

This edition is kept in print ; the date upon the title-page being altered according to the year in which the volume is reprinted.

81. Mixed Essays | by | Matthew Arnold | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1879 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. xii. 347. No Imprint ; but printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square, London. Issued (*January*, 1879) in blue cloth boards. The published price was Nine Shillings.

CONTENTS

Preface (pp. v.-x.)

Democracy.

Previously printed as *Preface to Popular Education in France*, 1861.

Equality.

Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, *March*, 1878, Vol. XXIII., N.S., pp. 313-334.

Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism.

Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, *July*, 1878, Vol. XXIV., N.S., pp. 26-45.

‘Porro Unum est Necessarium.’

Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, *November*, 1878, Vol. XXIV., N.S., pp. 589-604.

A Guide to English Literature.

Previously printed in *The Nineteenth Century*, *December*, 1877, Vol. II. pp. 843-853.

Falkland.

Previously printed in *The Nineteenth Century*, *March*, 1877, Vol. I. pp. 141-155.

A French Critic on Milton.

Previously printed in *The Quarterly Review*, *January*, 1877, Vol. CXLIII. pp. 186-204.

A French Critic on Goethe.

Previously printed in *The Quarterly Review*, *January*, 1878, Vol. CXLV. pp. 143-163.

George Sand.

Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, *June*, 1877, Vol. XXI., N.S., pp. 767-781.

A reprint of *Mixed Essays* was issued in the following year.

‘Second Edition’ appears upon the title-page ; and the date is altered to ‘1880.’ The Imprint reads :—‘Printed by Spottiswoode and Co.,

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New-street Square, London.' In other particulars this edition agrees with the first.

82. Mixed Essays | by | Matthew Arnold | Popular Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1903 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. xii. 347. Imprint:—'Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., Ltd., New-street Square, London.' Issued, November, 1903, in crimson ribbed cloth boards, at the price of Two Shillings and Sixpence.

This edition is kept in print; the date upon the title-page being altered according to the year in which the volume is reprinted.

83. Passages from | the Prose Writings | of | Matthew Arnold | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1880 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. viii. 333. Imprint:—'London: Printed by Spottiswoode & Co., New-street Square and Parliament Street.' Issued in blue cloth boards. The published price was Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

The volume contains two hundred and twelve 'Passages,' arranged in Three Divisions:—I. Literature. II. Politics and Society. III. Philosophy and Religion. The Passages were selected by the Author.

84. Irish Essays | and Others | by | Matthew Arnold | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1882 | *All rights reserved*.

Crown octavo, pp. xvi. 308. Imprint:—'Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London.' Issued in blue cloth boards. The published price was Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS

Preface (pp. v.-xiv.)

The Incompatibles. I.

Previously printed in *The Nineteenth Century*, April, 1881, Vol. IX. pp. 709-726.

The Incompatibles. II.

Previously printed in *The Nineteenth Century*, June, 1881, Vol. IX. pp. 1026-1043.

An Unregarded Irish Grievance.

Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, August, 1881, Vol. XXX. N.S., pp. 137-148, under the title *Irish Grammar Schools*.

'Ecce, Convertimur ad Gentes.'

Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, February, 1879, Vol. XXV., N.S., pp. 238-252.

The Future of Liberalism.

Previously printed in *The Nineteenth Century*, July, 1880, Vol. VIII. pp. 1-18.

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A Speech at Eton.

Previously printed in *The Cornhill Magazine*, May, 1879, Vol. XXXIX. pp. 538-549.

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Previously printed in *The Nineteenth Century*, August, 1879, Vol. VI. pp. 228-243.

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Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, March, 1880, Vol. XXVII., N.S., pp. 319-334.

Preface to First Edition of Poems, 1853.

Preface to Second Edition of Poems, 1854.

85. Irish Essays | and Others | by | Matthew Arnold | Popular Edition | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1891 | *All rights reserved.*

Crown octavo, pp. xiv. 222. Imprint :—‘Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square, London.’ Issued (*January*, 1891) in brown cloth boards, at the price of Half-a-Crown.

The *Popular Edition* of *Irish Essays* is kept in print ; the date upon the title-page being altered according to the year in which the volume is reprinted.

86. Discourses in | America | by | Matthew Arnold | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1885.

Crown octavo, pp. xiv. 207. Imprint :—‘Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.’ Issued in green cloth boards, at the price of Four Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS

Preface (pp. v.-xi.)

Numbers ; or, The Majority and the Remnant.

Previously printed in *The Nineteenth Century*, April, 1884, Vol. XV. pp. 669-685.

Literature and Science.

Reprinted (considerably revised) from *The Nineteenth Century*, August, 1882, Vol. XII. pp. 216-230.

Emerson.

Previously printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, May, 1884, Vol. L. pp. 1-13.

Discourses in America was reprinted in 1889.

In March, 1896, the work was included in Macmillan & Co.'s *Everley Series*.

87. Education Department. Special Report on certain points connected with Elementary Education in Germany, Switzerland, and France. London. Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1886.

Folio, pp. 27. The Report, dated May, 1886, occupies pp. 3-25.

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NOTE.—Royal Commission on Education, Minutes of Evidence, 1886. First Report. Mr. Matthew Arnold's Evidence, corrected for the press by himself, occupies pp. 184-225.

88. Education Reform League | Special Report | on certain points connected with | Elementary Education | in | Germany, Switzerland, and France | by | Matthew Arnold | with a Prefatory Note by the Author | Reprinted by | The Education Reform League | Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, E. | 1888 | Price One Penny.

Octavo, pp. 32. Imprint :—'Ballantyne Press, Chandos St., W.C.' Issued without wrappers.

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Preface, dated *February*, 1888 (p. 2).

Special Report on Education, dated *May*, 1886. (A reprint of the *Special Report* issued by the Education Department in 1886.)

89. Reports | on | Elementary Schools | 1852-1882 | by | Matthew Arnold, D.C.L., LL.D., | One of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools | Edited by the | Right Hon. Sir Francis Sandford, K.C.B. | [*Quotation from Aristotle*] | London | Macmillan and Co. | and New York | 1889 | *The right of translation and reproduction is reserved.*

Crown octavo, pp. xvi. 302. Imprint :—'Richard Clay and Sons, Limited, London and Bungay.' Issued in blue cloth boards, at the price of Seven Shillings and Sixpence. In *October*, 1889, an *Index* (pp. 303-306) was added to the unsold copies, and the price was reduced to Three Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS

Introduction, by Sir Francis Sandford.

Reports on Elementary Schools.

Extracts from Reports on Training Colleges.¹

[‘Matthew Arnold was appointed one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools by an Order in Council dated the 14th of April, 1851. He resigned on the 30th of April, 1886. . . . The present volume contains his nineteen General Reports to the Education Department on Elementary Schools in this country, omitting matters of only local, personal, or temporary interest.’—*Introduction*, p. v.]

¹ Mr. Arnold's thirteen Reports on Training Colleges will be found in the Annual Reports of the Committee of Council on Education (England and Wales). See volumes dated 1854, 1857, 1859, 1860, 1862, 1863, 1865, 1866, 1868, 1869, 1870, and 1871. There are two Reports in the volume dated 1869.

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90. *Essays in Criticism | Second Series | by | Matthew Arnold | London | Macmillan and Co. | and New York | 1888 | All rights reserved.*

Crown octavo, pp. x. 331. Imprint :—‘Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.’ Issued in blue cloth boards, at the price of Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS

Prefatory Note, signed ‘C.’ (*Lord Coleridge.*)

The Study of Poetry.

Previously printed as the *General Introduction* to *The English Poets*, edited by T. H. Ward, 1880.

Milton.

Previously printed in *The Century Magazine*, May, 1888, Vol. XXXVI. pp. 53-55.

Thomas Gray.

Previously printed in Ward’s *English Poets*, Vol. III. 1880, prefixed to the Selection from Gray.

John Keats.

Previously printed in Ward’s *English Poets*, Vol. IV. 1880, prefixed to the Selection from Keats.

Wordsworth.

Previously printed in *Macmillan’s Magazine*, July, 1879, Vol. XL. pp. 193-204 ; and as *Preface* to *The Poems of Wordsworth*, 1879.

Byron.

Previously printed in *Macmillan’s Magazine*, March, 1881, Vol. XLIII. pp. 367-377 ; and as *Preface* to *Poetry of Byron*, 1881.

Shelley.

Previously printed in *The Nineteenth Century*, January, 1888, Vol. XXIII. pp. 23-39.

Count Leo Tolstoi.

Previously printed in *The Fortnightly Review*, December, 1887, Vol. XLII. N.S., pp. 783-799.

Amiel.

Previously printed in *Macmillan’s Magazine*, September, 1887, Vol. LVI. pp. 321-329.

Essays in Criticism, Second Series, was reprinted in 1889 and 1891. The volume was included in Macmillan and Co.’s *Eversley Series* in November, 1895. Also issued, in 1888, in Macmillan’s Colonial Library.

91. *Letters | of | Matthew Arnold | 1848-1888 | Collected and Arranged | by | George W. E. Russell | ‘O World, as God has made it ! All is beauty : | And knowing this is love, and love is duty.’ | Vol. I. [Vol. II.] | London | Macmillan and Co. | and New York | 1895 | All rights reserved.*

Crown octavo, Vol. I. pp. xii. 402 ; Vol. II. pp. iv. 379. Imprint :—‘Printed by R. & R. Clark, Limited, Edinburgh.’

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Issued (*November*, 1895) in blue cloth boards, at the price of Fifteen Shillings net for the two volumes.

Reprinted, 1895, with additional Notes.

92. Letters | of | Matthew Arnold | 1848-1888 | Collected and Arranged | by | George W. E. Russell | Vol. I. [Vol. II.] | London | Macmillan and Co., Limited | New York : The Macmillan Company | 1901 | *All rights reserved*.

Globe octavo, Vol. I. pp. x. 467 ; Vol. II. pp. iv. 442. There is no imprint. Issued (*July*, 1901) in dark crimson cloth boards, at the price of Ten Shillings for the two volumes.

Many additional Notes were inserted in this edition, otherwise there was no change of *Text*. These volumes belong to Macmillan and Co.'s *Eversley Series*.

93. Matthew Arnold's | Notebooks | with a Preface | by | the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse | and a Portrait | London | Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place | 1902 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. x. 137. Imprint :—'Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., Ltd., New-street Square, London.' Issued (*December*, 1902) in white cloth boards, with a black border. The published price was Four Shillings and Sixpence. The portrait is from a photograph by Sarony, New York. To face p. 28 are two facsimile pages from the Notebooks.

WORKS ARRANGED, EDITED, AND CONTRIBUTED TO BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

94. A Bible-reading for Schools. | The Great Prophecy | of | Israel's Restoration | (Isaiah, Chapters 40-66) | Arranged and Edited for | Young Learners | by | Matthew Arnold, D.C.L., | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford ; | and Fellow of Oriel College. | London : | Macmillan and Co. | 1872 | [*All rights reserved*].

Pott octavo, pp. xxxviii. 65. Imprint :—'Cambridge : Printed by C. J. Clay, M.A., at the University Press.' Issued (*May*, 1872) in drab cloth boards, at the price of One Shilling.

CONTENTS

Preface and Introductory Note (pp. v.-xxxviii.)

The Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration.

Notes (pp. 45-65).

A Bible-Reading for Schools was reprinted *September* and *October*, 1872, 1875, and 1889.

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95. Isaiah | XL-LXVI | With the | Shorter Prophecies allied to it | Arranged and Edited | with Notes | by | Matthew Arnold | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1875 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown octavo, pp. iv. 196. Imprint :—‘Oxford : by E. Pickard Hall and J. H. Stacy, Printers to the University.’ Issued in brown cloth boards. The published price was Five Shillings.

CONTENTS

Introduction.

The Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration, with *Notes*.

Appendix ; the *Shorter Prophecies*¹ with *Notes* to each.

[‘The present attempt was originally planned for the benefit of school-children. It appears in this larger form, because it has been found useful by many who are not school-children, and who find the small print of a school-book irksome.’—*Introduction*, p. 2.]

This volume is a reprint of *A Bible-Reading for Schools* with the addition of an *Appendix*. The *Introduction* is revised.

96. Isaiah of Jerusalem | in the | Authorised English Version | with | an Introduction, Corrections, and Notes | by | Matthew Arnold | formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford | and Fellow of Oriel College | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1883.

Crown octavo, pp. iv. 144. Imprint :—‘Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.’ Issued in brown cloth boards, at the price of Four Shillings and Sixpence.

CONTENTS

Introduction (pp. 1-44).

Reprinted, with a few omissions, from *The Nineteenth Century*,

April, 1883, Vol. XIII. pp. 587-603.

May, “ “ “ “ pp. 779-794.

Text of *Isaiah of Jerusalem*.

Notes (pp. 117-144).

This volume and the one issued in 1875 contain together Mr. Arnold's version of the entire book of Isaiah.

97. The | Six Chief Lives | from | Johnson's ‘Lives of the Poets,’ | with | Macaulay's ‘Life of Johnson.’ | Edited, with a Preface, | by | Matthew Arnold. | London : | Macmillan and Co. | 1878. | [*The Right of Translation and Reproduction is Reserved.*]

¹ The First Vision. *Isaiah* xxi. 1-10.

The King of Babylon. “ xiii. 2-22 ; xiv. 1-23.

Edom and Israel. “ xxxiv., xxxv.

Early Days of Return. “ xxiv.-xxvii.

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Crown octavo, pp. xxviii. 466. Imprint :—'London : R. Clay, Sons, and Taylor, Bread Street Hill.' Issued in scarlet cloth boards, at the price of Six Shillings.

CONTENTS

Preface (pp. vii.-xxv.)

Previously printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, June, 1878, Vol. XXXVIII. pp. 153-160, under the title *Johnson's Lives*.

Life of Johnson. Contributed by Lord Macaulay to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Lives of the Poets, by Samuel Johnson :—Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Gray.

Reprints of this edition were issued in 1879 and 1881.

98. The | Six Chief Lives | from | Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' | with | Macaulay's 'Life of Johnson.' | Edited, with a Preface and Notes, | by | Matthew Arnold. | London : | Macmillan and Co. | 1886.

Crown octavo, pp. xxviii. 463. Imprint :—'Richard Clay & Sons, Bread Street Hill, London, Bungay, Suffolk.' Issued in limp cloth boards, coloured scarlet. The published price was Four Shillings and Sixpence.

This, the fourth, edition contains a new Preface (on p. vii.) headed 'Advertisement,' and Notes (on pp. 457-463).

['I was asked to make a school edition of these Lives by striking out a few things in them which might be thought objectionable reading for girls and young people, and by adding some short notes. I have done both the one and the other.'—*Extract from Advertisement*.]

A reprint of the fourth edition was issued in 1889.

99. Poems | of | Wordsworth | Chosen and Edited by | Matthew Arnold | [*Vignette Portrait of Wordsworth*] | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1879.

Pott octavo, pp. xxxii. 317. Imprint :—'Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.' Issued in blue cloth boards, as a volume of the *Golden Treasury Series*. On the front cover is a vignette illustration (in gilt) of Rydal Mount. The published price was Four Shillings and Sixpence.

A Large-Paper Edition (post octavo, pp. xxxii. 319) was issued in blue cloth boards. The published price was Nine Shillings. Seven hundred and fifty copies were printed, September 20th, 1879.

Preface (pp. v.-xxvi.)

Previously printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1879, Vol. XL. pp. 193-204. Reprinted in *Essays in Criticism, Second Series*, 1888.

This volume was reprinted, November, 1879, with additional *Poems*, the

BIBLIOGRAPHY

collation being pp. xxxii. 331. Later reprints are dated 1880, 1882, 1886, 1888, and 1890. In 1891 *Poems of Wordsworth* was included in the reissue of the *Golden Treasury Series*, published at the price of Two Shillings and Sixpence net each volume. An edition of 250 copies, printed on Dutch hand-made paper, and bound in buckram, was issued in 1892, price Ten Shillings and Sixpence net.

100. Poetry | of | Byron | Chosen and Arranged by | Matthew Arnold | [*Vignette*] | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1881.

Pott octavo, pp. xxxvi. 276. Imprint :—‘Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.’ Issued (as a volume of the *Golden Treasury Series*) in blue cloth boards. On the front cover is a vignette illustration of Newstead Abbey. The published price was Four Shillings and Sixpence.

A Large Paper Edition (post octavo) was issued in blue cloth boards. Seven hundred and five copies were printed, *June 4th*, 1881. The published price was Nine Shillings. The Title-page of this edition reads :—

Poetry of Byron | Chosen and Arranged by | Matthew Arnold | [*Vignette*] | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1881.

Preface (pp. vii.-xxxi.)

Previously printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1881, Vol. XLIII. pp. 367-377. Reprinted in *Essays in Criticism*, Second Series, 1888.

The *Poetry of Byron* was reprinted in 1890. In 1892 it was included in the reissue of the *Golden Treasury Series*, published at the price of Two Shillings and Sixpence net each volume.

101. Letters | Speeches and Tracts | on Irish Affairs | by | Edmund Burke | Collected and Arranged by | Matthew Arnold | with a Preface | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1881.

Crown octavo, pp. xiv. 439. Imprint :—‘Printed by R. and R. Clark, Edinburgh.’ Issued in blue cloth boards. The published price was Six Shillings.

The *Preface* occupies pp. v.-x.

102. The Hundred Greatest Men. Portraits of the One Hundred Greatest Men of History. Eight volumes. London : Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1879.

Introduction (on Poetry). By Matthew Arnold, Vol. I. pp. i.-iii.

103. The English Poets. Selections with critical Introductions. Edited by T. H. Ward, M.A. Four volumes. London : Macmillan and Co. 1880.

On the Study of Poetry. General Introduction. By Matthew Arnold. Vol. I. pp. xvii.-xlvii.

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Thomas Gray. Critical Introduction. By Matthew Arnold. Vol. III. pp. 302-316.

John Keats. Critical Introduction. By Matthew Arnold. Vol. IV. pp. 427-437.

These Three Essays were reprinted in *Essays in Criticism, Second Series*, 1888.

104. The Encyclopædia Britannica. Ninth Edition. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1886.

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve (1804-1869). By Matthew Arnold. Vol. XXI. pp. 162-165.

105. The Reign of Queen Victoria. Edited by T. H. Ward, M.A. Two volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1887.

Schools. By Matthew Arnold. Vol. II. pp. 238-279.

106. Wordsworthiana. A Selection from Papers read to The Wordsworth Society. Edited by William Knight. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Matthew Arnold's Address as President, 1883. Pp. 121-128.

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 MATTHEW ARNOLD TO NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PERIODICALS

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE

An Explanation	.	.	.	.	.	March 20th, 1866.
Geist	.	.	.	.	.	July 21st, 1866.
VOL. XV						2 C
					385	

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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'Ce Dogue'	August 15th, 1866.
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UNIFORM EDITIONS

(a) The present *Edition de Luxe* (in fifteen volumes) is the only complete uniform edition of Matthew Arnold's Works.

(b) In October, 1883, on the occasion of Mr. Arnold's lecturing tour in America, Macmillan and Co. had a uniform edition printed here for publication in the United States. This edition comprised the following works :—

- Vol. 1. Essays in Criticism.
" 2. On the Study of Celtic Literature ; and On Translating Homer.
" 3. Culture and Anarchy ; and Friendship's Garland.
" 4. Mixed Essays ; and Irish Essays.
" 5. Literature and Dogma.
" 6. God and the Bible.
" 7. St. Paul and Protestantism ; and Last Essays on Church and Religion.
" 8. Poetical Works.
" 9. Poetical Works.
" 10. Discourses in America. (*Added subsequently.*)

(c) Popular Editions. Published by Smith, Elder and Co. Crown octavo. Edges trimmed. Brown limp cloth boards ; also, subsequently, with the edges uncut, in crimson ribbed cloth cases. Price Half-a-Crown each volume. The following works have been issued in this series :—

Literature and Dogma in 1883.
God and the Bible in 1884.
St. Paul and Protestantism in 1887.
Culture and Anarchy in 1889.
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Last Essays on Church and Religion in 1903.
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(d) Eversley Series Editions. Published by Macmillan and Co. Globe octavo. Crimson cloth boards. Price Five Shillings each volume ; later, Four Shillings net.

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SYNOPTICAL TABLE

This Table is an Index to every Poem in the collective volumes.
The Poems are arranged in the sequence adopted in the volumes in which they were first printed.

In cases where a Poem has been reprinted under a new title the two names are placed together and bracketed.

VOLUMES ENUMERATED IN THE TABLE

No.	Date.
6. The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems.	1849.
7. Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems.	1852.
8. Poems. (<i>First Series.</i>)	1853.
9. <i>Second Edition.</i>	1854.
10. <i>Third Edition.</i>	1857.
11. Poems. (<i>Second Series.</i>)	1855.
13. New Poems.	1867.
15. Poems. 2 vols. (<i>First Collected Edition.</i>)	1869.
16. Poems. 2 vols.	1877.
17. <i>New Edition.</i> 2 vols.	1881.
18. Selected Poems.	1878.
20. Poems. 3 vols. (<i>Library Edition.</i>)	1885.
21. Poetical Works. (<i>Popular Edition.</i>)	1890.

NOTES TO THE POEMS IN THE TABLE

1. One of the Series entitled 'Switzerland.'
2. In the *first* edition only of the *Selected Poems*.
3. Not in the *first* edition of the *Selected Poems*.
4. One of the Series entitled 'Faded Leaves.'
5. Commencing 'Yes! in the sea of life enisled.'
6. A Fragment of 'Empedocles on Etna.'
7. A Fragment of 'The Youth of Man.'
8. Commencing 'We were apart; yet, day by day.'
9. A portion of 'Lines written by a Death-Bed.'
10. Part III. of 'The Church of Brou.'

SYNOPTICAL INDEX TO COLLECTIVE VOLUMES OF POEMS

<i>Bibliography No.</i>	6	7	8	9	10	11	13	15	16	17	18	20	21
<i>Date of Volume.</i>	1849	1852	1853	1854	1857	1855	1867	1869	1877	1881	1878	1885	1890
<i>Title of Poem.</i>	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Vol. p.	Vol. p.	Vol. p.	Page	Vol. p.	Page
Sonnet	1	...	2	2	2	...	...	II 115	I ...	I ...	3	... 1	... 1
Quiet Work	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	II 115	I ...	I ...	3	... 1	... 1
Mycerinus	2	...	51	61	51	...	...	I 54	I 14	I 14	...	I 12	8
To a Friend	10	...	219	225	221	...	...	II 116	I 4	I 4	4	I 2	2
The Strayed Reveller	11	...	67	77	67	...	...	I 114	II 24	II 24	140	II 23	201
Fragment of an 'Antigone'	28	...	...	...	...	107	...	II 61	II 39	II 39	...	II 37	211
The Sick King in Bokhara	35	...	...	...	...	73	...	I 41	I 123	I 133	...	I 132	92
Shakespeare	50	...	220	226	222	...	...	I 199	I 5	I 5	5	I 3	2
To the Duke of Wellington	51	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	I 8	I 8	...	I 6	4
Written in Butler's Sermons	52	...	221	...	...	...	...	...	I 7	I 7	...	I 5	4
Written in Emerson's Essays	53	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	I 6	I 6	...	I 4	3
To an Independent Preacher	54	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
In Harmony with Nature	55	...	222	227	223	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
To Geo. Cruikshank ²	55	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Human Limits	56	...	223	228	224	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
To a Republican Friend	56	...	223	228	224	...	...	II 117	...	...	...	...	...
To a Republican Friend (<i>Continued</i>)	57	...	224	229	225	...	...	II 118	I 11	I 11	7	I 9	6
Religious Isolation	58	...	225	230	226	...	...	II 119	I 12	I 12	8	I 10	7
To my Friends ¹	59	...	171	179	171	...	...	II 124	I 13	I 13	...	I 11	8
A Memory Picture	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
A Modern Sappho	64	...	192	...	...	...	...	II 78	I 26	I 36	12	I 35	23
The New Sirens	68	...	...	...	...	...	...	I 195	I 20	I 31	...	I 29	20
The Voice	84	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	I 30	I 42	...	I 41	26
To Fausta	87	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	I 44	I 56	...	I 54	36
A Question ³	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	I 57	I 69	8	I 67	44

SYNOPTICAL INDEX

<i>Bibliography No.</i>													
	6	7	8	9	10	11	13	15	16	17	18	20	21
	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Vol. p.	Vol. p.	Vol. p.	Page	Vol. p.	Page
Courage	162	162	234	241	238	...	...	II 198	II 170	II 174	170	II 112	...
Self-Dependence	...	164	234	241	238	...	...	I 212	II 174	II 178	174	II 116	255
A Summer Night	...	167	...	...	...	205	...	II 110	II 179	II 183	174	II 121	257
The Buried Life	...	172	...	...	...	184	...	II 87	II 9	II 9	128	II 8	260
A Farewell ¹	...	178	...	195	187	...	...	II 229	II 278	II 287	...	II 221	192
Stanzas in Memory of the Author of 'Obermann'	...	184	...	...	...	172	...	II 194	I 64	I 76	...	I 76	325
Consolation	...	196	237	244	241	...	...	II 186	II 184	II 188	178	II 126	50
Lines Written in Kensington Gardens	...	201	...	...	...	...	154	...	...	...	...	...	263
Sonnet	...	204	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
The World's Triumphs	...	...	226	231	227	...	...	II 171	I 47	I 59	16	I 57	38
The Second Best	...	205	...	...	...	...	157	II 180	I 62	I 74	...	I 74	49
Revolutions	...	207	...	...	...	122	...	II 213	II 168	II 172	169	II 110	254
The Youth of Nature	...	209	...	...	...	190	...	II 155	II 150	II 154	...	II 92	243
The Youth of Man	...	217	...	...	...	198	...	II 162	II 157	II 161	...	II 99	247
Morality	...	224	231	238	235	...	...	II 200	II 172	II 176	172	II 114	256
Progress	...	227	...	...	...	...	179	II 226	II 165	II 169	166	II 107	252
The Future	...	231	243	250	247	...	...	I 1	II 190	II 194	225	II 132	267
Sohrab and Rustum	...	...	3	3	3	...	...	...	I 83	I 95	27	I 95	65
Cadmus and Harmonia ⁸	...	...	61	71	61	...	...	...	...	...	153	...	...
Philomela	...	...	64	74	64	...	...	II 69	II 48	II 48	...	II 46	216
Thekla's Answer	...	...	87	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
The Church of Brou	...	...	137	145	137	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
The Neckan	...	...	153	161	153	...	...	I 168	...	I 20	...	I 18	13
A Dream ¹	...	...	178	186	178	...	...	I 180	I 234	I 224	101	I 237	167
Richmond Hill ⁷	...	...	191	...	...	...	...	...	...	I 40	...	I 39	25
Requiescat	...	...	196	236	233	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
The Scholar Gipsy	...	...	199	205	201	...	...	I 239	I 23	I 33	9	I 32	21
Stanzas in Memory of Edward Quillinan	...	...	228	234	231	...	...	I 246	II 197	II 201	180	II 139	273
	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	I 207	II 226	II 230	...	II 169	292

SYNOPTICAL INDEX

<i>Bibliography No.</i>	6	7	8	9	10	11	13	15		16		17		18		20		21
	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Vol.	p.	Vol.	p.	Vol.	p.	Page	p.	Vol.	p.	Page
YOUTH AND CALM ⁹	...	...	...	...	...	...	140	II	168	I	24	I	34	10	...	I	33	22
GROWING OLD	...	...	...	...	...	...	143	II	172	II	67	II	67	...	...	II	65	227
THE PROGRESS OF POESY	...	...	...	...	...	...	146	II	177	II	69	II	69	...	...	II	67	228
A NAMELESS EPIGRAPH	...	...	...	...	...	...	147	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
ANOTHER	...	...	...	...	...	...	147	II	179	II	72	II	76	...	...	II	74	232
THE LAST WORD	...	...	...	...	...	...	148	II	178	II	71	II	73	...	...	II	71	230
A WISH	...	...	...	...	...	...	150	II	191	II	187	II	191	...	...	II	129	265
A CAUTION TO POETS	...	...	...	...	...	...	159	...	...	II	149	II	153	...	...	II	91	243
PREFATORY STANZA	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	I	viii	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
PIS-ALLER	...	...	...	...	...	...	160	II	182	II	70	II	72	...	...	II	70	230
EPILOGUE TO LESSING'S LAOCOON	...	...	...	...	...	...	161	II	145	II	139	II	143	...	...	II	81	236
BACCHANALIA	...	...	...	...	...	...	172	II	72	II	133	II	137	...	...	II	75	232
RUGBY CHAPEL	...	...	...	...	...	...	183	I	225	II	246	II	255	216	...	II	189	304
HEINE'S GRAVE	...	...	...	...	...	...	195	II	202	II	256	II	265	...	...	II	199	311
STANZAS FROM THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE	...	...	...	...	...	...	208	II	215	II	267	II	276	...	...	II	210	318
OBERMANN ONCE MORE	...	...	...	...	...	...	220	II	239	II	288	II	297	...	...	II	231	332
A TOMB AMONG THE MOUNTAINS ¹⁰	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	I	245	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
HAWORTH CHURCHYARD	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	II	239	II	248	...	...	II	182	299
EPILOGUE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	II	245	II	254	...	...	II	188	303
APOLLO MUSAËGETES ⁶	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	155	...	...	...	...
NEW ROME	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	II	70	...	...	II	68	229
THE LORD'S MESSENGERS	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	II	74	...	...	II	72	231
GEIST'S GRAVE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	II	232	...	...	III	190	485
MEROPE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	III	1	347
WESTMINSTER ABBEY	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	III	181	479
POOR MATTHIAS	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	III	195	488
HORATIAN ECHO	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	47
KAISER DEAD	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	495

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THE END

